WE DO OUR PART
NON-PROFIT PUNK ROCK

RAZORCAKE

#109

LIVE! in Print!

FEATURING
The SCHIZOPHONICS

AND
Dysnea Boys

PLUS
ONE PUNK'S GUIDE to CRIME NOVELS

WITH SPECIAL GUEST
Chip KiNMAN (THE DILS)

PIC: ALBERT LICANO
TREE: JASON WILLIS

WHO WE ARE

RAZORCAKE is a magazine dedicated to DIY punk, independent culture, and amplifying unheard voices. As a 501(c)(3) non-profit organization, we're sustained by subscriptions, donations, advertisements, and grants. All support is greatly appreciated. We feel when we work together, life is a little more bearable. On one side is a terrifying culture of manipulation, and on the other side are all of us.

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Anyone has the potential to be a Razorcake contributor. If you don't see or hear what you'd like covered, lend us a helping hand. If you're knowledgeable about DIY punk, are open to the editing of your work, can meet deadlines, and follow instructions, we'll consider your contribution. We have openings for interviews, articles, podcasts, photos, comics, web columns, videos, reviews, and editorial illustrations. All creative content is done on a volunteer basis.

Razorcake does not tolerate racist, sexist, homophobic, transphobic, or ableist bullshit—and we've held these ethics since our start in 2001. Diversity makes us a better punk organization. We're encouraging people who are marginalized—by gender, sexuality, ethnicity, class, and personal experience—to submit material to Razorcake. Let's work with each other.

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Caffeine-Fueled Push Ups to Democracy Now

Independent media is the front door to the conscious world. Finding sources of information we consider trustworthy is one of the most important actions we should be taking, and unfortunately it's becoming increasingly hard. When you find sources that align with your beliefs, they will most likely champion others doing work you find important—whether it's bands or labels, politicians, or non-profit organizations—as well as being a source to expose greed and corruption, and the knowledge of who not to fuck with. Independent journalism supported by its readership is absolutely critical to decontamination. As Amy Goodman said in last year's Democracy Now donation pitch: "We're funded by you, not the oil, gas, and coal companies, when we cover climate change. Or the weapons manufacturers when we cover war and peace." This reality is absolutely crucial. Left in the hands of corporate advertisers, we get bullshit like the Sinclair Broadcast Group, the largest owner of local television companies in the country. In spring 2017, they forced news anchors to read a fake editorial message, practically pledging allegiance to endless servitude. Look up the compiled video online; it's absolutely horrifying.

Without any sort of thought-out plan, I recently found myself on a monthly donation plan for three different community-oriented media outlets, and I couldn't be happier. Each is different in their platform, but all have a similar drive to share valuable information and operate in a sustainable, anti-corporate framework: Razorcake, the scrappy, punk mag and $1,000 Jeopardy question; Democracy Now, the absolute resource for current events, hosted by Amy Goodman, the most epic bearer of bad news; and a new project spearheaded by journalist, civil rights activist, and taker-of-no-bullshit Shaun King, The North Star, which is going to be an app. (I'm not exactly sure how it's going to work, but I'm excited to be one of the founding supporters.) By the time this is published the app will have already launched, so check it out.

Razorcake is the most light-hearted of the three media outlets I donate to, but that doesn't make it inconsequential. If you take a giant step back and look at the mass of work we've produced over the last eighteen years, you'll see documentation on punk life that is hard to match. This is autoethnography up the ass.

Between Democracy Now's daily coverage of national and global events, and the network of accountability and justice that Shaun King is creating—not just with the liberation journalism of The North Star, but the work of Real Justice PAC, a non-profit that focuses on civic elections and getting candidates elected who are dedicated to racial justice—I feel well equipped with the knowledge I need to traverse this political shitstorm we are all swirling in, anxiously attempting to grab onto anything for stability and avoid any inkling of regressive, divisive mindsets.

The constants in our lives are slipping away at an alarming rate. In the last couple years, Razorcake has installed new programs to adapt to peoples' changing buying habits. The Sponsor A Space Program has more in line with a listener-supported radio show than traditional magazine distribution. And, to me, that feels like the right direction.

Which brings us here, dear reader. Take a moment to think about who you feel is doing a distinguishable job preventing this planet from slipping into the worst sci-fi, dystopic nightmare that's yet to be fully imagined, and support them if you can. Recognize those putting up the good fight, and keeping it the realest of real. Find the donation plan. It's $10 a month. Sign up.

–Daryl

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> **No one is innocent. The only question is, how will you bear your portion of guilt?**
>
> **–Sara Gran**
>
> *Claire DeWitt and the City of the Dead*

THANK YOU: Live in print! Next, up scratch-and-sniff grape cover! thanks to Trix-wizard Jason Willis for the soul revue-inspired cover and to Albert Licano for the photos; "Butt I wasn't finished making a racist ass out of myself" gingerbread house in flames thanks to Bone Dust for Donna's illo.; Non-face-stuffing monkeys with reading glasses thanks to Bill Pinkel for Jim's illo.; I discovered her name was a riff on a cookie about a decade after I heard the Germs thanks to Dawn Wirth's remembrance of Lorna Doom; Single tear drop into a smile thanks for MariNaomi's culmination of Asian Goth Punks Rule the World; Despite the title's playful deception, it's not about football thanks to Steve Thueson for Nørb's illo.; Golden Middle Finger award (with interest) to all racists, hail Chuck Berry thanks to RoQue for Dale's illo.; I wonder what the "Punk Ass Cat" beer tastes like in the To Go Beer menu thanks to Kat Wanish for the Chicken photo; Second tear drop into a smile at Kiyoshi's Won Ton Not Now retirement from Razorcake with this issue; No sad pamphleteering at his shows thanks to Martin Wong, Lisa Reed Kinman, Deb Frazin, Albert Licano, Vicki Berndt, Bobby Castro, and Dylan Davis for the Chip Kinman interview, photos, and layout; Who knew this interview would cover 4-H sheep, Columbia House mailorder, and Bernie Sanders thanks to Deb Frazin, Albert Licano, Martin Wong, and Lauren Denitzio for the Schizophonics photos and layout; It's not pronounced like "dysentery," but, magically, like "disney," (intentionally non-capped—no gods, no masters) thanks to Monique Poirier, Julian Ronnefeldt, Kate Seabrook, and Jessee Zeroxed for the Dysnea Boys interview, photos, and layout; All respect and gratitude to Shawn Kerri (does anyone definitively know if she's still alive?) thanks to Brad Beshaw for the illos. in Sean Carswell's One Punk's Guide to Crime Novels.

"It's too rough and tough to be pretentious, and too well thought out to be meathead drivel."–Daryl, S.B.F.'s* Same Beat Forever *12". Thanks to 109's rotation of music, zine, and book reviewers: Simone Carter, Sean Arenas, Mark Twistworthy, Sal Lucci, Paul J. Comeau, Kayla Greet, Ty Stranglehold, Michael T. Fournier, Chris Terry, Ian Wise, Emma Alice Johnson, Chad Williams, Art Ettinger, Indiana Laub, Nørb, Matt Average, Steve Adamyk, Sean Koepenick, Matt Werts, Juan Espinosa, Craven Rock, The Lord Kveldulfr, Tim Brooks, Keith Rosson, Jimmy Alvarado, Theresa W., Billups Allen, Cynthia Pinedo, Mike Frame, Rich Cocksedge, Jim Woster, Jimmy Cooper, Kurt Morris, Tricia Ramos, Adrian Salas, and Rick V.

DIY punk can't be fully captured, understood, or expressed by men. If you're a woman, womyn, girl, grrrl, transgender/agender/non-binary/genderqueer writer who's knowledgeable about punk, punctual, and open to editorial processes, drop us a line about doing reviews, interviews, articles, or webcolumns for Razorcake. Diversity will only make us a better punk publication. Please help us out. (razorcake.org/contact)

"Class war! Class war! Class war!"

The Dils feat. Eloise Wong | photo by Martin Wong

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RAZORCAKE

Issue #109 **April/May 2019**

This issue is dedicated to the memories of Mike Guerrero, Lorna Doom, and Debi Martini

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78 Record *An absolutely essential album anyone worth their weight in safety pins should own and be intimately familiar with.*
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111 DVD *If you weren't a fan of Joan Jett before seeing this, you will definitely have a mantle dedicated to her afterwards.*

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ALLEY CATS
SCHIZOPHONICS
Alice BAG
SCHIZOPHONICS

The following folks stepped forward to help us do our part over the past two months. Without their help, Razorcake wouldn't be what it is.
Todd Taylor, Daryl Gussin, Kari Hamanaka, Rishbha Bhagi, Donna Ramone, Marcos Siref, Derek Whipple, Dayna Castillo, Ever Velasquez, Nicole Macias, Paul Silver, Matthew Hart, Chris Baxter, Kayla Greet, Jimmy Alvarado, Yvonne Drazan, Dale Drazan, Josh Rosa, Jennifer Federico, Ethan Shapiro, Samantha McBride, Skinny Dan, Robert El Diablo, Alice Bag, Candace Hansen, Marty Ploy, Rachel Murray Framingheddu, Rene Navarro, Billy Kostka III, Jason Willis, Matt Average, Joe Dana, Juan Espinosa, Meztli Hernandez, Sean Arenas, Adrian Salas, Adrian Chi, Aaron Kovacs, Julia Smut, Dave Eck, Tim Burkert, Jeff Proctor, Nighthawk, Toby Tober, Sal Lucci, Kevin Dunn, Jennifer Whiteford, Steve Thueson, Bill Pinkel, Kurt Morris, Laura Collins, Eric Baskauskas, Bianca, Russ Van Cleave, John Di Marco, Michael T. Fournier, CJ Miller, Simon Sotelo, Susan de Place, John Miskelly, Andy Garcia, Camylle Reynolds, Replay Dave, Adam Ali, Chris Devlin, Emma Alice Johnson, Tim Brooks, Louis Jacinto, Chris Boarts Larson, J.V. McDonough, Chris Terry, Jackie Rusted, Art Fuentes, Dylan Davis, Becky Minjarez, Keith Rosson, Matt Werts, Stacy Medina, Danny Rust, Jamie L. Rotante, Daisy Noemi, Eden Kittiver, Jessee Zeroxed, Garrett Barnwell, Nørb, Chris Mason, Tim Jamison, Codey Richards, Kiyoshi Nakazawa, Shane Milner, James Rosario, Martin Wong, Rosie Gonce, Elly Dallas, Karr Antunes, Ivan Ehlers, Ollie Mikse, Eskander Fairweather, Mikie Manzer, Benny Hope, Sam Grinberg, J. Frontirre, Scotty McMaster, Jen Dot, Rick V., Phil Gerigscott, Jeremy Jones, Taleen Kali, Dino Everett, Daniel J. Torres, Lorien Lamarr, Will Kenneth, Will Malkus, Alxis Ratkevich, RoQue Torres, Johnny and Elwood Wells, Billups Allen, Nick Riggs, Andrew Wagher, and Abdul Vas.

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This issue of *Razorcake* is made possible in part by grants from the City of Los Angeles, Department of Cultural Affairs, is supported by the Los Angeles County Board of Supervisors through the Los Angeles Arts Commission.

NEVER LET ME FORGET
DONNA RAMONE
yr not alone

Apologize. Just, apologize.

Our Mistakes, Part 1: The Double Down

The Double Down, noun. The act of being more tenacious, zealous, or resolute in a position or statement after its offensiveness is pointed out.

Pop quiz—You catch yourself in a moment when you've inadvertently said something offensive. You know this because someone says, "Hey, that was offensive." You will:

a) Apologize, acknowledge what you said was offensive, and take accountability.
b) Apologize and acknowledge what you said hurt someone's feelings.
c) Both a and b.
d) Do The Double Down.

When I inevitably find myself in a situation where someone says something I find offensive—especially in cases regarding my skin color or religion—and I am quick and steeled in the moment and point out what they've said is hurtful, the overwhelming reaction from the offending party is d) The Double Down.

It's a term I use to explain the phenomenon of someone being called out, and rather than apologize or pause and reflect or even ask questions, will hold steadfast to their bullshit. Others may call this move defensive, guarded, or resistant—but all of those give the offender an out when they're not deserving of one. It's being shitty, and then insisting on being shitty some more. There might be an actual academic term for this behavior, but I like the name I came up with because it sounds like something from a *Seinfeld* episode.

Case Study: Gingerbread Houses

After five years of living in Salt Lake City, an organic series of events finally led to me being in a group of friends where each person is friends with the others. We are all punks, of varying ages and genders. We like getting ice cream together. We, of course, have a text group chat.

One member invites another friend to join the group. Enter: Tracy (not real name). This person is not punk, but we are a welcoming bunch.

I've had a tough relationship with Christmas my entire life. My family vaguely celebrates it, but not really. My parents treated Christmas with the same enthusiasm and tradition as Halloween—it was a big, very American holiday with a lot of decorations and traditions that was generally for the benefit of children. I've had a hard time trying to figure out where Jesus comes into play, or why many Muslim families can be super anti-Christmas. I've had the hardest time seeing where I fit into it all, being a not-Christian and anti-capitalist. I wrote two zines about Christmas. I wrote my last column about Christmas. The season confounds me and every year I just want to have some fun and not stress over whether someone thinks a Christmas tree is haram ("forbidden").

Social events generally make my life brighter and Christmas is all about coming together (if the movies are to be believed). Talking to my newfound group of friends, the holidays were coming up, and I really wanted to do something fun and Christmasy together. For some reason gingerbread houses were brought up and I openly admitted that I have never made one. It was quickly decided this would be a great thing we could all do.

Below is the exact transcript, with acronyms and typos, of the group text as we attempted to determine if that upcoming Saturday would be a good time for all of us to make gingerbread houses:

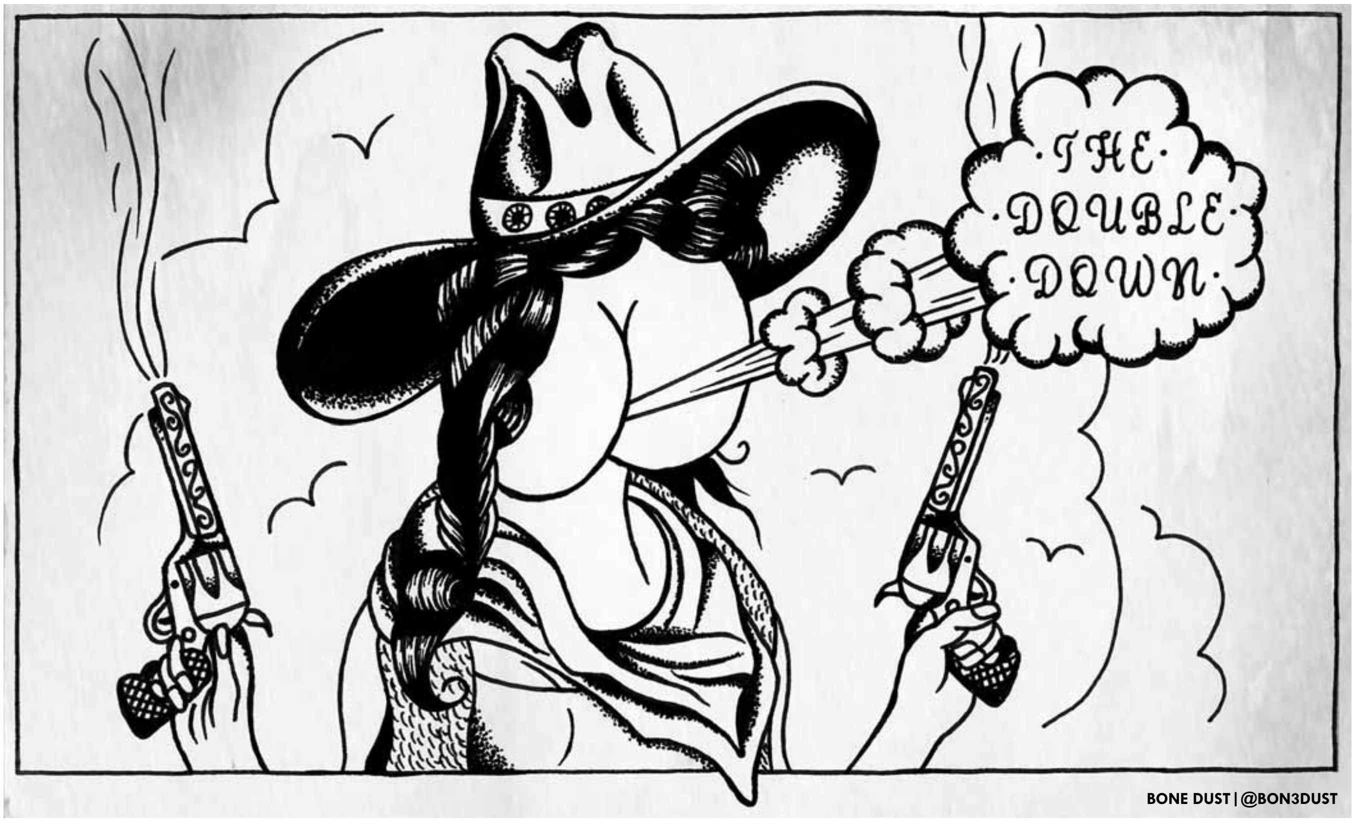
Donna: This is stupid to ask but….can you actually eat them?
Friend 1: Most of the time
Friend 1: Sometimes they make them with stuff you can't eat tho
Friend 2: Yeah I believe it depends how you make 'em. Like sometimes you can overdo it and make it prettier with real glue. But you can also use frosting and shit if you're actually cool
Tracy: How foreign are you
Friend 1: Wait wtf is that question…
Friend 1: uhh…kinda not joking…
Donna: Like, 50-60%, I guess?
Tracy: I mean I don't really know Donna sorry did you like grow up with a poor family or something? I made them at friends houses. Gingerbread houses are kind of overrated.
Tracy: It just seemed like a foreign thing to say. Bitches love glutinous holiday activities.
Tracy: My bad I guess idk your life
Friend 1: [gif from *Mean Girls*, "Oh my god, Karen, you can't just ask people why they're white."]
Friend 1: I'll feel less awkward if I make a *Means Girls* reference
Tracy: I mean I never looked at Donna and assumed she wasn't born here or that she didn't grow up in a shithole. It was a valid question.
Friend 1: ehhh maybe I'm an asshole. But imho that's a weird way to say that

There it is. The patented Double Down. In five short texts, I was either explicitly or implicitly told I was stupid, foreign, poor, grew up in a shithole and a gluttonous bitch. Each text dug in further, compounding the original hurtful racist statement with even more hurtful statements. After all that was the declaration of exactly which hill they planned to die on: "It was a valid question."

Valid? If I had asked the exact same question about gingerbread houses, but was white, she wouldn't have implied any of those things, except maybe me being a gluttonous bitch. The validity of the original statement is completely contingent on my skin color and the belief that all non-whites in America are both foreign and don't understand Christmas. There was also suddenly the correlation that I grew up poor, both because poor people apparently didn't make gingerbread houses and, of course, foreign people are all poor. I tried to pick apart the whole conversation for something redeemable on several occasions and every time I ended up more hurt and confused than before.

Having the question "how foreign are you" lobbed at me because I hadn't made a gingerbread house before was jarring. I didn't know they were so integral to Christmas Americana—and I assumed they weren't since I never made one in elementary school. In a group of proud identifying anti-racists, including myself, only one person called her out. In that moment I froze, felt my arms get tingly, and responded with something funny and stupid because I couldn't think of anything else to say. I could only lob back as illogical an answer as I felt the question was; I felt so flustered and betrayed. The Double Down seems easy to refute, but it can be super effective when the situation and timing is right.

I don't know if it was the 2016 election or moving to Utah or what, but I hear some terrible shit all the time these days. I encounter a weird racist comment about once a week, and they're usually microaggressions



BONE DUST | @BON3DUST

The Double Down, noun. The act of being more tenacious, zealous, or resolute in a position or statement after its offensiveness is pointed out.

like this one. Though this one might have only been a four on the racist scale, it still registered. I left the group chat altogether, that dumb text of mine was the last one I sent. There was an attempt or two, but the entire group chat slowly died. My silence didn't go unnoticed, and everyone assumedly knew I wasn't coming back. We never made gingerbread houses.

No one likes to get called out, and no one wants to acknowledge their mistakes. It's natural to get defensive, but in this scenario, it's also very wrong. It can really hurt people, and it can end friendships. Also, it makes you a piece of shit. However, if everyone recognizes just how fucked up The Double Down is, then maybe we can reframe the call out as a gift—a special, unexpected event that can help anyone rise above. I am a better person today than I was before because someone took the time to call me out about making a horrible, slut shaming comment years ago. I started to double down but caught myself. I listened, I took accountability. I apologized and unlearned some deep-rooted sexism.

The Double Down is this knee-jerk reaction where the offending party is attempting to save face. It doesn't manage to pull the offender away from the fire like they think it does. Instead, the offender is actively pushing everyone who disagrees into the flames. It's painful for everyone involved, but the pinprick experienced by the offender shouldn't be compared to the deep stab to the marginalized group targeted by the comment. After someone pulls a Double Down with me, that's usually it: I've mentally noted that I cannot trust this person again. Recognize that when Tracy chose to dig in their heels, they chose to dig them into the back of my fucking neck.

The emotional labor of confronting each moment of racism, sexism, homophobia, or xenophobia is high, especially high if the marginalized group is forced to defend themselves, but preventive education is much lower, especially for bystanders. I'm using this case study—my temporary moment of grief—to help others, and myself, learn and practice to combat The Double Down and maybe prevent it from happening next time.

If you catch yourself in the unpleasant crosshairs of a call out, here are some responses to practice and use: "I believe you. What I said was hurtful." "I need to reflect on this. Are there resources you would recommend?" "Shit, was that racist?" "I fucked up, didn't I?" "I am sorry."

The Double Down is going to happen again, it probably always will, but if you practice for it, it won't be such a halting moment when it happens. Maybe everyone can learn from it, whether it's you calling someone out or it's you having to do the apologizing. It unfortunately takes practice, and practice means feeling awful and engaging with people saying some ignorant shit, or worse—getting embarrassed. Yet with each call out and discussion I promise it gets easier.

Pop quiz—You catch yourself in a moment when you've inadvertently said something offensive. Someone states what you said was, indeed, offensive. You will:

a) Stop talking and listen—actually listen—before talking again.
b) Apologize. Just, apologize. Apologize twice, even.
c) Use the moment to unlearn some shitty behavior.
d) All of the above.

–Donna Ramone

LAZY MICK

JIM RULAND

Celebrate every milestone.

THIS IS YOUR CELEBRATION

HFS I've been sober ten years.

It's true. In a few days, I'll celebrate my tenth year as a sober person.

Ten fucking years.

I'm not going to pretend I don't know how it happened. Nor am I going to pretend that it isn't a big deal, because it is.

It's a big deal that my daughter doesn't have a drunk for a dad. It's a big deal that my wife doesn't have to worry about me every time one of us leaves the house. It's a big deal that I'm emotionally available for my family and friends. It's a big deal that my heart doesn't skip a beat every time a cop car appears in my rearview mirror. It's a big deal that I have a relationship with my art.

It's a very big deal, but it's not something I've given much thought to until now.

For most of the year, I've been coming to terms with the fact that my daughter—who's fifteen and grew three inches last year—is no longer a child, will never need me the way she once did. To pick her up. To feed her. To take care of her.

It recently dawned on me that the parenting part of my relationship with her is pretty much over. Now I'm part of her support staff. I'm not being the least big glib here. It's a role I'm more than happy to play. I want to be there for her as much as possible so that when the day comes when she genuinely needs me, she won't hesitate to ask for my help.

If I'm honest, the bulk of what she knows didn't come from me, and that's okay, because the only thing she really needs to know from me is that I'm here for her and that I love her no matter what.

The sad news is that if there's a correlation to the realization that our children are moving into the next phase of life in which they are no longer children, it's that our parents are also moving into another phase of existence, and that phase is nonexistence.

Last year my mother had a cancer scare. The good news is they detected it early and got rid it. The bad news is they found other problems that she's been combating with experimental drugs. The upshot of all this has been frank discussions about how much time she has left, what those years will be like, and what's going to happen to her and all her stuff once she's gone.

These are necessary conversations. It's better to have them than to not have them. But still.

On my father's side, things are even more serious, but I prefer to keep those details private for the time being.

We are all moving toward that phase of nonexistence. Every single one of us.

Ten years ago I watched the Pittsburgh Steelers defeat the Arizona Cardinals in the Super Bowl. (I'm pretty sure the Steelers won, but I don't really remember, because I was busy getting wasted.)

I was coming down off of a weekend bender of booze and cocaine. I was at a restaurant and bar not far from my house, a restaurant I still occasionally go to, because on most days, drugs and alcohol are so far from my thoughts that I forget that this is where I had my last hurrah until I'm half way through a burrito and someone comes out of the restroom sniffling.

It's that kind of place.

I should probably stop going to that restaurant.

When I think about my drinking days, I don't think about all the times I savored a drink, holding up a glass of single malt whiskey to the light, watching lozenges of light skitter across the surface of the whiskey, and it was always whiskey, never whisky, the difference being that Irish whiskey is triple distilled while the rest of the rubbish you people drink is only distilled twice. (Think of the "e" in Irish whiskey as representative of the extra distillation.) (Apologies for the TED talk, but I did not visit the Bushmills distillery in County Antrim on three separate occasions for nothing.)

In any case, those aren't the nights I think about. The happy nights, the nights suffused in the amber glow of boozy cheer, because it usually wasn't like that and nostalgia is the enemy of truth.

There was a time when I was a proud whiskey drinker and didn't care who knew it, but at the end of my run, I was drinking all the time, alone and in secret, and the sad fact of the situation was I drank booze that wouldn't give me away, and that meant vodka. Whiskey was my friend (until it wasn't), but it was Smirnoff that took me down.

No, the nights I think about are the nights I never knew, the blackout nights, when my body was on autopilot while my brain went dancing elsewhere.

The night I climbed inside a stranger's car outside of Jack Murphy Stadium and came to in a cab outside my motel in National City. The night I threatened half the officers on my ship at a party that the town of Albany in Western Australia had thrown in our honor. The night I tried to kick a base security officer with my Doc Martens and was charged with assault. (When the Master-at-Arms read the charges, I learned that I was also charged with threatening an officer by screaming, "If I had a dollar, I'd kick your ass!," a threat that made no sense to me then, or when it was read aloud during Chief Petty Officers' Investigation, or at Executive Officer's Inquiry, or Captain's Mast.) (Or now.) (The Master-at-Arms also informed me that the base security officer I tried to kick was a woman, something I'm very grateful not to remember, but really, Jim, what were you thinking?)

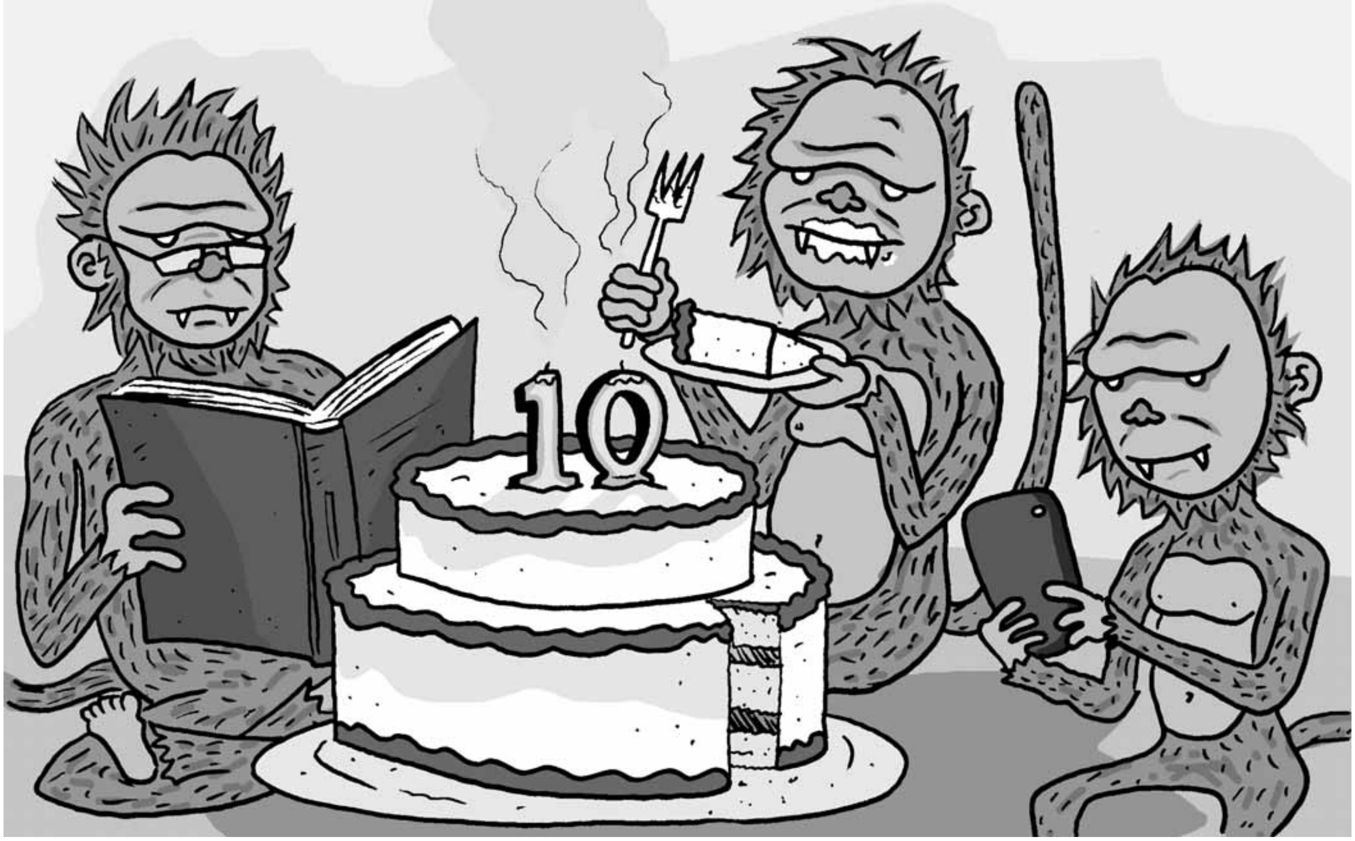
Who was that person? What happened to me? Where did I go?

These are the nights that haunt me, and there were a lot of them, but the ones I've mentioned above all occurred while I was in the Navy and under the thumb of the Uniform Code of Military Justice. I was sent to treatment. I spoke to counselors. I went to meetings.

I sat in a room full of drunken sailors and said, "My name is Jim and I'm an alcoholic." Although the treatment didn't take, I learned what I was, and even though I wasn't ready to quit drinking, I knew before I turned twenty that someday I would have to.

I spent the next two decades seesawing between sobriety and annihilation. Moderation was something I rarely achieved. It was a rest stop on a highway that I screamed past at a million-miles-per-hour, only to come limping back later.

I was an all-or-nothing drunk. For most of my drinking life I could go days without it, but once I had a couple drinks in me, it was off to the races, which is a romantic way of saying that I would happily chuck my responsibilities and obligations for the promise of more, more, more.



BILL PINKEL

We are all moving toward that phase of nonexistence.

Every single one of us.

Then halfway through my fortieth year on this planet, I quit. I won't go into the grisly details here, but the key thing is I asked for help. I sat in rooms full of strangers, rooms packed with broken people, and asked for help. And they gave it to me.

Once I was out from under the shadow of my disease, things started to get better. I became more honest with myself and with my art. The old instincts faded away. I don't know how it happened, but at some point the enormity of never having another drink yielded to gratitude that I'll never have to experience another hangover again.

So far, so good. And I mean that. Life is so, so good. Maybe not all the time, certainly not every day, but being upright, and getting the mail, and saying hello to people, and listening to music I love in the car is all pretty wonderful, isn't it?

I wish I had ten more years of wrestling with car seats and going to recitals and pretending to like Disney movies. I wish I had ten more years of watching CSI with my mother and going to the racetrack with my father, always wondering and never quite sure if we've seen this episode, been in this situation, before. But all I have is this moment right now, and it has to be enough. It has to.

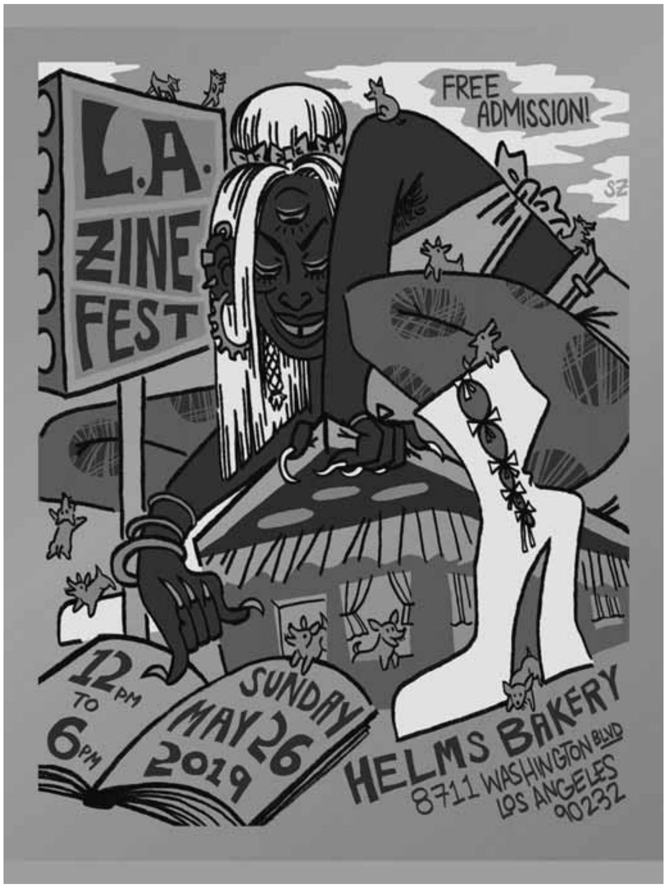
I'm not one for giving advice (except for this: don't join the Navy; hug your parents and/or your children every chance you get; never get your sobriety date tattooed on your body; and if there's something about yourself you don't like, it's never too late to do something about it), but there's one belief I'll share with you because it's something everybody needs to hear, no matter how old you are, drunk or sober, healthy or sick, and it is this: celebrate every milestone.

We only get so many trips around the sun, and there are only so many opportunities to celebrate the good things in life. So take them.

Whether it's a birthday, a graduation, or a week without cigarettes, celebrate. Celebrate every achievement, every anniversary, every milestone. Do it in your own way, in a way that makes you happy, but do it.

I don't know what I'll do to celebrate my ten years of sobriety. I suspect strong coffee, sweet cake, and punk rock will be involved, but I will celebrate, probably more than once, and with anyone who wants to join me. Then, ten years from now, as we move from this phase of existence into the next, we can look back and remember just how full of life we were.

–Jim Ruland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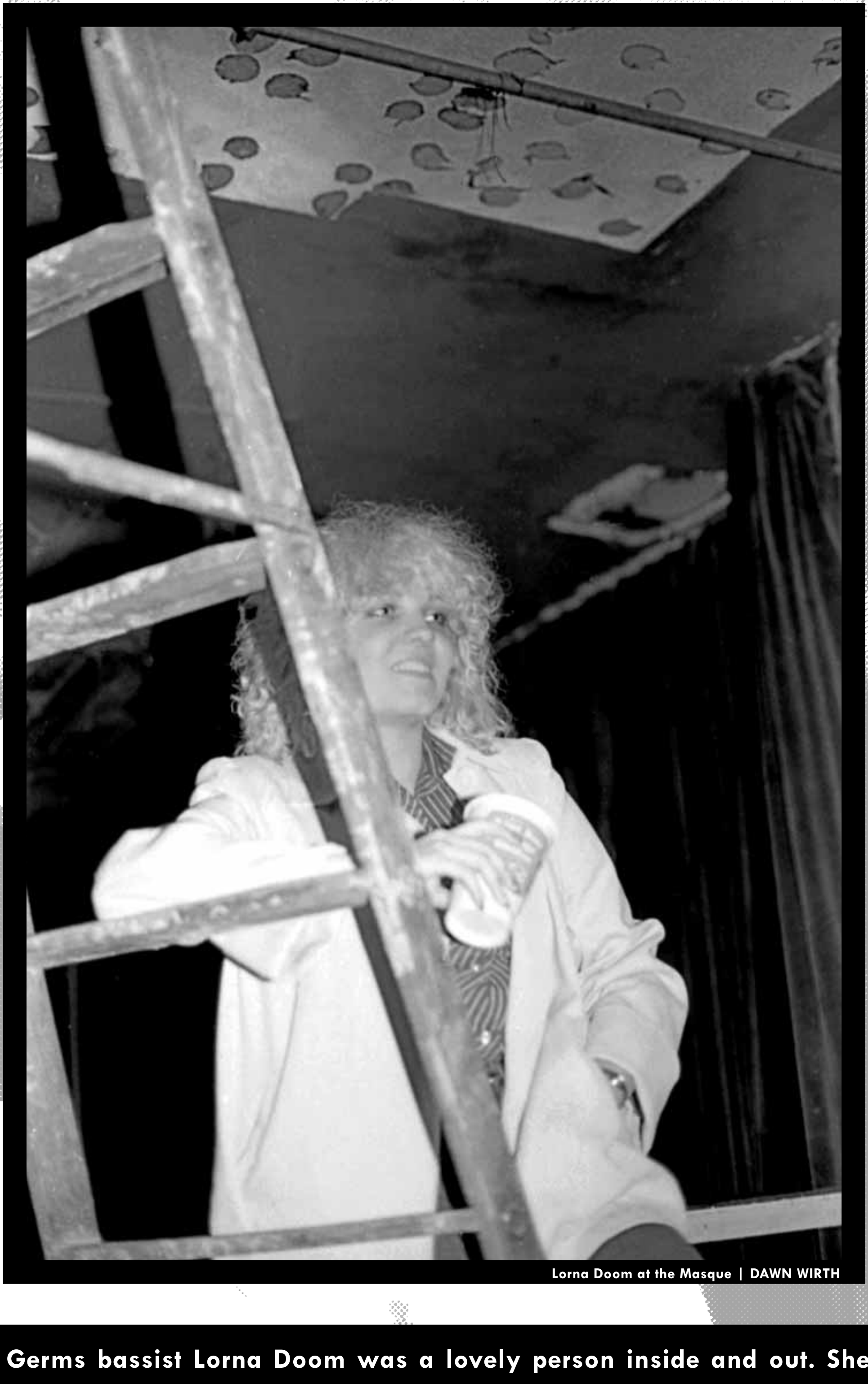
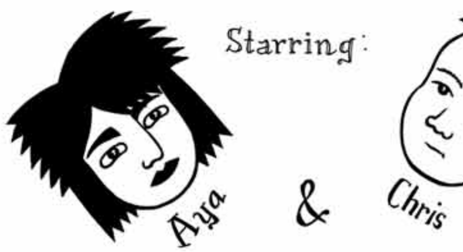


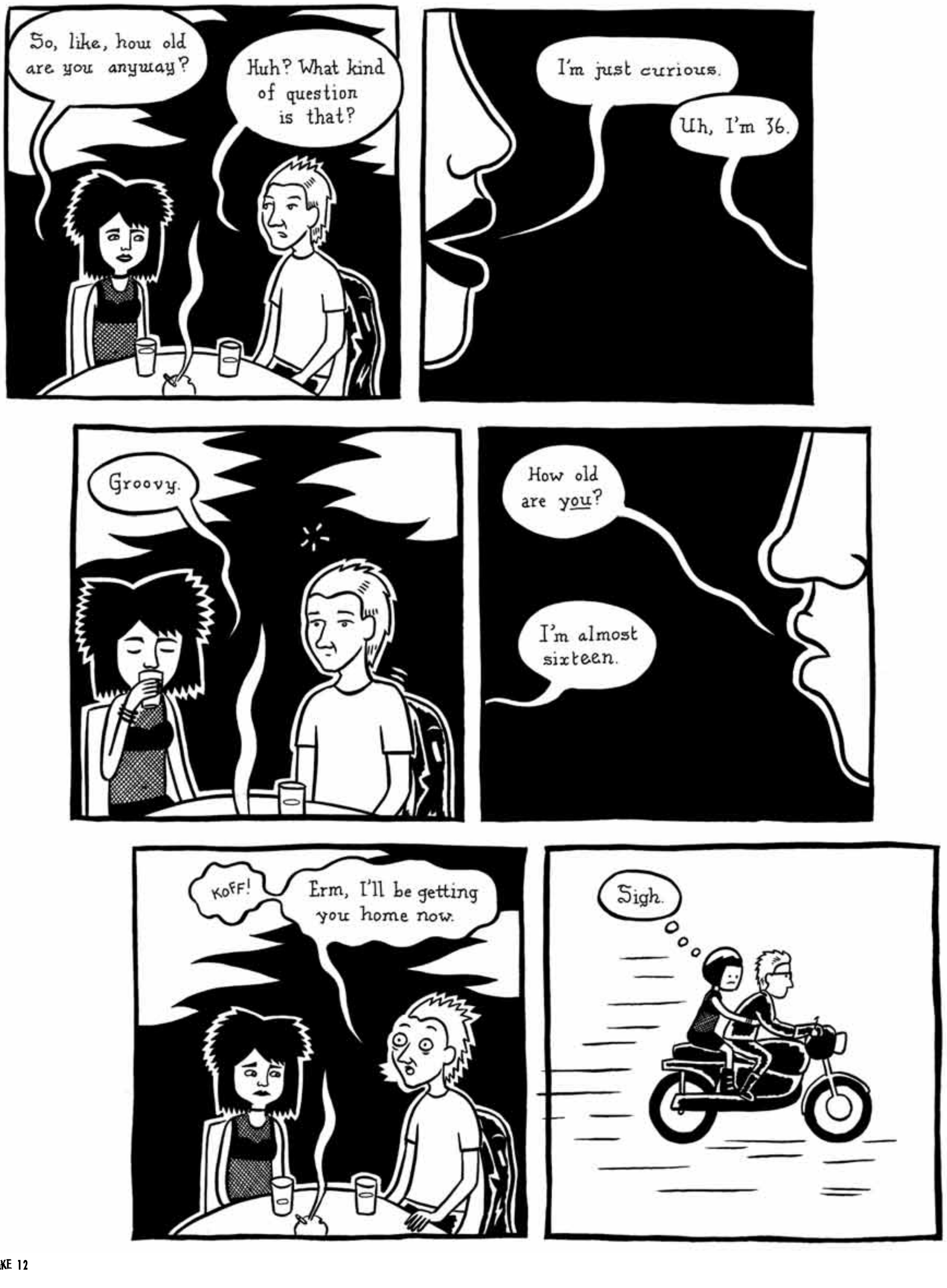
Lorna Doom at the Masque | DAWN WIRTH

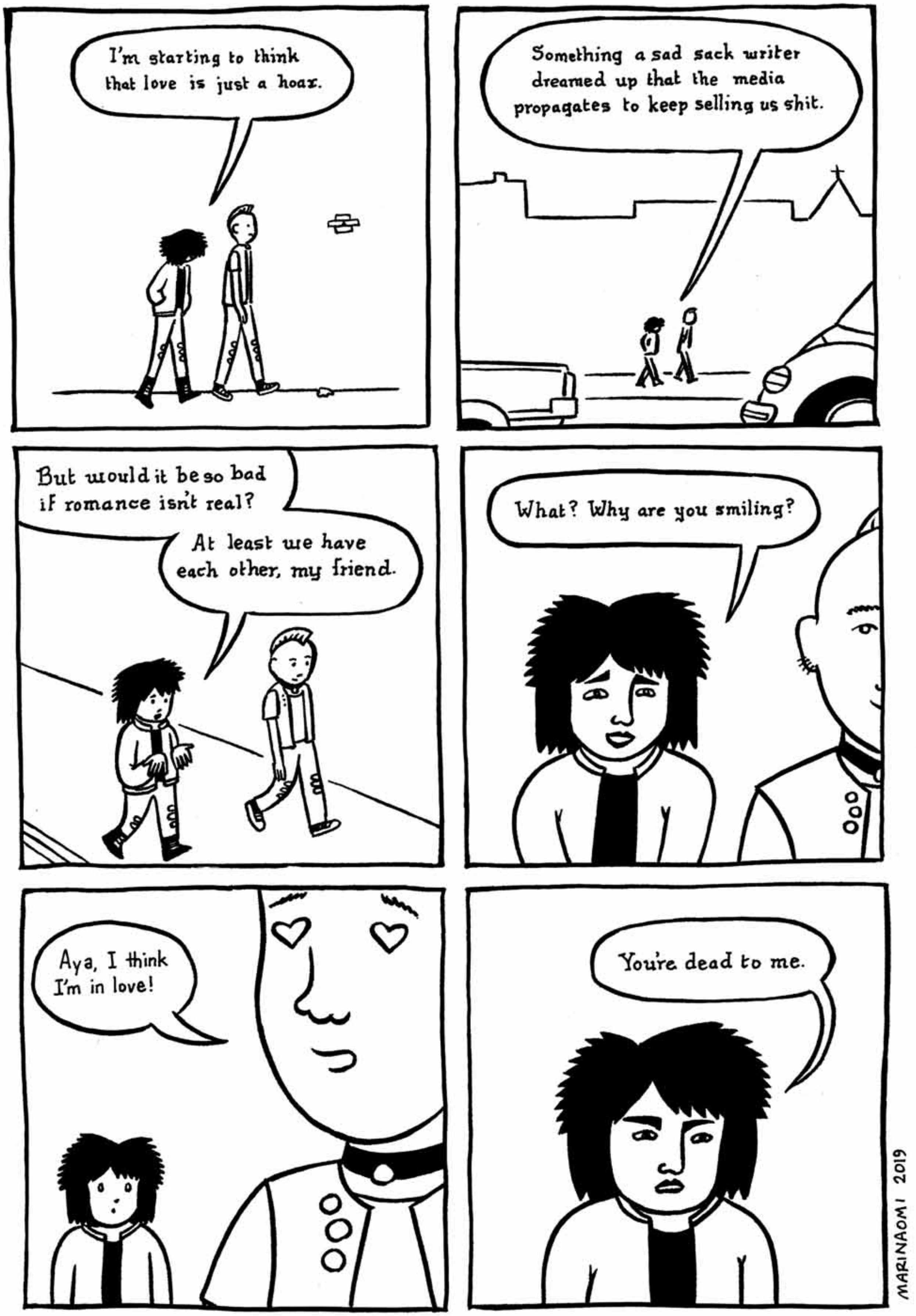
Germs bassist Lorna Doom was a lovely person inside and out. She always had a smile on her face and a kind word for everyone. She was beloved by everyone in the L.A. punk scene. She also played a great bass! –Dawn Wirth

ASIAN GOTH PUNKS RULE the WORLD!


Starring:
Aya
&
Chris

BY MARINAOMI


So, like, how old are you anyway?
Huh? What kind of question is that?
I'm just curious.
Uh, I'm 36.
Groovy.
How old are you?
I'm almost sixteen.
KOFF!
Erm, I'll be getting you home now.
Sigh.


I'm starting to think that love is just a hoax.
Something a sad sack writer dreamed up that the media propagates to keep selling us shit.
But would it be so bad if romance isn't real?
At least we have each other, my friend.
What? Why are you smiling?
Aya, I think I'm in love!
You're dead to me.
MARINAOMI 2019

ZERODENT

ALIEN SNATCH!

ZERODENT

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L P The animal CACC has a diverse, revved up, no reins, 60´s gumball punk show, takin' tricks from ramshackle Krautheim, Atlanta, Harlem, Coal Mines and Burger City and of their hometowns' own KING KHAN and the SHRINES folk. Regular Vanilla is stacking hook on top of the hook, surrounded by a loose 70´s schmuddelfilm organ, wry doo-wop, flavored with all the psychotropics of the sackerl. Life Of Satisfaction Expectancy Ratio nonpolarised jukebox rock'n'roll! Music journalists, here is your migraine! Produced by KING BAMA LAMA KHAN. lovely guest singing by his daughter SABA LOU.

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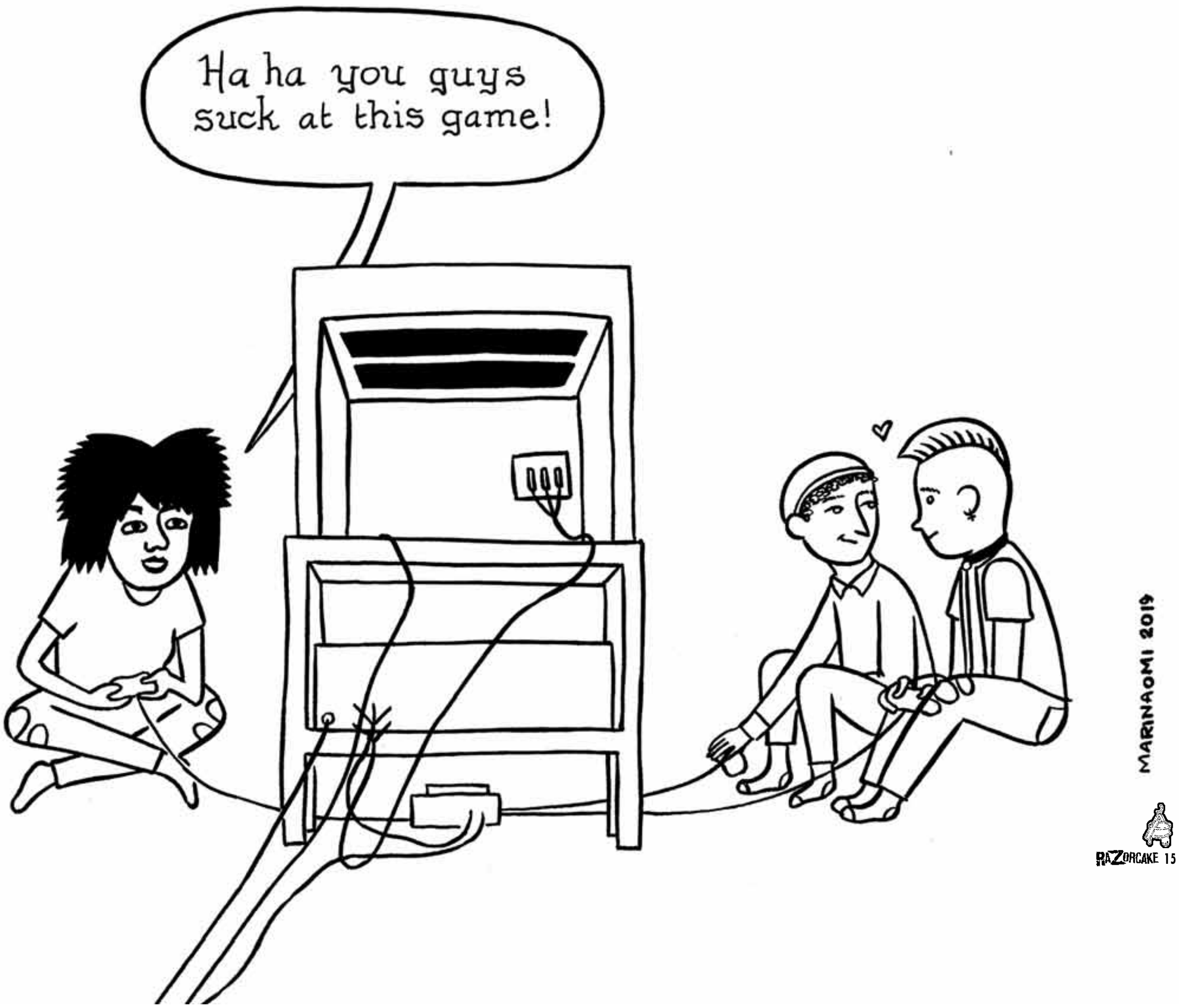

Ha ha you guys suck at this game!
MARINAOMI 2019

AMERICAN GRILLED CHEESE REVIEW

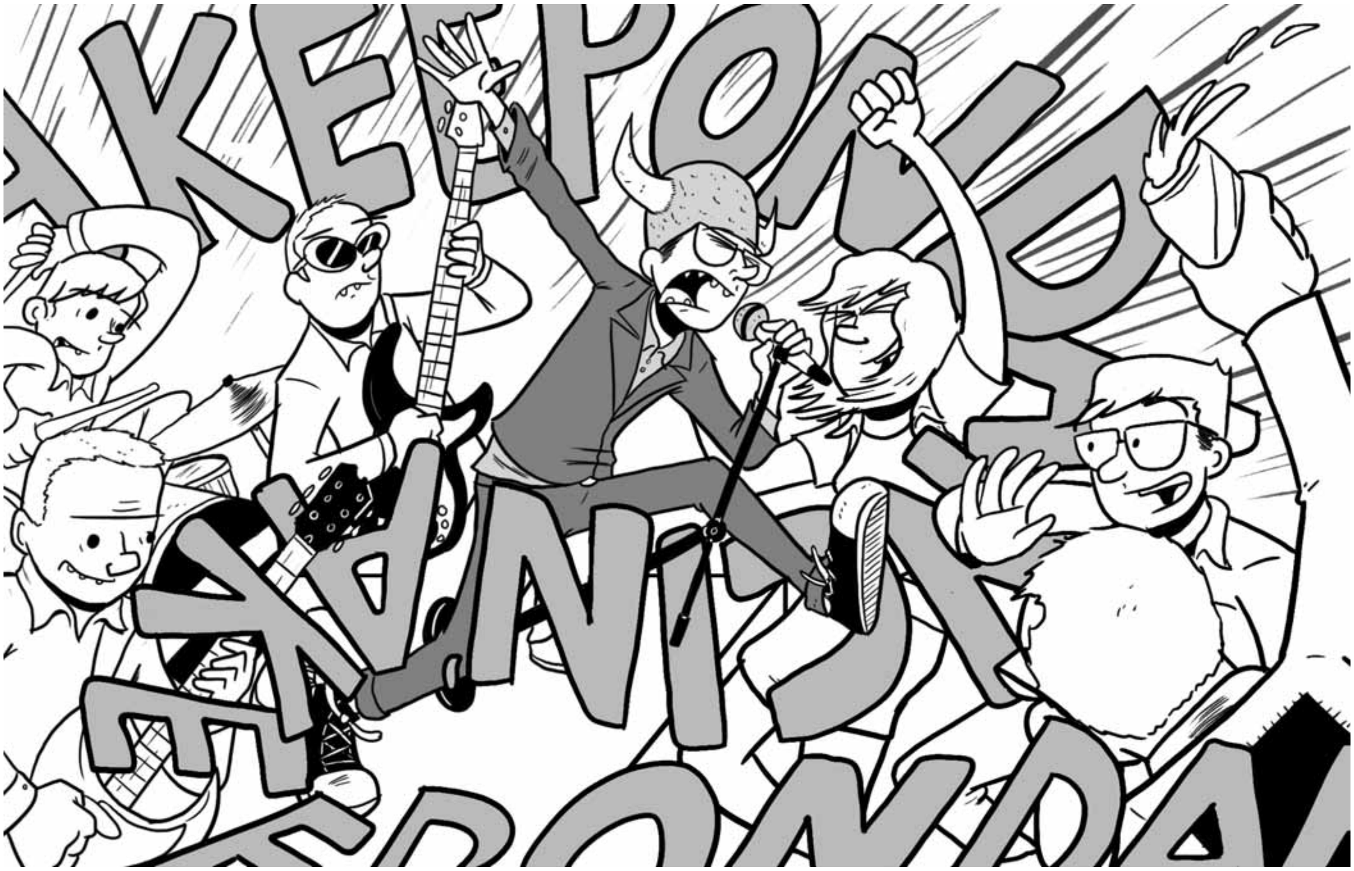
REV. NØRB

Decorum is quashed! Restraint is shitcanned!

I DROVE TO MINNESOTA TO WATCH THE VIKINGS PLAY THE EAGLES (CLUB)

(and all I got was this lousy Sioux City Guitars sticker)

The Vikings *Go Berserk!* album was, without question, one of the top twenty albums of the 1990s—no small feat in a decade where great albums were belched forth left right and center like the gaseous remnants of a divinely putrefactive burrito. Formed in Norway during one of ex-Devil Dog Steve Baise's then-frequent jaunts to the Land Of The Midnight Ø, the Vikings' lineup was filled out with members of other transatlantic heavy hitters, like the Yum Yums and Turbonegro (I drop these names in case you are some square who does not believe in the Devil Dogs and seeks alternative deities). These particular Vikings never set sail for the new world during their brief career, keeping their pillaging and such confined to Europe until they stopped playing altogether in 1997 (presumably remiss the combustible splendor of a Viking funeral), so I can likely be forgiven for doing a double take when I saw that the Vikings were playing at... *a birthday party? In Minneapolis?* Initially, I assumed that it must be some completely different "Vikings" playing the party—something a little more feasible, more sensible, more grounded in reality—like Alan Page and Carl Eller dressing up like Figrin D'an & the Modal Nodes and playing the *Star Wars* cantina song all night long, or Leif Erickson and Thor Heyerdahl doing some kind of madly expressive flute-and-bongos act. *But no!* On closer inspection, *it was indeed the real Vikings* playing Miss Georgia Peach's fiftieth birthday bash (Miss Georgia was in the Short Fuses; her husband, Travis, was in the Fevers [and, just for the record, here's how this works for me: Whatever your Rock Identity was in the '90s, that's what your Rock Identity is permanently stuck at in my mind. I don't update well. Please make a note of it. *Signed, Nørb from Boris*]). Now, I don't really know Travis and Georgia *all* that well, but I know them well enough to go to their Big Fucking Party (note clever Devil Dogs reference) if the Vikings are playing at it. Thus, with a lusty (if metaphorical) cry of "wagons ho!", I aimed my motor vehicle towards the Twin Cities, some 285 miles westward, and puttered off into the brilliant January sunshine. It was good driving weather: Not a cloud in the sky, not a snowflake in the air, not a degree on the thermometer—the temperature the morning I left town was -20°. It was, as I said, good driving weather—but it was also *really shitty* breaking-down weather. Fortune favors the bold, however, and, despite the Upper Midwest's thermal shortcomings, I arrived at the Minneapolis Eagles Club a little worse for wear. The party is exactly as advertised: A birthday party, held in a room off the bar. The walls are decorated with Christmas lights, there's cake on the table, there are little kids running around, and, oh yeah, the Vikings will be playing their first U.S. show—and first show in twenty-two years—at 8:30. The atmosphere is simultaneously intimate, friendly, and surreal. I plunk the bag of beat up old *Superman's Girlfriend, Lois Lane* comic books I have brought as a birthday tribute down on one of the room's numerous folding tables, and chat with a number of friends. Most are locals; a smattering have made the pilgrimage from out of state—a Wisconsinite here, an Iowan there. DJ Dave the Spazz, imported from WFMU in New Jersey for the night, spins 45s in a corner. The room is decidedly—but pleasantly—unfull. Our collective attitude is mild disbelief that we're actually going to see the Vikings under these circumstances mixed with barely-suppressed elation that *we're actually going to see the Vikings under these circumstances.* As advertised, the Vikings took to the inches-high stage at 8:30 PM, their lineup for the evening consisting of Crazy Stevie Baise on bass, Morten Henrikson of the Yum Yums on guitar (unlike the last "Morten" I can think of who was associated with the Vikings—Morten Andersen—Morten Henrikson didn't miss a late-game field goal that wound up sending the Falcons to the Super Bowl. Then again, never say never), and Travis on drums. The half-dozen small children in attendance sit on the floor directly in front of the band, their faces a mixture of reverence, bewilderment, and apathy. The gaily festooned stage coupled with the little kids make the event feel like a cross between Saturday night at the Purple Onion in San Francisco circa 1995 and a wedding reception at Eddie Whipp's hall in Pilsen, Wisconsin, circa 1972. The party attendees cluster behind the kids on the floor, and the band works their magic, blasting out the hits to delight the old and further confound the young. About two-thirds of the way through the setlist, the band charges into a majestic cover of "Stay With Me" by the Dictators and the audience, as duly commanded some twenty-odd years ago, does indeed Go Berserk. *Decorum is quashed! Restraint is shitcanned! The power of rock'n'roll rumbles across the audience like diesel fumes from Odin's 18-wheeler!* The little kids at the front of the stage instinctively recognize that *something is up*, and skedaddle home to mommy, leaving nothing but a mass of twisting degenerates in their wake! The audience is screaming, in full throat, and the band wastes no time in capitalizing on this spiritual leverage, lunging into a cover of the Devil Dogs' "When They're Not Around" that continues the frenzy. Pandemonium abounds as the band is joined by the birthday girl on vocals and Melanie from the Muffs (as I said... whoever you were in the '90s, that's who you are forever and ever, until I die or forget, the end) on guitar, cranking out the Devil Dogs automotive classics "Brand New Chevy" and "354!" The audience is blowing gaskets, popping goiters, losing their minds in the flaming sluice of Rock Mayhem unleashed on the Eagles Club back room! The band cruises into a cover of "Keep On Dancing"—a #4 hit in 1965 for the Gentrys, a band otherwise best known for featuring future WWF manager Jimmy "Mouth of the South" Hart on vocals— and, as commanded, I commence to twisting frantically, corkscrewing my gyrating body upwards and downwards in my blue sequined jacket and steel-toed shoes. "Keep On Dancing" is an interesting recording: It was originally only about a minute long, so the studio guy just duplicated the tape, and spliced a second copy of the song at the end of the original, creating a two-minute song. As the song starts with a cold-open drumroll (followed by a pause, and a nasal, near-falsetto "A-KEEP ON DANCIN'!"), it was actually possible to do this without making it blatantly obvious that the two-minute song was really just two one-minute songs put together. If one were of a mind to, one could add a third copy of the song to the end of the first two, producing a three-minute song, a fourth for a four-minute version—hell, you could make this song *as long as you wanted it*, really. Which, of course, is precisely what the band does: Whenever the song drumrolls to a stop, someone revives it by shouting out "A-KEEP ON DANCIN'!," and the beat goes on. And on. *And on.* After umpteen resuscitations, the



STEVE THUESON | @STEVE_THUESON

There's cake on the table, there are little kids running around, and, oh yeah, the Vikings will be playing their first U.S. show—and first show in twenty-two years.

The atmosphere is simultaneously intimate, friendly, and surreal.

song once again slams to a halt. I freeze my frenzied twisting, ready to spin back into high rotation should the flames of rock'n'roll be rekindled. This time, however, the song does *not* begin again: Instead, Travis yells, *"Nørb! Get up here!"* I'm like, *wait a minute, I've been dancing my ass off here! I'm in full compliance with the "Keep On Dancin'" mandate! Don't Gino And The Goons me, bro!* From the silence of the stage, Travis points a drumstick at the microphone, at which I stare blankly for a second. Eventually, it occurs to me: *I think he wants me to continue the song.* Gamely, I approach the microphone, and from my mouth springs the band's clarion call to action: "A-KEEP ON DANCIN'!" The band careens back into the song, with me left to pull the song's largely moronic and indecipherable lyrics out of earth's collective memory ("somethin' emotion... come on and do the locomotion... yeah, do-wotta-do-way, shake it shake it baby, yeah!" That Jimmy Hart was a damn genius I tell you). And, every minute or so, the song rat-a-tats to a stop, and I pause, waiting for a cue that never comes, that tells me this time, the song is really over. So I go "A-KEEP ON DANCIN'!" and the song starts over for the three-zillionth time, because, really, *what choice do I have?* I'm not really authorized to stop the song! I'm not in on the shtick! I didn't get the memo! No matter how long I comedically pause after the end of the drumroll—looking left, looking right, looking at an imaginary watch, whatever—the band is always waiting for me to give them the cue to restart. Every time I say "A-KEEP ON DANCIN'!", they resume the song, no matter how long I've waited to say it. *This is an awesome power to wield, but... HOW THE FUCK DO I GET THEM TO STOP??? THIS COULD LITERALLY GO ON FOREVER! JAAANE!!! STOP THIS CRAZY THING!!!* Thrusting my way out of this Sisyphean predicament, I tag in another audience member. *It's your problem now, pal!* That takes care of my complicity in the matter, but the question still remains: *How the hell will anyone ever end this song??* We could be locked in an infinite cycle of "Keep On Dancin'" like Charlie riding forever 'neath the streets of Boston! *Is mankind doomed???* Finally, salvation appears—in the form of The Drunk Guy. The Drunk Guy had been staggering on and off the stage all night, almost toppling into the cluster of little kids at one point—and, as fortune would have it, he eventually wound up with the microphone. As one could rightly expect, the Drunk Guy's inherent inability to say "A-KEEP ON DANCIN'" at the appropriate time finally led to a glorious breakdown, allowing the song to wheeze to a halt and life to continue, albeit in a mercifully post-"Keep On Dancing" context. In summation, praise be to Georgia and Travis, for they are awesome; praise be to the Vikings, for they are mighty; and praise be to the Drunk Guy, for he is drunk, and, in doing so, has saved all of humanity.

Keep On Dancin',
–Rev. Nørb

I'M AGAINST IT

DESIGNATED DALE

This isn't a simple *Odd Couple*-kind of story.

Survival Guide

My wife and I checked out *Green Book*, a film based on the road stories of the accomplished jazz composer and pianist Don Shirley and his driver and jack-of-all-trades, Tony "Lip" Vallelonga. The film shows how the perspectives of two guys on the opposite ends of the socioeconomic spectrum somehow meet each other halfway after forcibly getting to know each other while out on tour. This isn't a simple *Odd Couple*-kind of story.

As talented and renowned as Don Shirley was, simply by being an African-American touring through the Deep South during 1962-'63, he had to carefully consider his travels. Jim Crow law (mandated racial segregation in all public facilities) was still in full swing throughout the former Confederate States of America, originally formed by seven secessionist states that held slaves. This racist horseshittery was enforced all across the United States in municipalities that fancied themselves "sundown towns." It was a sometimes coded, often explicit way of saying that non-whites were to disappear at sundown. And when I say all across the country, I mean over 10,000 of these towns were on record during the '60s. I don't know about you, but that's a lot of ignorant fear floating around that many towns. Don't think for a second that California was immune to this idiocy back then. Make time to look up the facts about that shit online (all I can say is: Glendale *Über Alles*). A few states even thought it'd be a good idea to post road signs to let visitors know what's what within the state boundaries, like in Colorado: *No Mexicans after Night* and Connecticut: *Whites Only within City Limits after Dark.* Going one step further, some dipshits in Gardnerville, Nev. thought it'd be swell to have a whistle blow daily at 6 PM, alerting Native Americans to leave by sundown. How fucking thoughtful.

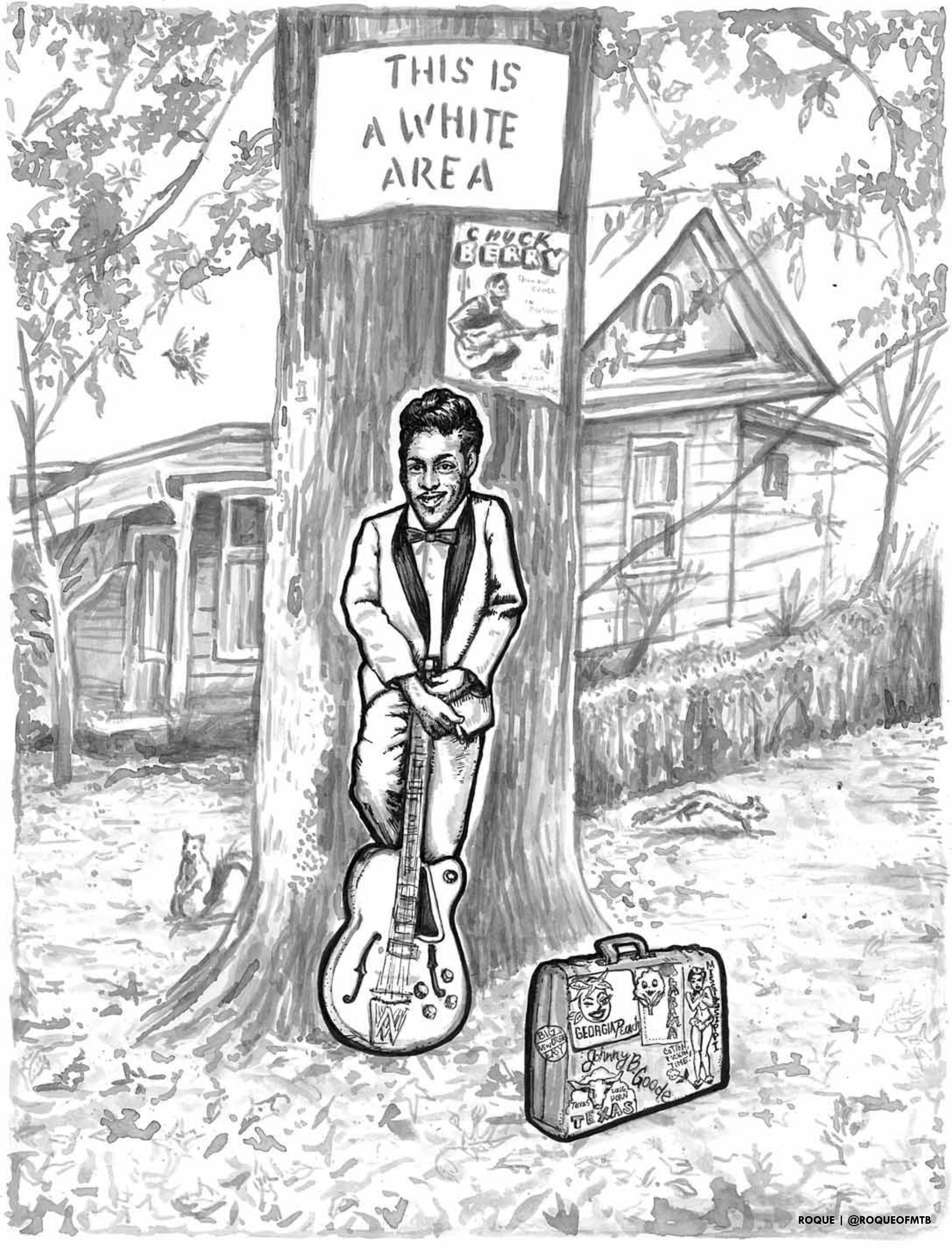
So, in theory, if you were African-American, you had to worry about not getting yourself or your driving companions into a fatal situation with some senseless clusterfucker whose family tree is nothing more than a stump.

So, if you pause and think for a moment—how the hell could black folks travel long distances on a schedule without driving part of said schedule at night? They found it very difficult to do so. Besides getting turned away from all the whites-only businesses, every African-American out on the road also had to worry about the mouth-breathing fucks they might run into when they had to stop somewhere for whatever/any reason, let alone being pulled over by a cop for DWB (driving while black, as Chuck Berry used to call it). Let's also not forget that lynching was still hot in practice, and the KKK openly resisted against any non-white's freedom and way of life (sounds eerily familiar, especially these last couple of years, don't it?). So, in theory, if you were African-American, not only did you have to plan far ahead and often hope for accommodating roadside necessities for travel, you additionally had to worry about not getting yourself or your driving companions into a fatal situation with some senseless clusterfucker whose family tree is nothing more than a stump. You can say whatever you want, but the fact is this kind of shit is still happening in this country some fifty/sixty-plus years later. Less than two years ago, the NAACP issued a warning to African-American travelers, recommending that if they must go to Missouri, they travel with bail money in hand. This is the first NAACP warning ever covering an entire state.

The extra salt in the wound for Don Shirley—and all the other travelling black artists around that time—was that the promoters, venues, and audiences weren't "black only." This is called a double standard. It's institutional and called segregation.

That's where *The Negro Motorist Green Book* enters the picture. Commonly known to its readership as *The Green Book* written by Victor Hugo Green, this annual publication from 1936-'66 proved to be a valuable resource to African-American motorists travelling long distances through states and/or neighborhoods they weren't familiar with. It contained national lists of black-friendly establishments that were hip to getting its travelers what they needed: motel rooms, dining, gasoline service stations, as well as commonplace things like restrooms and water fountains. It can't be stressed enough that during this time some African-American motorists were travelling with extra tanks of gasoline and buckets to relieve themselves with, just to avoid the possible trouble of having to stop for gas and/or use a restroom while out on the highways. That's just wrong.

A few of the bigger corporations like Esso gasoline saw a financial opportunity when *The Green Book* took off, exclusively marketing some of their locations to target its readership. As helpful as it seemed to a lot of readers, Esso's "race group" was nothing more than part of its marketing division, promoting the *Green Book,* enabling Esso's black customers to "go further with less anxiety." Thanks a lot, Esso, the motto really says you cared. It must be noted here that the Shell corporation was notorious for not selling gas or services to any black motorists during this time, and for that, they get the Golden Middle Finger Award (with interest). As much as it was helpful, *The Green Book* was technically more of a survival guide to African-American motorists who were hitting the roads for the first time.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Getting back to Don Shirley and Tony Vallelonga's relationship from this movie, Tony starts to see things firsthand when he's taking Don to his *Green Book*-recommended motels, injecting some long-overdue perspective into his Italian-American head that was stuck inside a Bronx bubble. There's an instance when Don encounters a group of racist rednecks in a bar and Tony threateningly steps in. Make no mistake that Tony was rough and tumble—a bouncer at the Copacabana Club in NYC, and that was one of the main reasons Don offered him the road job—but he was guilty of having some low-lying racial tendencies himself, like throwing out drinking glasses that two black plumbers at his house drank out of. Don needed someone like Tony—a bruiser, an enforcer type, and white—out on tour, especially through the Deep South, not only to keep the tour on track, but to literally better the chances of him not getting killed by the numerous racist shitbirds flying around (cops and citizens alike).

Tony showed Don that living life with a stick up your ass isn't the way to live a full life.

By the tour's end, the two could appreciate the other's perspective. Don could see that Tony started to appreciate him for who he was, not what he was, and Tony the same. Don helped Tony polish his act up a bit; the way he spoke and expressed himself and Tony showed Don that living life with a stick up your ass isn't the way to live a full life. (Although Don's brother says differently, the two remained friends for the rest of their lives, keeping in constant contact until they both died within a few months of each other in 2013.)

Roughly a year after Tony was on the road with Don, the passage of The Civil Rights Act of 1964 finally happened. This was a law in the United States that outlawed discrimination based on race, color, religion, sex, or national origin. It prohibits racial segregation in schools, employment, and public accommodations. Even though it became law, there was—and still fucking *is*—a lot of resistance to this act. So, in comparison to how a good number of people still act and carry on these days, does anyone think that once the law actually became law in 1964, things drastically got better?

While I was watching this movie, I couldn't help but think of the level of intolerance that was going on in this country less than ten years before Don Shirley's situation. When rock'n'roll was getting started in the mid-'50s, there were a lot of older people losing their shit (and not in a good way) over this louder and more aggressive new genre of music that was pouring out of their kids' stereos at home and blasting out of car radios on the boulevards.

Rock'n'roll seemed threatening enough to some, but then it became easy to spot the racists, the threatened, who reacted to this fantastic new sound phenomenon as "jungle noise" or "race music," all because some of the artists of this new wave of music happened to be black. Forget about the hubbub Elvis was causing with the gyrating hips or the cousin-on-cousin marriage shenaniganery that Jerry Lee Lewis stubbornly stuck to. All that the racist elders saw were their children "being led astray by these colored performers" or something to that degree of stupidity. The rest of the parents with a good head on their shoulders saw rock'n'roll as a noisy conundrum that their kids couldn't get enough of. People can call it age difference, the generation gap, or whatever the fuck excuse they want, but I'd be hard-pressed to hear differently from what the same racist parents had to say about the African-American musical predecessors before rock'n'roll's first wave, artists like Count Basie, Cab Calloway, Etta James, Duke Ellington, Billie Holiday, Louis Armstrong, and Fats Waller. You know, the same artists who were more than likely spinning on their old turntables. Is that called a double standard, or having it both ways? Someone out there please remind me.

There were parents who were convinced their sweet, little, innocent high school girls were going to be corrupted by the wild and outlandish Little Richard, but if anyone had paid a sliver of attention to Little Richard, they'd soon find that their princess's purity would be in no way threatened, as the dude isn't interested in women that way, which was/is still a whole other problem for some who can't handle that fact. Tough shit for them, because Little Richard continues to be one of the all-time greats, even though he's wrestled with his sexuality and devout religious affiliation for a better part of his life.

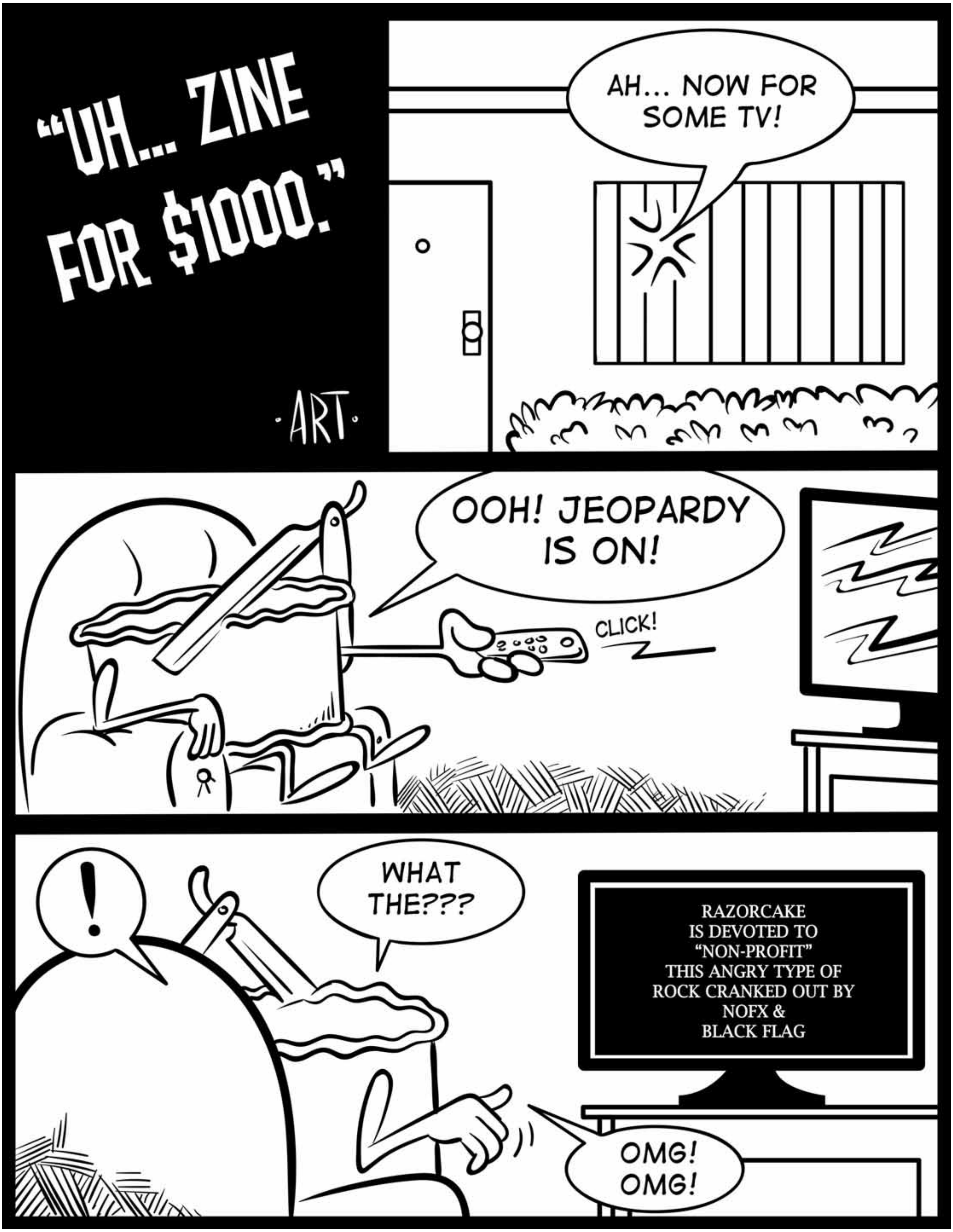
Going beyond some of the ridiculous, preconceived notions about rock'n'roll's first wave of black artists, travelling artists had to deal with a good number of racists and their properties out on the road. This included hotels, restaurants/diners, gasoline stations, and the very venues themselves. Picture yourself playing a contracted gig at a venue—the dressing room is more of a storage area, and the bathrooms are completely off-limits to you and your band, because the place isn't set up for serving both whites and blacks. The promoters for these venues catered to a predominately white audience, so if the audience was racially mixed, there were designated areas for each corresponding race. No dancing was permitted unless it was with "your own kind." What the fuck is *that*? That's not rock'n'roll. That's fucking *lame*. Yet, that's how a good number of shows went down until about 1965, when Jim Crow Law was finally put out of its misery (on paper, but not at all completely in practice). Stop for a second and think about it—even though you're getting paid for performing at a gig, there must've been something genuinely disheartening—as it is disappointing and fucking disgusting—about a promoter or owner telling you that you have to go find a room in a motel in another neighborhood or town after you've just packed their venue with a sold-out show.

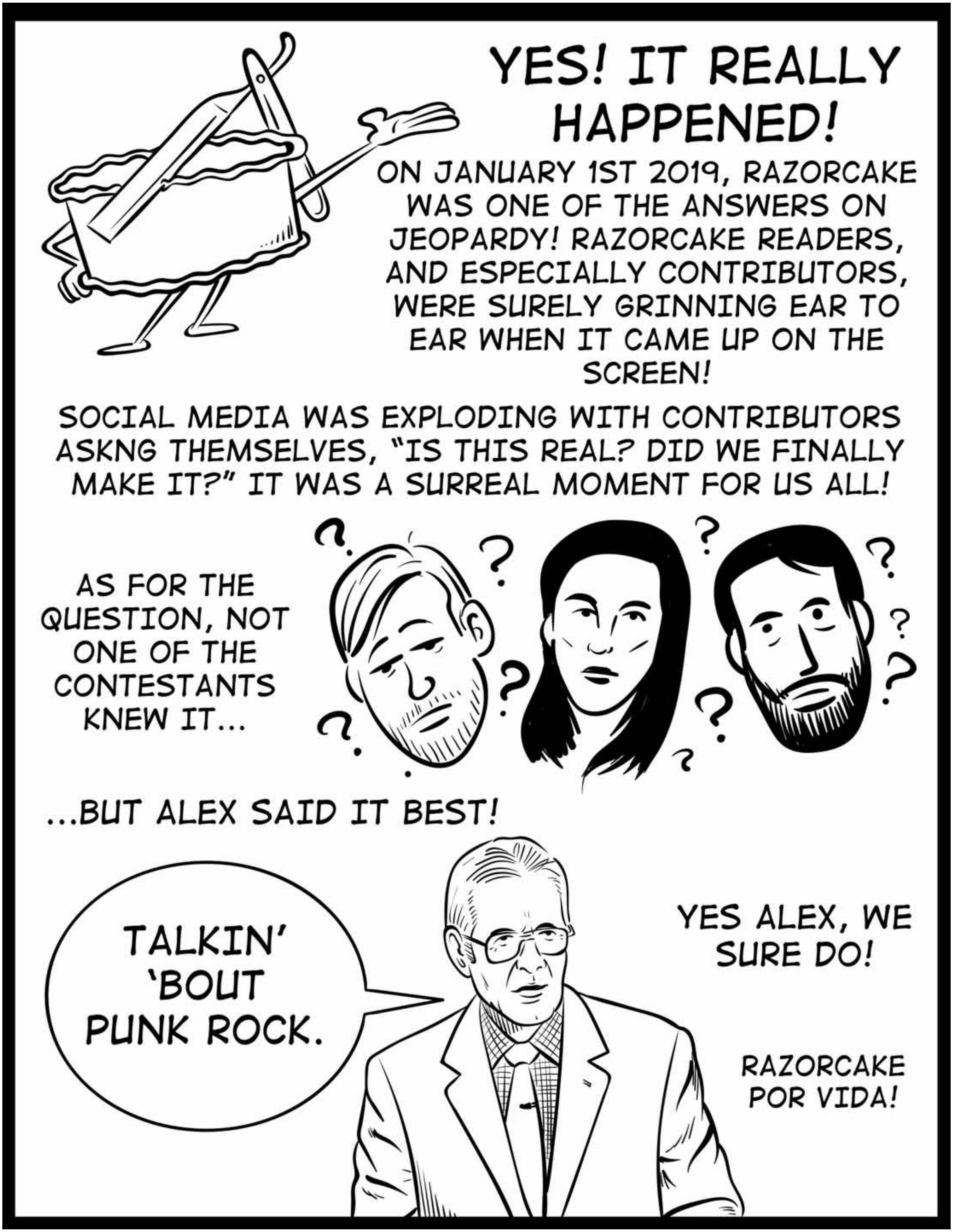
Chuck Berry used to often talk about this type of horseshittery when he played shows in towns like this. As much as he loved recording and playing out on the road, he despised the way a majority of the music business was run, especially when it came to basing things on and around race. Certain live performers got paid more solely because of their skin color. Recording and publishing royalties differed because of the pigment of one's skin.

It's partially due to the racist policies discussed here that made Berry the shrewd, self-negotiating dude he was not too long after he was a signed artist. He kept it lean and streamlined when he traveled to shows, which was usually by himself. Part of his performing stipulation was to have a "competent backing band that could play Chuck Berry songs." With no touring band to wrangle, babysit, or keep out of trouble, Berry only had to focus on getting himself to gigs, which he did like a true professional. He was always paid up front—cash, hard American dollars—another one of his stipulations that promoters soon became very familiar with. Some took issue with Berry's way of doing business as a bit excessive, but when you take in the daily reality that he and a lot of his musical counterparts had to deal with at the time, it's not extreme at all. It's called covering your ass and getting what you deserve, especially when there was a hell of a lot of hands in his pot reaping the rewards. Not only was Chuck Berry a forefather of rock'n'roll of the literal sense in these United States when it was first happening, but he was equally an actual ambassador of the genre in his own country. *His own fucking country*.

Thank the good lords of the first wave of rock'n'roll for continuing to keep the torch burning brightly.

–Designated Dale
designateddale@yahoo.com


"UH... ZINE FOR $1000."
·ART·
AH... NOW FOR SOME TV!
OOH! JEOPARDY IS ON!
CLICK!
!
WHAT THE???
RAZORCAKE IS DEVOTED TO "NON-PROFIT" THIS ANGRY TYPE OF ROCK CRANKED OUT BY NOFX & BLACK FLAG
OMG! OMG!


YES! IT REALLY HAPPENED!
ON JANUARY 1ST 2019, RAZORCAKE WAS ONE OF THE ANSWERS ON JEOPARDY! RAZORCAKE READERS, AND ESPECIALLY CONTRIBUTORS, WERE SURELY GRINNING EAR TO EAR WHEN IT CAME UP ON THE SCREEN!
SOCIAL MEDIA WAS EXPLODING WITH CONTRIBUTORS ASKNG THEMSELVES, "IS THIS REAL? DID WE FINALLY MAKE IT?" IT WAS A SURREAL MOMENT FOR US ALL!
AS FOR THE QUESTION, NOT ONE OF THE CONTESTANTS KNEW IT...
...BUT ALEX SAID IT BEST!
TALKIN' 'BOUT PUNK ROCK.
YES ALEX, WE SURE DO!
RAZORCAKE POR VIDA!

GRITOS DEL
BARRIO

PURO PINCHE POETRY Y CUENTOS

EDITED BY EVER VELASQUEZ AND EUGENIA NICOLE

God rattles me as she dances around the fire of my prayer.

Cosmos in the Mundane

I have never taken shrooms but I have
eaten them. I hear they reveal the cosmos
trapped in the mundane, blurbs of neon color.

We talk morse code
or sprinkled texts over weeks. I eat spicy food
impatiently. Tom Kah with fried tofu please!

Spicy! I chew white slick mushrooms dripping
a thick coconut lemongrass broth. I am vegetarian
after he explained why he doesn't eat

animals. I love his black dog named after
an anime character, yet I only met Kirito
San once. Is that how love works?

Growing up, none of the apartments
we lived in let us own pets. My gold
fish died three times in the same bowl.

After, I became pescatarian

to taste ocean death for 7 years until   now.
Tonight I ask him how he feels after his shroom
          trip.

There is no war tonight anywhere between
Salinas and Los Angeles so there's no need
for morse code. We play with shadows.

We weave an essay of simple sentences, middle
school love letter style, blue bubble after next. bloop.

He types the sweetest thing I've received from him:

It's funny you ask. I always see you when
I take shrooms.   What do you see?
The ocean, timeless. & feelings, but I'm

          distracted by the sun.   Can I go into the fire with you?
          If you can keep up.   *Crack pipe dreams are no joke.*

Less to Text

trauma stands in the corner
of our argument. we don't know how to
communicate, we're too used to de
fense.

wolves ravage our insides. or maybe just mine.
it's been 3 weeks and there is no
trace of where the body of our promise is.

a limb goes missing.

text me back!I don't have courage to utter this.
yr building walls between us with yr absence.
wolves wont stop bitin' my inside flesh.
a whole WING torn tossed & MISSING!
          yr **not** fcken trying hard ENOUGH! dude.

the feathered serpent goddess,
risen from the rubble, the cardi b bitch status
I worked to build is at the feet of wolves again.
legs open and dust and feathers everywhere. it's been three
months and the hands
of distance keeps us apart, but a part of each other.
maybe it's his hand. or his ex. keepin' us at war.

caW CAW Caw
warning. canine teeth into my black wings. blood feathers.
another text left on red. READ. one wing by the throne,
another limb at the foot of the temple and i'm still waitin' for   him.

I **HAVE** to be gentle or I'LL LOSE   HIM
lose him. I can't wait. I'm losing him to himself, I'm losing myself.

text me back before the next full moon! come back when yr ready.
imma keep you on mute until then.

stop looking at my DAMN IG STORIES.
just text me back. dude.   dude   u still
there?

Message Read

Rattle Me, God & Make Him Text Me Back

Crossed
legged &
blue
light
on my face
I pray to
Siddhartha &
La Santa Muerte &
Tiger,   my man who
not my man.

God rattles me
as she dances around the fire of my prayer.

Palms shaking to the sky,
her body sways hips first & she huffs his name:

Tiger, *text back*. She fingers beads mid-dance.

She chants prayers like: *text the dove back before it dies* or
return the wings you took, at least. **But,** she looks at me,

he's not the one to blame,

she spits at me. It washes over me like rain after the drought
I call my dry ass iPhone not gettin texts.

I receive a text from wounded Tiger after three weeks.
Saliva foams & drips from the corners of her edges,

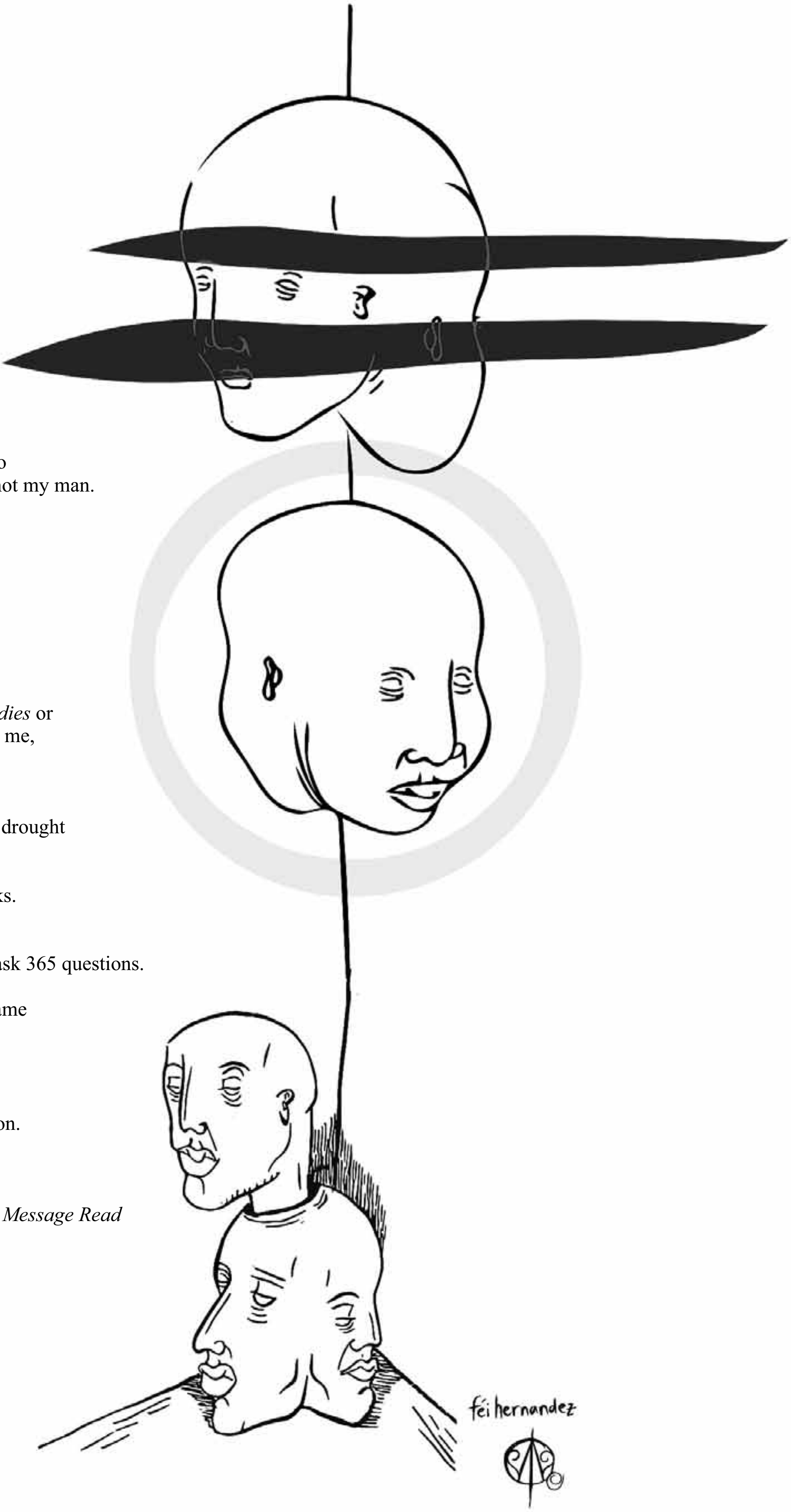
hair outstretched on red Earth.   I ask 365 questions.

She blows my name into the fire   tosses his name

in the fire too.
Tobacco leaves burn and so do the white

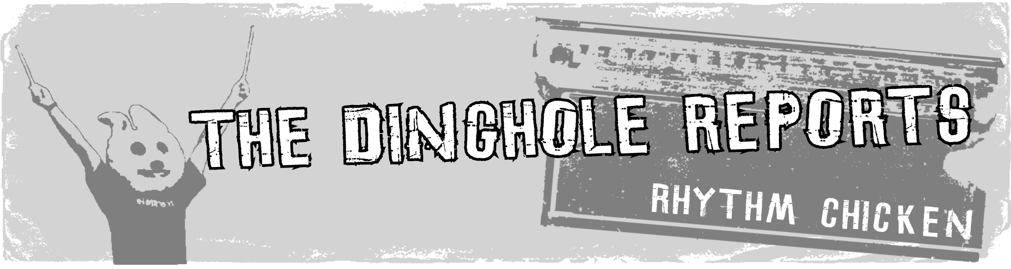
wings & white fangs that rattle in the heart of creation.

Message Read



–Féi Hernandez

Feihernandez.com
IG @fei.hernandez



Rhythm and disgrace!

BINGO!

This last Monday was supposed to be like any other winter Monday. I was going to get up early, go to work, make and sell soup all day, and then return home to prepare for my two days off. That's how it was supposed to go. Sometimes Mother Nature likes to rip up our schedules and throw us a curve ball. We were warned of a big, scary blizzard, but I just ignored the over-sensationalized forecast. Usually when they say it's going to be the storm of the decade, it ends up being only a slight hiccup in the snow globe. Ain't no weaselly weatherperson gonna scare me into overreacting.

Shortly after waking up and peeking outside, I saw I'd have to quickly shovel some snow before leaving for work and be on my merry way. I quickly crammed some breakfast down my throat and layered up with my full winter armor. Once outside, my face was met with a stinging wind of five-degree air. I pulled my scarf up over my nose and started shoveling. This is Wisconsin. This is what we do.

Once I cleared a path around the back corner of the house I was met with the *real* wind going across our driveway, a driveway that was now under eight inches of snow. Well, well, well, Mrs. Mother Nature... you wanna play hardball, eh? When we bought this house last July, I remember looking at our driveway and thinking it wouldn't be too bad to shovel come wintertime. It's easy to think that way in July. As I was staring at the task ahead of me, I figured it might take a little longer than expected. Inside my brain, I cued up the Angry Samoans *Back from Samoa* album (an album I know inside out). I mentally hit the play button and kept shoveling. While my arms and upper body were tossing shovel-loads of snow left and right, my inner self was pogoing and spasming out to "The Todd Killings," "Lights Out," and "Steak Knife".

By the time I reached the halfway point of the driveway my fingers had gone numb from the cold. The job was becoming a bit more aggravating than anticipated. The shifting winds were catching every third shovel of snow and blowing it back into my face. My face was feeling the bite of that five-degree wind. In my head I had gotten to the glorious twenty-three seconds of "You Stupid Jerk." I screamed along out loud, "NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO YOU STUPID JERK!" and kept working my way to the end of my driveway. I wonder if the Angry Samoans ever considered that their album might help some dopey schmuck in northern Wisconsin shovel his driveway. Yeah, I'm sure they did.

After a good ninety minutes of shoveling, I'd finally cleared my way out to the road. Once out at the highway, my growing fears were realized. Our road had not been plowed. It was now about nine to ten inches deep with a few two-foot-tall drifts here and there. I was not going to work anytime soon. Just then a pair of snowmobiles came ripping down the middle of the road. They kicked up a cloud of frosty snow which the wind happily whipped right into my face. I let out one more, "NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO YOU STUPID JERK!" and went back into the house.

I got some hot tea going and started listening to records while waiting for our road to get plowed. A few hours later I gave up hope and declared it a snow day. At noon, I went back outside to survey the situation. The wind had blown the snow back onto the driveway so it looked like it had never been shoveled in the first place. Welcome to Wisconsin.

Another ninety minutes later, I found myself staring at another well-shoveled driveway, a job well done. Then I heard the familiar rumble coming down the highway. I jumped back just in time as the monstrous plow blade threw tons of snow back onto my driveway. "NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO YOU STUPID JERK!"

Back in the house I made more hot tea and took in a couple movies. Shortly before dinnertime, the Angry Samoans and I went back outside to shovel a third and final time. After that it was time for a Hamms. I left the house three times that day and each time I only made it to the end of my driveway. We got well over a foot of snow and some drifts were two to three feet tall. I stayed cozy warm inside and saved my energy for the next day's birthday trip to Milwaukee! The drums were already in my car and I was poised to deliver some ruckus!

I woke up on my birthday only to realize that Mother Nature is indeed a stupid jerk. The temperature had dropped down to fifteen below zero. For my birthday I was apparently gifted another polar vortex. Thanks, Trump. Mrs. Hen and I decided it was becoming increasingly unsafe to venture down to Brew City in such worsening conditions. Milwaukee would have to wait. We'd still find a way to celebrate, but driving four hours across the frozen tundra would not be involved.

I ventured up to my soup shop to make sure the pipes weren't frozen. Once there, I was treated to even more shoveling. Happy birthday to me. So yeah, it was my birthday. Not too long ago I discovered that I share a birthday with the one and only Tommy Ramone. I usually try to unleash some form of rhythm ruckus on this day to honor such an influential drummer of the punk rock. I would have to find some unsuspecting venue in our own neck of the woods. Since all schools and most events were cancelled due to dangerous weather conditions, this became increasingly difficult. Then I heard of one local event that was still proceeding despite the crippling cold.

Dinghole Report #170: Brewery Bingo Ruckus!

(Rhythm Chicken sighting #712)

Schools were closed. Church services cancelled. The actual temperature was nearing twenty below zero while the wind chill temps were closer to fifty below. There were startling reports that some *bars* were even closing. Beer truck deliveries were halted because too much beer was freezing before reaching its destination. These are very trying times, folks. I did some frantic searching to find any local situation to which I could deliver my ruckus. I found one event which was far too important to be called off.

In the dead of winter, our local brewery will occasionally host a night of bingo, and my birthday was the same night. Seeing how a brewery makes its own beer, they do not rely on beer deliveries. You can't go to school. You can't go to church. But you sure as heck can still go drink local brews and play bingo during the crippling deep freeze! Mrs. Hen and I bundled up and skidded across a few county highways to the nearby town of Baileys Harbor, home to Door County Brewing Company. Bingo.

We parked out front and went in to scope out the event. Most of the county's residents are huddled in their homes trying to keep warm, and yet there were still about thirty devoted beer-swilling bingo fans keeping the faith here in the brewery. We ordered some fancy beers and waited for the best time to

TO GO BEER
-CANS-
-BOTTLES-
THE RHYTHM CHICKEN!

KAT WANISH

“NOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOOO YOU STUPID JERK!”

I wonder if the Angry Samoans ever considered that their album might help some dopey schmuck in northern Wisconsin shovel his driveway.

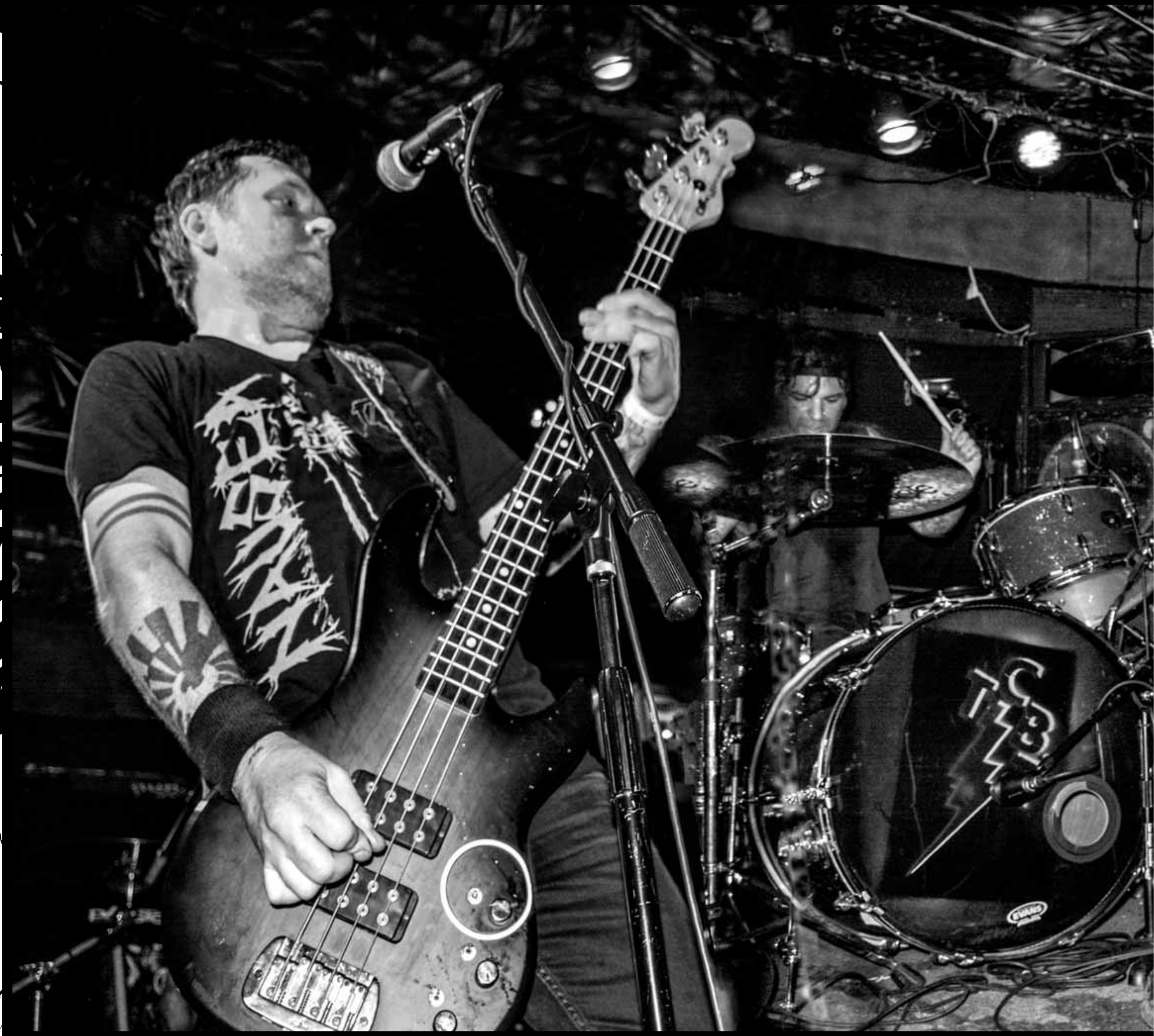
unleash the rhythm and fury. B-7. N-9. I-5. G-4... BINGO!

Hearing the magic word hollered out from the back of the room was my call to action! In record time my drum set was thrown together right in front of a beer cooler, right next to the stage. Before the game’s next round could begin, there was an explosive display of rhythm and disgrace! Like a sonic blast from the North Pole, my ruckus rumbled like a beer-soaked thunder inside the brewery! With chicken ears bouncing about wildly, I pounded the skins in a most undignified manner! This ain’t your *grandma’s* bingo game halftime show! Cheers erupted during each break in the drumming action!

I tossed aside my normal drumsticks and reached for the big dogs, the secret weapon, the RUCKUS LOGS! The bingo fanatics hoisted their beers and hooted along with the oversized ruckus! My ever-crumbling drum kit began to give way under the unrelenting pummeling of the ruckus logs. With one last explosive blast, my drums were scattered about the beer hall as I slinked behind the nearby merchandise display, evading all applause and adoration.

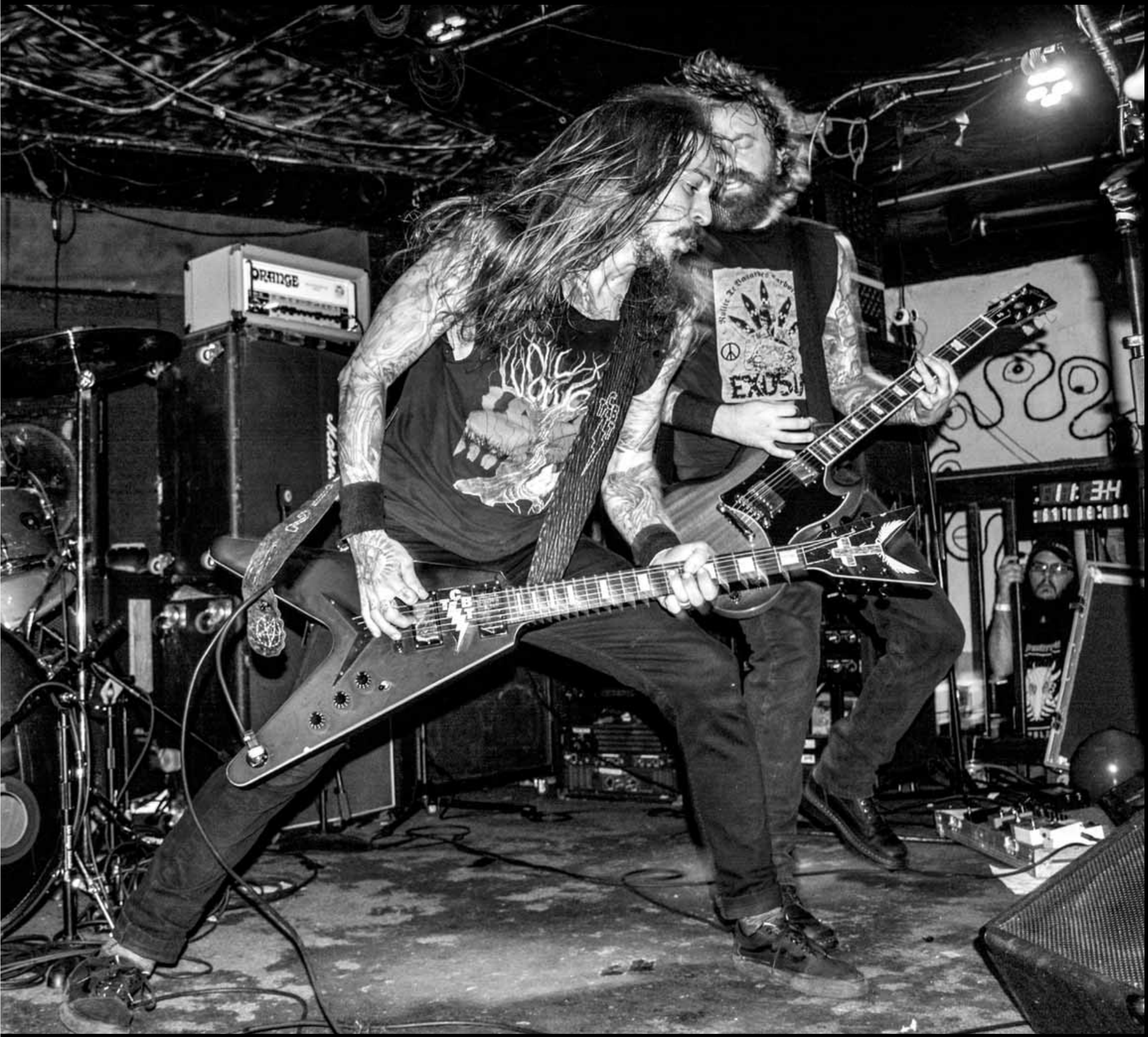
After Mrs. Hen and I finished our beers, we ventured back out into the frigid night air. The passenger door on my car was frozen shut. It literally just would not open. Mother Nature... you stupid jerk.

–Rhythm Chicken



Chris Boarts Larson Photo Column

Chris Boarts Larson, www.slugandlettuce.net | fb.me/slugandlettuce



Black Tusk at Strange Matter, RVA 12/8/18

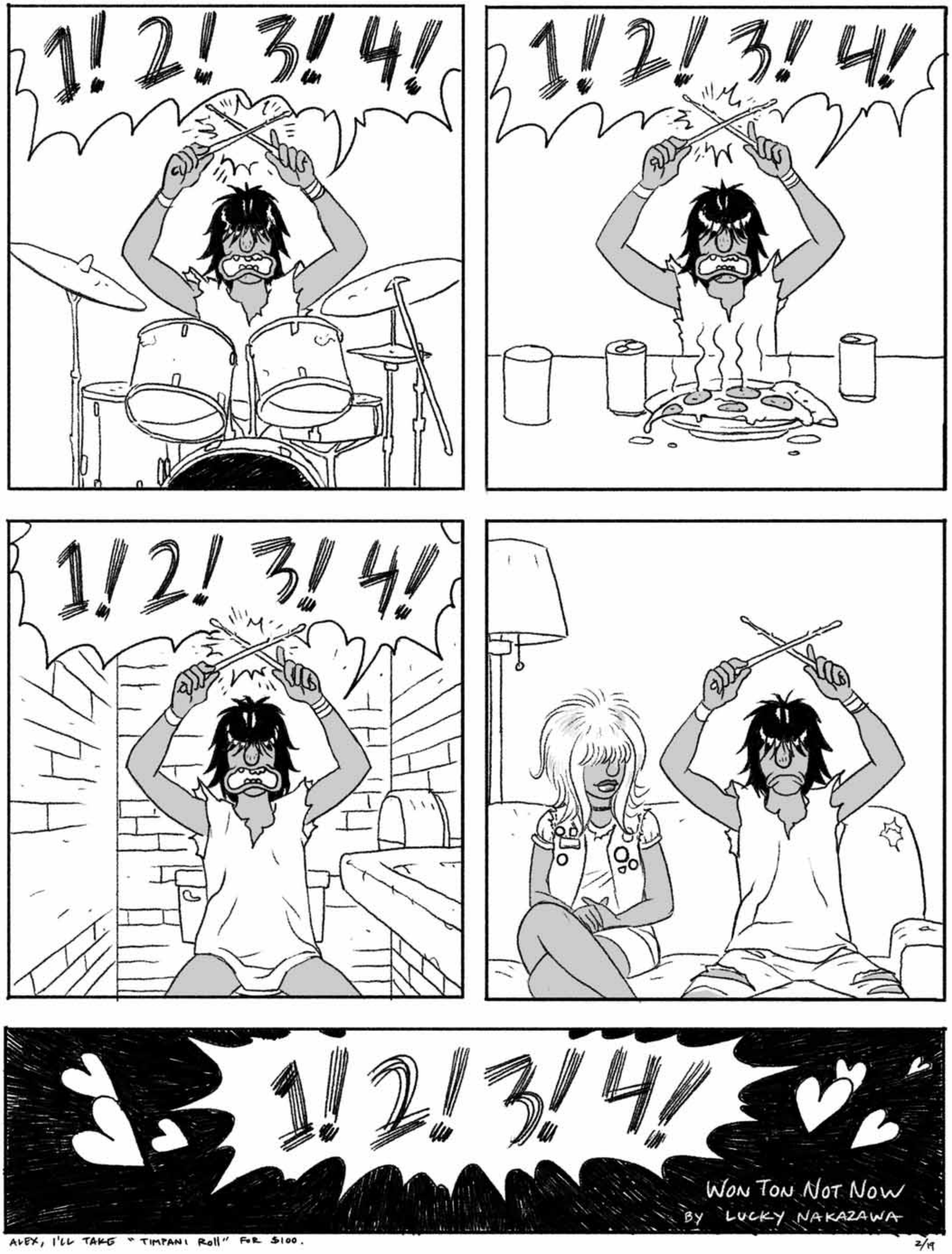
Black Tusk
at Strange Matter

It's been a decade since I saw Black Tusk for the first time, opening for a Damad reunion show in their home town of Savannah. They're a metal/heavy-punk hybrid that hits all the perfect bits for me. Over the years, Black Tusk has been a constant favorite and solid bunch of friends. Even after the tragic loss of a founding member, Black Tusk is not a band to be kept down. They came through Richmond to play one of the last shows at Strange Matter with a new lineup and a new album, *TCBT*.

Black Tusk was an explosion of energy from the first note. You can feel it in the way they give their all to their live set—they're passionate and sincere, including smiling while they play. It was so good to remember just how awesome it is to see a favorite band hold nothing back and explode in their live show. It was absolutely perfect! I almost forgot what was missing in my life. I love Black Tusk!

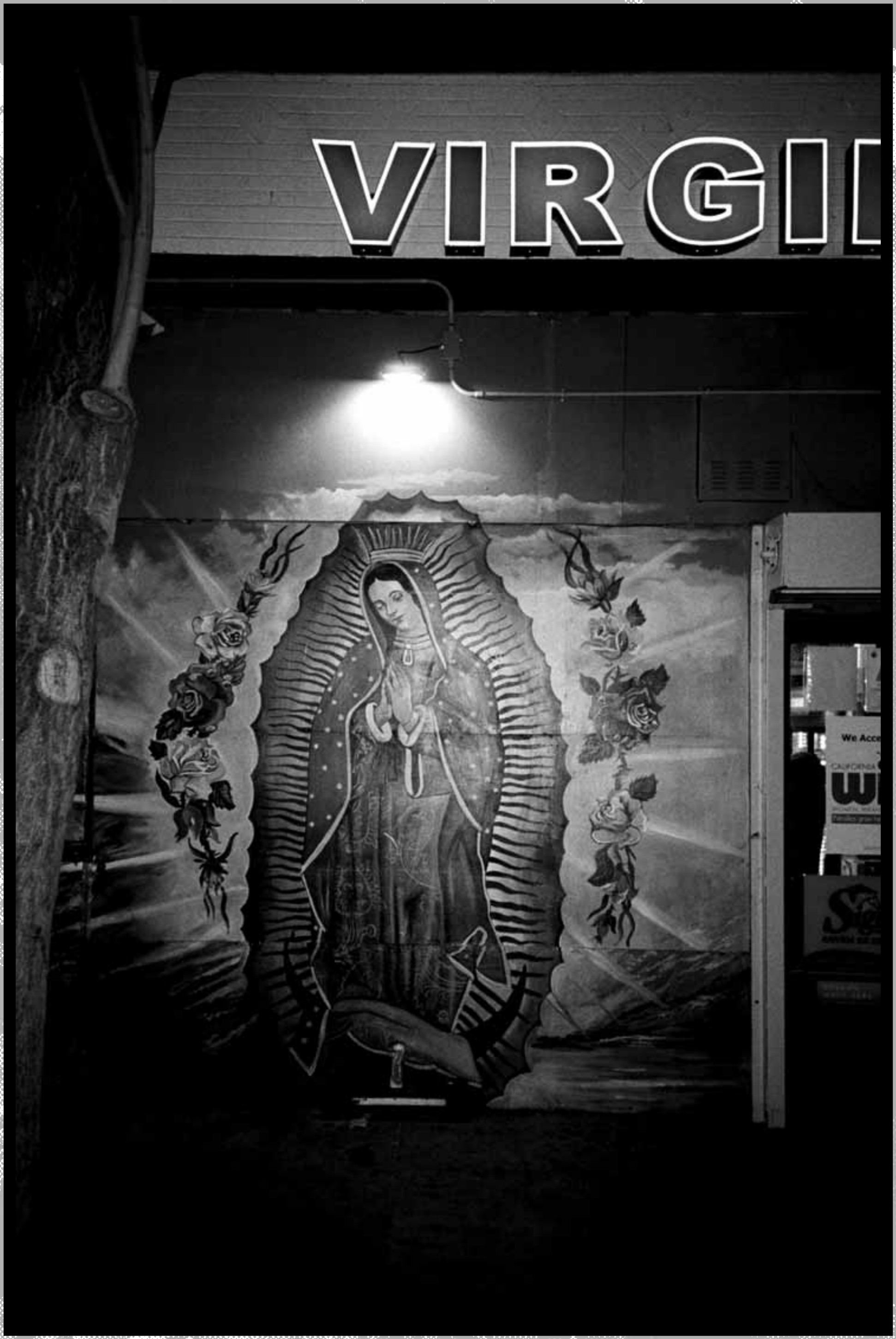
–Chris Boarts Larson
www.slugandlettuce.net
www.facebook.com/SlugandLettuce

SHORT, FAST AND LOUD


1! 2! 3! 4!
1! 2! 3! 4!
1! 2! 3! 4!
1! 2! 3! 4!
WON TON NOT NOW
BY LUCKY NAKAZAWA

ALEX, I'LL TAKE "TIMPANI ROLL" FOR $100.

2/19



Dan Monick's Photo Page

Los Angeles, CA 12/08/18

SWEET JAP
Japanese punk rock on one-sided LP, Cherry Red vinyl

BASEBALL FURIES
ALL-AMERICAN PSYCHO

BASEBALL FURIES - ALL AMERICAN PSYCHO
Repressed on Red, White and Blue vinyl

FIRE HEADS
Madison, garage, punk, smackdowns

WOOD CHICKENS
COUNTRYCIDE

WOOD CHICKENS
Meat Puppets meet the Minutemen!

COMING 2019

Gino and The Goons - LP/CD
Facility Men - LP/CD
Fatal Figures - LP/CD
Fireheads/Sex Scenes - Split LP
Stop Worrying and Love the Bomb - Fake Nature LP/CD
Brain Bagz/Bloodbags - Split LP

BIG NECK records

NOW AVAILABLE

RICHARD VAIN - NIGHT JAMMER LP/CD
Ex-Ponys, Chicago rock, psych, wall of sound

WHITE SAVAGE

WHITE SAVAGE/FOOTBALL split LP
Ex-Baseball Furies, Ponys, and Guilty Pleasures creating chaotic punk

The Lost Sounds
Memphis Is Dead

LOST SOUNDS - MEMPHIS IS DEAD LP
Repressed on 180 gram and Smokey Clear vinyl!

WOOD CHICKENS
WELL DONE!

WOOD CHICKENS - WELL DONE LP/CD
More punk than ever before!

DUMB VISION
MODERN THINGS

DUMB VISION - MODERN THINGS LP/CD
Madison, WI super group

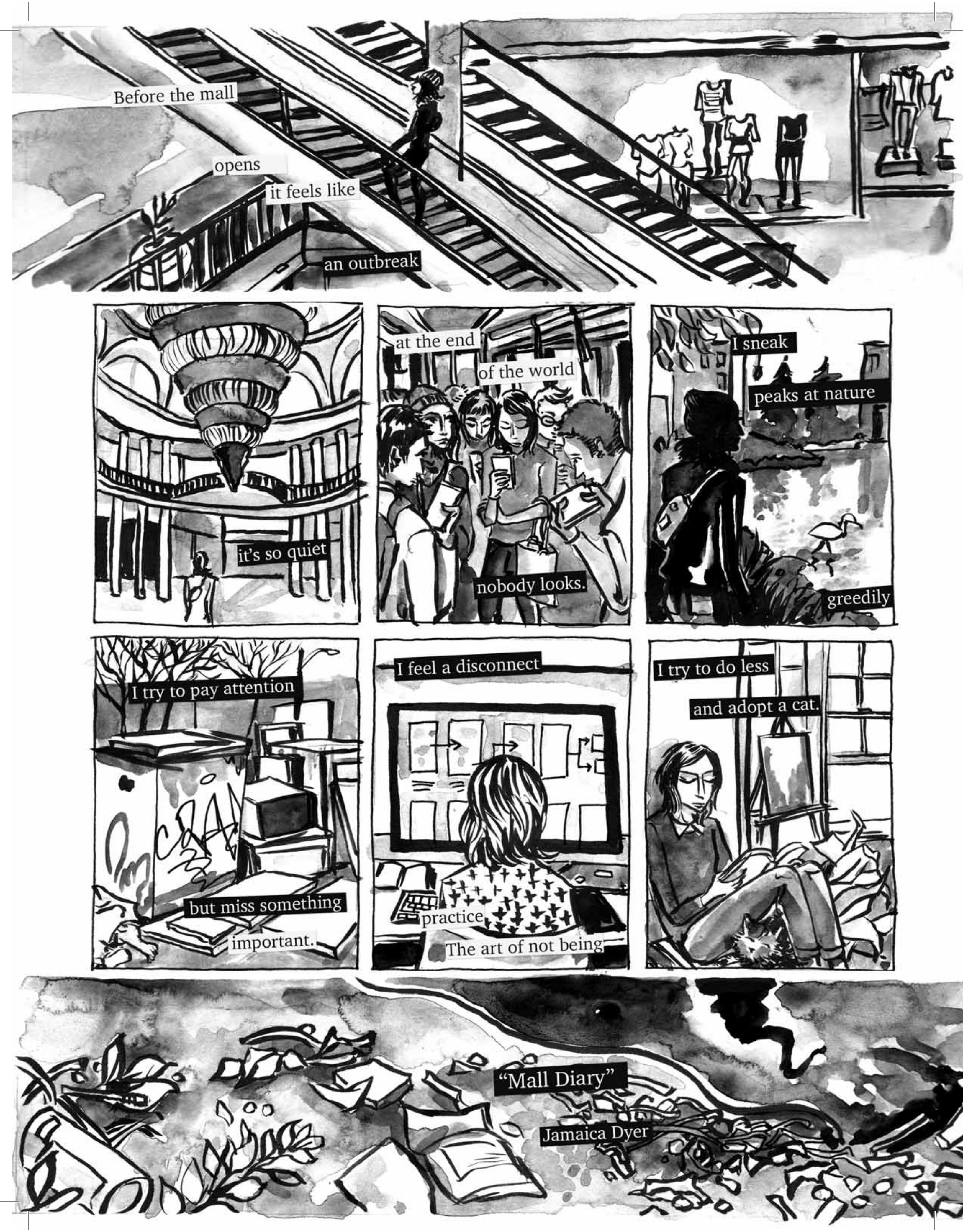
TWIN GUNS
IMAGINARY WORLD

TWIN GUNS - IMAGINARY WORLDS LP
NYC guitar and drum gods.

GALLERY NIGHT

GALLERY NIGHT - I WANNA DIE HERE 7”
Milwaukee noise punk behemoths

BIG NECK RECORDS
13731 Old Springhouse Ct
Lovettsville, VA 20180
bigneckrecords.com
bigneckrecords@usa.net


Before the mall
opens
it feels like
an outbreak
it's so quiet
at the end
of the world
nobody looks.
I sneak
peaks at nature
greedily
I try to pay attention
but miss something
important.
I feel a disconnect
practice
The art of not being
I try to do less
and adopt a cat.
"Mall Diary"
Jamaica Dyer

erik nervous, bikini cops, impotentie, the fritz, iss, freak genes, fashionism, the whiffs, sex tourists, denim and leather, dark thoughts, slumb party, personality cult, c.h.e.w. vanilla poppers

drunken sailor records.

TOYS THAT KILL
somerset thrower

DEAD BROKE REKERDS

OUT NOW

IRON CHIC/TOYS THAT KILL - SPLIT 12" LP
PORCUPINE - "What You've Heard Isn't Real" 12" (Ex-Hüsker Dü)
RADON - "More Of Their Lies" LP
BASEMENT BENDERS- "Shrapnel Songs" LP
PARASITES / RAGING NATHANS- Split 7"EP
SOMERSET THROWER- "Godspeed" LP
GIANT PEACH- "But You Made Me Such A Beautiful Thing" LP
HEAVY POCKETS- "Pure Evil" LP
BEDFORD FALLS- "Send More Bees" LP
CANADIAN RIFLE- "Peaceful Death" LP
FIFTEEN- "The Choice Of A New Generation" CD/LP/Cass Reissue
"Swain's First Bike Ride" LP/CD/Cass + 7"EP Reissues

COMING SOON

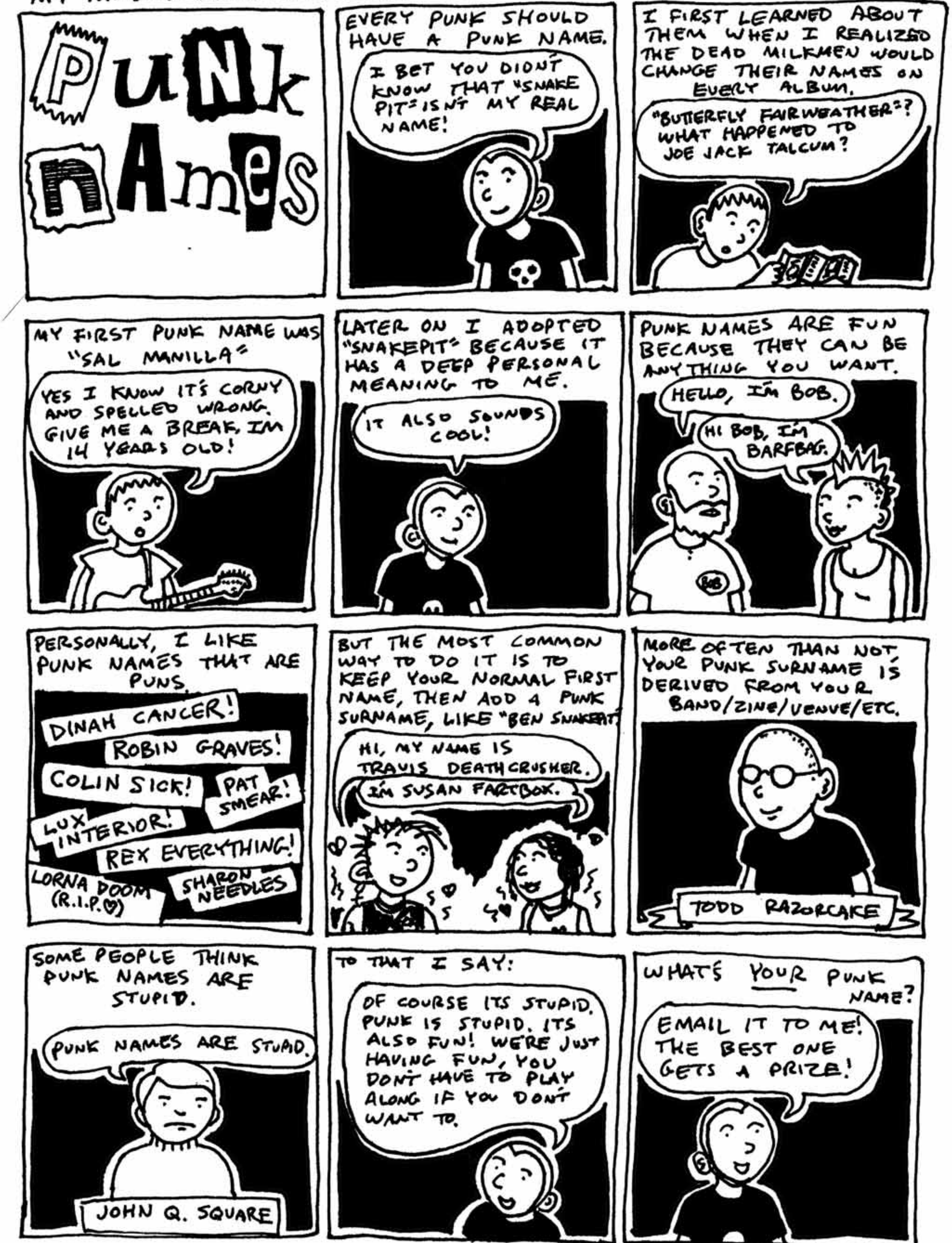
HIDDEN SPOTS- "NEW ME/NEW YOU" LP | SNUGGLE- "HOLIDAY HEART" 12"
SPIT-TAKE- "FALLING STAR" LP | SAMIAM- "TRIPS" TAPE | MARTHA- ALBUM TAPES

LAURA STEVENSON

THE BIG FREEZE

Don Giovanni Records

MY NINETY-SECOND COLUMN FOR RAZORCAKE BY BEN SNAKEPIT


PUNK NAMES
EVERY PUNK SHOULD HAVE A PUNK NAME.
I BET YOU DIDN'T KNOW THAT "SNAKE PIT" ISN'T MY REAL NAME!
I FIRST LEARNED ABOUT THEM WHEN I REALIZED THE DEAD MILKMEN WOULD CHANGE THEIR NAMES ON EVERY ALBUM.
"BUTTERFLY FAIRWEATHER"? WHAT HAPPENED TO JOE JACK TALCUM?
MY FIRST PUNK NAME WAS "SAL MANILLA"
YES I KNOW IT'S CORNY AND SPELLED WRONG. GIVE ME A BREAK, I'M 14 YEARS OLD!
LATER ON I ADOPTED "SNAKEPIT" BECAUSE IT HAS A DEEP PERSONAL MEANING TO ME.
IT ALSO SOUNDS COOL!
PUNK NAMES ARE FUN BECAUSE THEY CAN BE ANYTHING YOU WANT.
HELLO, I'M BOB.
HI BOB, I'M BARFBAG.
BOB
PERSONALLY, I LIKE PUNK NAMES THAT ARE PUNS.
DINAH CANCER!
ROBIN GRAVES!
COLIN SICK!
PAT SMEAR!
LUX INTERIOR!
REX EVERYTHING!
LORNA DOOM (R.I.P.♡)
SHARON NEEDLES
BUT THE MOST COMMON WAY TO DO IT IS TO KEEP YOUR NORMAL FIRST NAME, THEN ADD A PUNK SURNAME, LIKE "BEN SNAKEPIT."
HI, MY NAME IS TRAVIS DEATHCRUSHER.
I'M SUSAN FARTBOX.
MORE OFTEN THAN NOT, YOUR PUNK SURNAME IS DERIVED FROM YOUR BAND/ZINE/VENUE/ETC.
TODD RAZORCAKE
SOME PEOPLE THINK PUNK NAMES ARE STUPID.
PUNK NAMES ARE STUPID.
JOHN Q. SQUARE
TO THAT I SAY:
OF COURSE ITS STUPID. PUNK IS STUPID. ITS ALSO FUN! WE'RE JUST HAVING FUN, YOU DON'T HAVE TO PLAY ALONG IF YOU DON'T WANT TO.
WHAT'S YOUR PUNK NAME?
EMAIL IT TO ME! THE BEST ONE GETS A PRIZE!

BENSNAKEPIT@GMAIL.COM

CHIP KINM

Rank and File | BOBBY CASTRO COURTESY OF HECTOR PEÑALOSA

INTRODUCTION
MARTIN WONG

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LISA REED KINMAN

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LAYOUT
DYLAN DAVIS

I first saw Chip Kinman sing and play guitar when I was a student at UCLA in the mid-‘80s. I was a big fan of Rank And File, the genre-defining cowpunk band formed by him and his brother Tony (the bass player with the booming baritone), before I knew about The Dils, the first-generation and hyper-political punk band they also co-founded. I was excited to check out their noisy industrial duo, Blackbird. They were great. Buried beneath the thundering drum machine beats and layers of squealing feedback and pitch-black lyrics inspired by Cold War fears, supply-side economics, and trickle-down culture was the sweet signature harmonies only siblings can create. The students at the campus pizza joint who wanted full stomachs, not ringing ears, weren’t quite as stoked as us fans.

A few more bands, genres, and decades passed before I reached out to Chip, wondering if his brand new band, Ford Madox Ford, would play a benefit show to support the music program at my daughter’s elementary school in Chinatown. The idea was to carry on the punk rock tradition of the neighborhood’s old Hong Kong Café, and The Dils were a big part of that story. Chip said yes, his punk-fueled post-blues combo has played for us twice since then, and our families have become friends.

Of course, I had to invite Chip to the Razorcake headquarters, where he shared his journey as a lifer in

MARTIN WONG

aN

the underground and talked about being in punk since the beginning, playing in bands with his brother for decades, losing Tony to cancer, and creating music into the future. Who knew that he would re-form The Dils shortly afterward with his son on drums and Giulliano's friend Brian on bass, or that their first show in forty years would be at our next Save Music in Chinatown benefit show? And so Chip's story continues as it began.

THE DILS

the DILS
DILS DILS DILS

198 SECONDS OF
THE DILS

THE DILS
LIVE!

Martin: Earlier this summer I saw you make an appearance with El Vez and Phranc. How do you know them?

Chip: I know El Vez from day one of punk rock. The Dils had gone up to San Francisco and met The Nuns. Alejandro (Escovedo) told me his brother lived in Chula Vista, had a band called The Zeros, and that we should meet them. The next time I visited my parents in Carlsbad, where I grew up, I met Javier and Rhoda (Lopez)—his future wife and El Vez's sister. So they pulled up and we drove up to Bomp! Records because The Zeros had just gotten their record deal. And right around in Orange County, the car broke down because Rhoda never put oil in the car. Very punk rock. But we made it. And we became real close friends with The Zeros. In fact, it was Javier who told us we should record "I Hate the Rich" in Chula Vista at the same place they recorded "Wimp." And we did.

Martin: You covered "Wimp."

Chip: We covered it, but we never recorded it. There was a lot of that going on—us doing other bands' songs.

Todd: The Dils never played Los Angeles prior to moving to San Francisco, is that right?

Chip: Correct.

Todd: Why?

Chip: That's a pretty good question. In my mind, the question is why we chose San Francisco. It's not like we were going up there a lot. I don't know why, to tell you the truth. But, in retrospect, it just seemed like a better place to be. It was compact, condensed. It was like living in a city and it still had the beatnik and hardcore left-wing longshoreman vibe. We actually met a lot of those people. Philip Lamantia (poet), Nico Ordway (writer for *Search and Destroy*), and other folks—surrealist poets—and we fell in with them. The experience of being in North Beach when you're twenty and had never done something like that—smelling pesto and roasting coffee and seeing Basque people—it was an exciting place to be.

Martin: The smell of coffee and politics, too!

Chip: And those really nasty Russian cigarettes, Kreteks, with the tubes and a little bit of tobacco at the end. But in Carlsbad, coffee was Folgers. Spaghetti was meat sauce. It was my mom's and it was great. But, hey, it wasn't pesto or aioli or anything like that. It was a great place to be. We started to meet the other bands. Tony lived with Penelope and Danny from The Avengers. I lived with Jean Caffeine and Greg from The Avengers. I lived south of Market so there was also the Folsom gay scene, where every Sunday the clones would come out. I'd never seen anything like that and it was incredible.

Todd: What is a clone?

Chip: Jeans, plaid shirt, leather jacket, engineer boots, short beard—it was like what guys look like now. Because homosexual culture is usually before the straight culture, as far as that kind of stuff is concerned.

Todd: Is it true that The Dils formed and starting playing original music because you weren't good enough to be in a cover band?

Chip: Yes. Well, Tony was. Tony was very musical. He played in the school band, could read music, and could pick stuff off records. I would try. I would listen to "Ticket to Ride" and go, "Hey, Tony, check it out. I learned the riff." He would just look at me and say, "No. It has six more notes than that." That actually worked out to our advantage. We had to write songs because we couldn't play other people's songs. When I tried to play other people's songs, I'd mess them up so bad I'd have my own!

Martin: Did you two always get along? Was there always chemistry from the beginning?

Chip: No. When we were in high school, he wanted a bass so he asked my dad. And I said, "Well, if he gets a bass, I want a guitar." My dad was a Marine, so he took us to Camp Pendleton and we bought a Teisco guitar and bass. Tony got good on it right away and I didn't learn anything. I just smashed it. Tony joined a cover band and he was also in a Jesus rock band—not because he was a believer, but because they had an amp. They were called Saved By Grace and we called them Sprayed By Mace, and he got kicked out for playing too loud. It was a scene. Whenever we'd go to Carlsbad, we'd pass the church and go, "Sprayed by mace! Sprayed by mace!"

He told me, probably about a year before we formed The Dils, "I'll never be in a band with you." He was such an A-hole big brother, but pretty much because I sucked. I saw where he was coming from.

Todd: Well, you made him eat it for thirty-five years!

Chip: Indeed. He has since said some nice things about me that came back to me through his wife: "Tony thinks you're a good guitar player." Oh, that's good because I'm on every freaking record he ever made.

Martin: So did Tony call himself "19" to separate himself from you?

Chip: Yes, I was in Carlsbad visiting the folks and making the cover for the "I Hate the Rich" record with Letraset letters, rubbing them on, cutting out paper, and gluing it on; that sort of thing. That's when I discovered the technique where you can rub part of a letter on, then pull it off, and then put it back down so it's all crackly.

Todd: And stressed.

Chip: Yeah, stressed. So I said, "Okay, Tony, I'm going to put our names down. Tony Kinman? Anthony Kinman? What do you want to be called?" He goes, "Tony 19." I looked and him and said, "Why do you want to be called Tony 19?" "So people don't know we're brothers." Which is awesome because we became "Chip and Tony," and the brother thing was major.

Todd: Since we're talking about artwork, who made The Dils logo look like "The Oils" on that 7"?

Chip: I did, and then Tony came in fixed it with the next pressing. He made that "D."

Todd: Some record collectors should thank you for doing that because you made it that much more collectible.

Chip: Oh yeah, there are people who say, "I have The Oils version!" I don't even know if I do. I might. I know Superior Viaduct, Penelope's partner Steve, put it out, and I'm not sure if they used The Oils cover or not.

Todd: Steve's a sharp guy. He knows his stuff.

Chip: He probably did.

Martin: I like how you still make artwork. You put out three or five flyers for every show!

Chip: I do it for a couple of reasons. It's something to have. It's something you can hold in your hand like a vinyl record, as opposed to some electronic files and they just go. And it's something I enjoy doing. I've always been in the habit of doing it, so it felt weird not to make a flyer if I have a show coming up. When I started Ford Madox Ford, one guy in the band asked me, "What's with the flyers? No one does flyers any more." I said, "You'll see. They'll end up in a book or museum or someone's house. They'll end up somewhere." And they have, along with all of our other flyers.

Martin: It's too bad you didn't make more physical things happen earlier so there would be more than three Dils singles, though!

Todd: Martin and I were talking before—how many songs were officially released when The Dils was a band?

Chip: Seven.

Todd: And you've had ten altogether with the live bootleg stuff that came out later?

Chip: We had a ton of really good songs. It is a shame we never recorded them. But sometimes they end up in other people's recordings. Like Sator, a big band in Sweden, did a record of '77 West Coast punk. They did three of our songs and they're non-singles songs. They heard them off the live records and they did them really well. It's very cool.

Todd: One of my favorite bands, Dillinger Four, did "You're Not Blank" and did a good job.

Chip: Right. In fact, I listened to it the other day. I was looking for Ty Segall's "Class War," and thought, "I haven't heard it in a while. I'll listen to that." It's surprising we didn't put out more records because our philosophy was, "Anyone says, 'You want to put out our record?' and we'll say yes."

Todd: So two people asked you.

Chip: Three. We had Chris Ashford, bless his heart. And then Dangerhouse. And then Rogelletti Records out of Vancouver.

Todd: And Chris did What Records?, correct?

Chip: And then he put out Blackbird on Iloki and paid for the Ford Madox Ford recording, too. God bless that guy.

Martin: He put out the first Germs record ("Forming" b/w "Sex Boy") and then The Dils right after that, right?

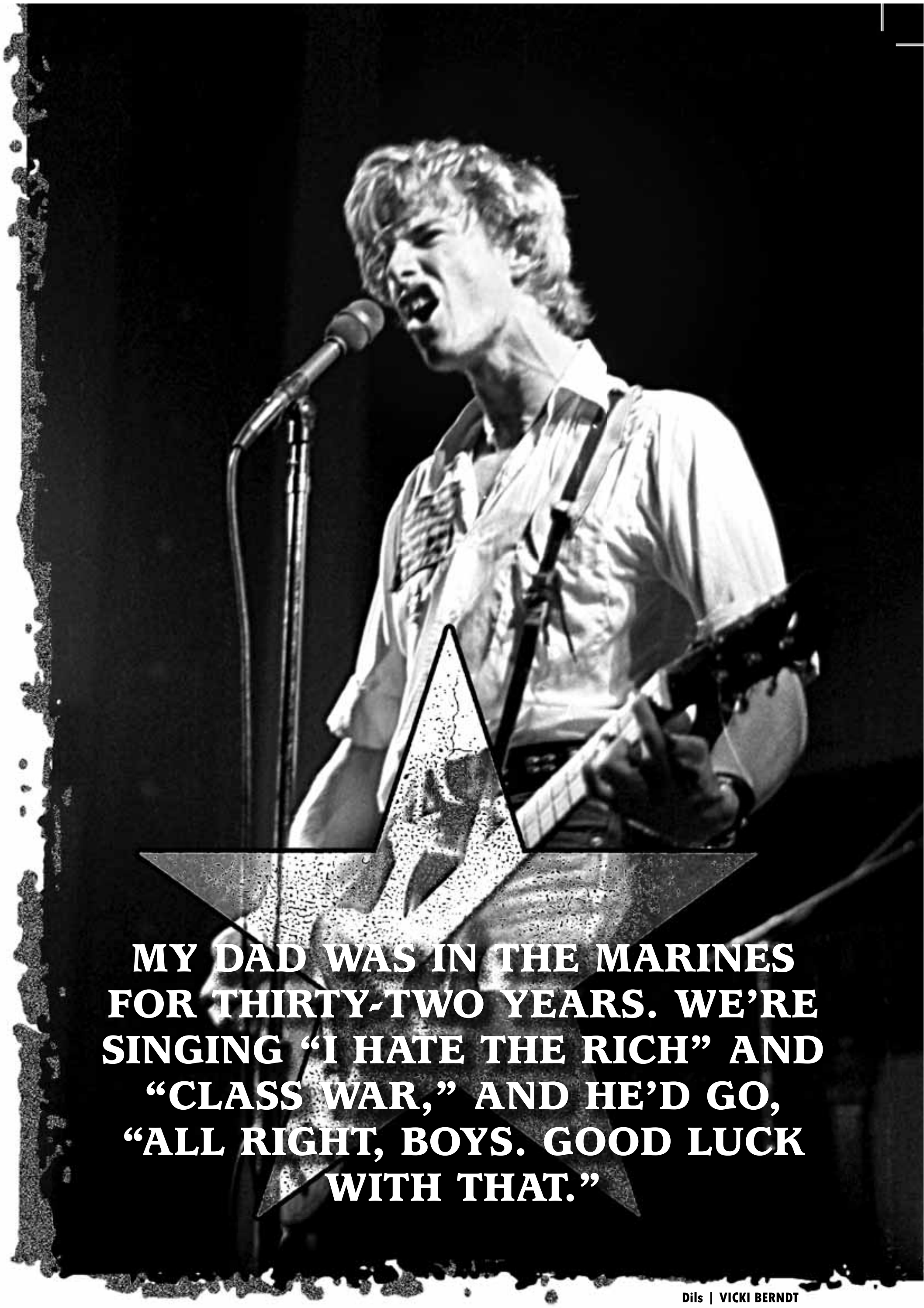
Chip: Yes, but like I was saying, it's surprising we didn't put out more records because we would just say yes. There was only one time we said no. There was this guy who had all this live stuff and he wanted to put it out. We said okay and then he said, "Well, I want you to sign this contract." We said, "We're not going to sign it. Just pay our publishing. We don't want any money up front, but you can go ahead and put it out." And he said, "Well, I want you to sign this." Tony kept going, "We're not going to sign anything for you. Just put the record out and here's our publishing. Just pay it if you sell a record. You don't have to give us anything." And he kept pestering us to sign it. The guy wouldn't take yes for an answer! Tony said, "All right, give me $35,000 and I'll sign your contract." And he said, "I thought you hate the rich, man! You guys suck!" Oh my god, we were just trying to get rid of him at that point.

Martin: You're really comfortable talking about The Dils. Did you ever put that behind you and say that you'd only talk about your new band or your last band?

Chip: No, we never did that. We never did reunions or went back to any of our bands with the exception of Cowboy Nation. After Cowboy Nation had broken up, we did a show with Stagecoach. That one, we couldn't say no to. It was a nice payday. They treated us well, and it was a great, great show. Other than that, no. We've always liked all of our bands.

Todd: But you just re-recorded a Dils song up in Canada, correct?

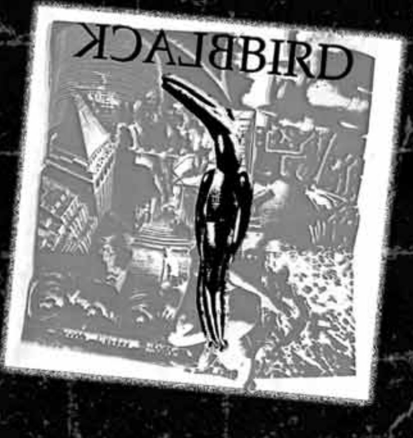
Chip: That sort of thing we'll do. Bob Rock produced the original version and now he's a big-time guy. He volunteered his time to come into the studio and produce it. He was great. That one's fairly faithful with Zippy Pinhead (DOA) on drums and Mary Celeste from The Modernettes on bass. Then we brought in some Pointed Sticks and Ron

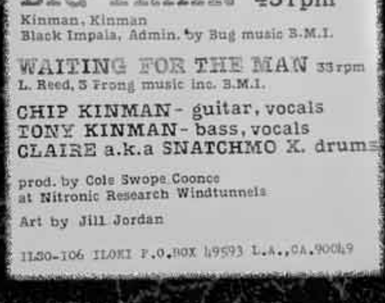


MY DAD WAS IN THE MARINES FOR THIRTY-TWO YEARS. WE'RE SINGING "I HATE THE RICH" AND "CLASS WAR," AND HE'D GO, "ALL RIGHT, BOYS. GOOD LUCK WITH THAT."

Dils | VICKI BERNDT

BLACK
BIRD




BLACKBIRD

BIG TRAIN 45rpm
Kinman, Kinman
Black Impala, Admin. by Bug music B.M.I.

WAITING FOR THE MAN 33rpm
L. Reed, 3 Frong music inc. B.M.I.

CHIP KINMAN - guitar, vocals
TONY KINMAN - bass, vocals
CLAIRE a.k.a SNATCHMO X. drums

prod. by Cole Swope Coonce
at Nitronic Research Windtunnels

Art by Jill Jordan

IL30-106 ILOKI P.O.BOX 49593 L.A.,CA.90049

Reyes from Black Flag to sing the shout-along chorus. Mack MacKenzie from Three O'Clock Train—it's actually his record and my idea.

Martin: The Dils actually moved to Vancouver briefly?

Chip: No, we never moved there, but we spent a lot of time there. We were really popular there. We'd sell out the Commodore.

Martin: I have a friend from Vancouver who told me that "The Sound of the Rain" is about there.

Chip: We recorded it there, but it's not about Vancouver. I remember when we wrote it in San Francisco. I think Tony just got in a big fight with V. Vale from *Search & Destroy* and RE/Search. And our drummer at the time came up and said, "We gotta stop pissing people off. It's not good." We were like, "It doesn't matter. It's punk rock. If they're mad, they're mad. Let them be mad." Then we wrote "Sound of the Rain."

Martin: Actually, in Vancouver they wouldn't have the helicopters overhead and cops.

Chip: And we were like Vancouver's own, even though we were from San Francisco. We had Zippy, a Canadian, in our band. And we spent a lot of time with DOA, The Modernettes, The Dishrags, and The Subhumans. We did a lot of Pacific Northwest shows with them and Vancouver took us in.

Todd: Can I talk about the topicality of The Dils for just a second? There was the intentional use of the hammer and sickle imagery and extremely leftist politics. But at the same time, you told the Communist Party or whoever wanted to set up a table at your shows to go fuck themselves. So what was your evolution on that? Was it provocation at the beginning?

Chip: Yes, provocation and Tony was more into it than I was. He was a bit of an intellectual who would do a lot of reading. And a lot of the people who wanted to set up tables were groups like Prairie Fire and all that. They were Maoists or Stalinists, and it was like, "I don't want to kill forty-three million people. It's not what we're into. Even though we're singing 'Class War' and all that, we don't necessarily want a war. We have an idea and we want to put it out there. It's going to sound trite but we want to get people to think."

Todd: Light a match.

Chip: Exactly. And the hammer and sickle—in those days you could wear a swastika and people didn't think you were a Nazi. You were still a punk and it was just outrageous. We thought the hammer and sickle was even more provocative and dangerous because Nazis were gone. There were no more Nazis. But there was the Soviet Union right there, breathing down our necks. And my girlfriend at the time, Catherine Kato, made the shirt and I remember her father came in while she was sewing it and shook his head. Her father was great. He was a tomato farmer in Carlsbad and he was in the internment camps during World War II. She was Japanese. And my dad was in the Marines for thirty-two years. We're singing "I Hate the Rich" and "Class War," and he'd go, "All right, boys. Good luck with that."

Todd: The only other band in the first waves of punk that comes immediately to mind that used the hammer and sickle to provoke was The Dicks in Texas. Good underlying ideas of equity, but the Great Purge was not great.

Chip: No, the Great Leap Forward and any of that stuff was awful and totalitarianism leaves a lot of blood on the floor, which…

Martin: Which you can slip on.

Chip: Which social justice does often. I'm more into just good, old-fashioned justice. And it was fun. It was terrific. But to the old Commies who would come out of the woodwork: Go start your own band, do your own thing. This is ours and we're trying to sell records and meet girls.

Todd: Go sit in the corner with your sad leaflet.

Chip: With your sad leaflet! Good luck with your revolution, dude. I'll see you at the Whisky!

Martin: After the band ran its course and split up, you wound up in Austin.

Chip: It was kind of a circuitous route to Austin. Tony had quit music all together. He did punk rock and said, "I did it. I'm good."

Todd: It had been three years.

Chip: I wanted to keep playing, so I wrote to Alejandro who was in Manhattan playing with Judy Nylon. I said, "I want to come out, let's start a band." So I did, and on the way out there I listened to Merle Haggard, George Jones, and that sort of thing. When I got out there, it was like, "What are we going to do?" I said, "Well, what would be really perverse? Let's play country music." Remember, this was 1980 and no one was playing country music. It was a bad word, and country music was the enemy. But we thought, "This will be really great. We'll do this." We started playing, did a few shows around town, and then I booked a little tour to Dayton where we met Ed Pittman and all those great people. We played four shows working our way across the country and we had Barry "Scratchy" Myers, who was The Clash's deejay, on bass.

By this time, Tony was sick of being a regular dude and it probably had a lot to do with his job as a night clerk at a motel. Just awful! So we picked him up in Portland and he said, "Get me out of here. I want to be in a band again!" He was going to play acoustic guitar in the band and Barry was going to stay on bass, but when we got to Manhattan, Barry decided to bug out. Then we decided New York wasn't a good place if we were serious about country music—which we were.

Todd: When did you first start listening to country music?

Chip: I heard it all my life because my folks were Southerners. They would listen to a combination of pop stations playing The Beatles and Rolling Stones in the mid-'60s, and country music. I distinctly remember being a little kid, hearing "White Lightning" by George Johnson, and thinking it was the funniest thing in the world. So I always liked it and had an affinity for it.

BLACKBIRD… THERE WAS SOME PRETTY SERIOUS CLING-CLANG GOING ON.

Ford Madox Ford | DEB FRAZIN

What really drove it home was when I moved to New York and we had the idea to do it. I used to go to that Country and Western bar in Manhattan, I think it was called the Long Bridge Saloon, and it was a long room with a glass front. I was just broke. I could never afford to go in, but I was standing in front one night watching Merle Haggard. The band was so good and that two-beat bass was so strong. It was just pounding, and I was thinking it was like punk rock—simple, good, direct, and I could do it. I couldn't play reggae. I can't play jazz, clearly, but I could play country music. So I thought, "Let me play something I can do and see if I can bring something to it."

Martin: Did Slash Records buy into it right away?

Chip: No. It was tough. We did well in New York City, but only played a handful of shows before we moved to Austin. But people liked it because it was high concept: "Wow, guys from The Dils and The Nuns playing country music. This is really something." After we picked up Tony, we moved to Austin because we were looking for a town that, like San Francisco, was easy to live in and compact. It was way easier than living in Nashville. Austin had a music scene and The Dils had played there, so we were kind of known quantity. And we were very serious. We didn't think we were playing country punk.

Martin: Or cowpunk.

Chip: None of that. We were playing country music and I think that worked for us. You asked about the record. We had recorded a couple songs in Austin—in fact, I wrote a chapter for the new John Doe book—so I actually went over some of this stuff with Tony before he passed away. And Tony said, "Oh yeah, it was with an engineer who was kind of a big deal in the outlaw scene. He just had his larynx removed and we recorded two songs." I was going, "What the?" I remember the session and don't remember what we did, but I found the songs recently and they're pretty cool. Then we were playing in San Francisco, opening for the Red Rockers. We were Rank And File and we didn't have a record out, and the Red Rockers were kind of happening at the time. So David Kahne, the producer, went there to scout the Red Rockers for a record deal, saw us, and came backstage. "This is great. Red Rockers, you guys are awesome. We can go in the studio this weekend."

Todd: One detail…

Chip: And we said, "We're not the Red Rockers." He didn't miss a beat: "This is great. I love it. Rank And File, let's go in the studio this weekend." So we did. The Jefferson Starship were recording at the Automatt in San Francisco. They had a lockout, so we would sneak in when they left at 4:00 in the morning. We recorded four or five songs, all of which ended up on the *Sundown* record. Another thing Tony reminded me was that Dave Alvin (The Blasters) was instrumental in getting us signed to Slash. He had seen the band, and we might have even done a show together, but he went up to Bob Biggs and said, "Sign them."

Martin: And that ride. You went on *American Bandstand*…

Chip: *Solid Gold*…

Todd: *Late Night with Alan Thicke*…

Chip: *Austin City Limits*…

Todd: MTV2… The video for the leadoff single. You punched the time clock, right?

Chip: That's so funny. Yes, that was me. They only had one plane of sugar glass, so it was like, "Make it a good shot. Make it work." It was a lot of fun being on Slash and the record did really well, in a large part due to Robert Hilburn's review because everyone was reading Hilburn in *The L.A. Times*.

Martin: Did he call you the next Springsteen?

Todd: Or the next R.E.M.?

Martin: Or the next Elvis Costello?

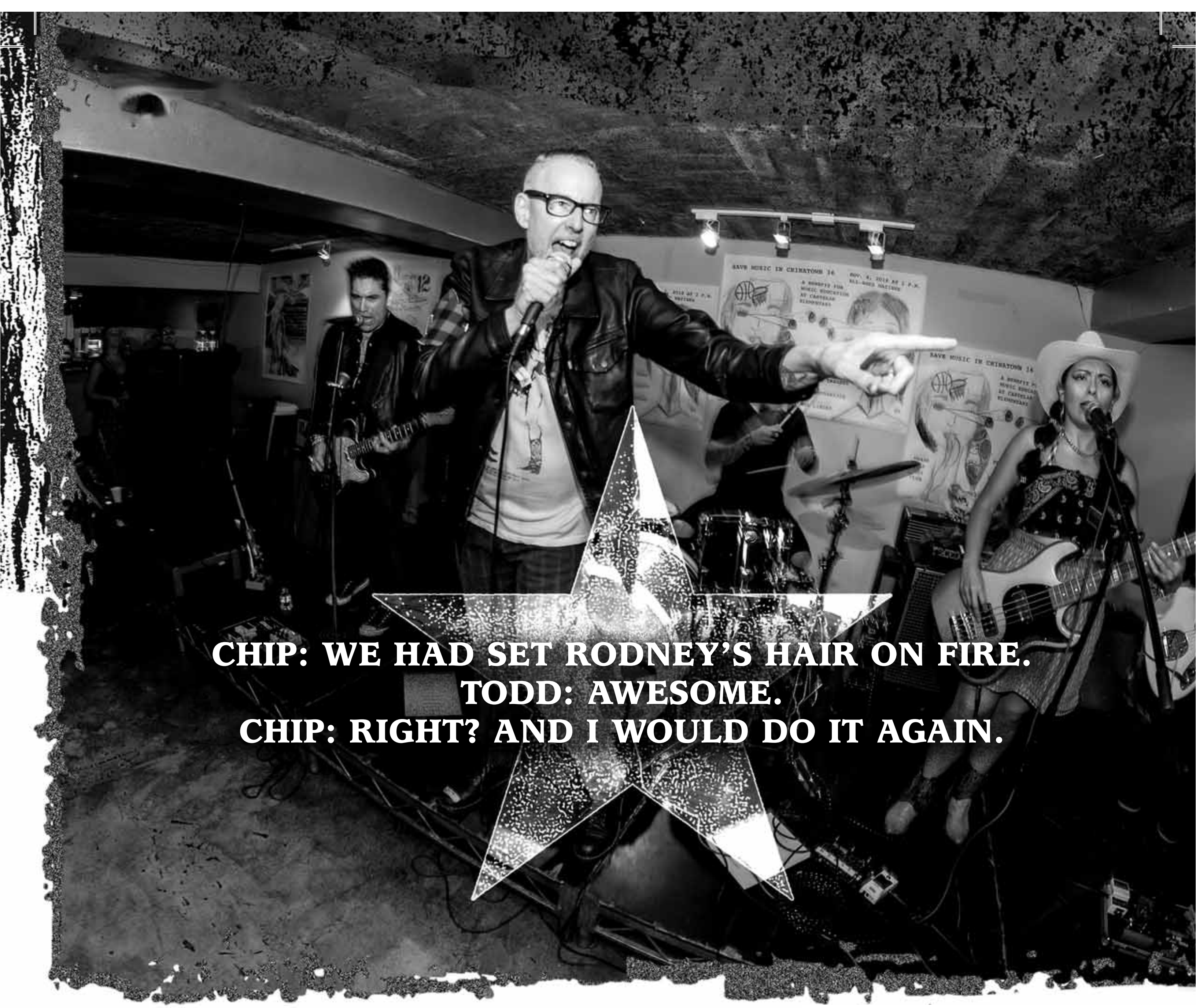
RANK and FILE

RANK and FILE

Rank and File
Long Gone Dead

RANK FILE
Amanda Ruth

Chip: Well, we were definitely *a* next big thing. Maybe not *the* next big thing, but it was a good record and a good band. Like any band, it was hit and miss. Sometimes you were great and sometimes you suck.
Todd: But Martin and I were talking about how most people would see it as almost a 180 with the music, but we see a thread of radicalism going through all of your projects. And I come to it as both a punk rocker and a person who likes this general thing called music. So what did you discover when you slowed things down?
Chip: It's harder to play well. It's hard to stay in time when you're playing slow, and it added a dynamic to the band that was great. If you gave Tony the right slow song, he could slay you with something like "Shenandoah" or "Balm in Gilead." I think we heard him sing it exactly once at Al's Bar when we were sound checking and I remember thinking, "Oh my gosh."
Todd: And you re-recorded Dils songs. "Sound of the Rain," for sure.
Chip: Yeah, we re-recorded a couple of songs, for better or for worse.
Todd: Better.
Chip: After forty-two years I'm not going to second guess myself, right? But you're right. There is a thread but there is also a 180 at the same time, and we did that stuff on purpose. After Rank And File: "Let's add a drum machine and noise." We did it mostly for ourselves because we were musicians, were into playing, were into music, and we weren't booger-eating morons strung out on drugs.
Todd: Hey!
Chip: It's all good. I've eaten my share of boogers and I am kind of a moron, but not at the same time.
Martin: We were talking about how you did your own flyers and paste-up when you were in The Dils. Did you have to relinquish that when you were on a bigger label?
Chip: They weren't our ideas.
Martin: Was that hard to give up?
Chip: No, it wasn't because we thought it was pretty exciting going along for the ride: "Hey, we hired a photographer and we're going to put your picture on the back." I don't remember if there was ever any really stupid idea that we shot down. There might have been. I just remember what came out. And talk about stupid ideas, the very last Rank And File was probably our biggest musical misstep. I'll take all the blame for that because Tony was just done with Rank And File and I said, "I really like the Scorpions so let's make a hard rock record!" And it was neither fish nor fowl. There are some good songs on it, don't get me wrong but…
Martin: It just occurred to me: I had mentioned how I saw you with Phranc. She is another person with an album of new music that Rhino put out. Because mostly they would do reissues, right?
Chip: Right, we might not have ever done that record with Rhino if it weren't for the problems we were having with Slash. They were going through problems with substance abuse and had a really hard time pulling the trigger for us to make the next record. Actually, a few years went by and we were still signed. We went into Slash and said, "We gotta make this record. We don't have any money and we can't go on tour." They told us to get jobs!
Martin: I was talking to Louie Perez III after he sang with you down in Long Beach, and asked how he knew Ford Madox Ford. He said, "My dad is in Los Lobos, and all the Slash bands are like family." I thought that was the coolest thing.
Chip: It is cool. It's neat to have connected with him and he's a lot of fun. In fact, we might trade off some songs at your show in Chinatown.
Martin: I love that Rank And File would hang out with Los Lobos or The Knitters.
Chip: It's especially fun to hang out with the kids of the bands. Like my son Giuliano aka Dewey Peak of Ford Madox hanging out with John Doe is just neat. Those are my contemporaries, so it's fun to bring the kids in.
Martin: And you writing a chapter in the new John Doe book is pretty cool, too.
Chip: This book is called, of course, *More Fun in the New World*. They should have called it *Sundown*, but hey. It's about the first post-punk thing when The Blasters came out: The Knitters, Rank And File, and Lone Justice. It's about that era and I was given carte blanche to write it however I wanted. I read the first book (*Under the Big Black Sun*) and thought I wanted to give San Francisco a little love. So I did. I started off with The Dils and then I namechecked a whole bunch of people. I'm giving myself away here, but I had just read *The Great Gatsby*, and I think it's around chapter two where he just talks about all the people who would show up at the party. I just loved the way it flowed: "Here's so-and-so. He just lost a leg in World War I. Here's this lady who always ends up drunk." I did it like that, listing them and saying something about just about everybody. Then I go into New York and Austin.
Martin: I felt like Patti Smith's *Just Friends* was like that for New York.
Chip: Another thing I was thinking about: You know that show we did at the Roxy with Pleasant Gehman? No one in San Francisco does that—gets a panel of old punks together to talk.
Martin: And that's the city with City Lights and Jack Kerouac and their literary pretentions versus us shallow people down here.



CHIP: WE HAD SET RODNEY'S HAIR ON FIRE.
TODD: AWESOME.
CHIP: RIGHT? AND I WOULD DO IT AGAIN.

Chip, guest singing with LP3 & The Tragedy | ALBERT LICANO

Chip: I thought exactly along those lines! The scene was just as big and vibrant and it had the literary tradition. How come no one has done this? Maybe I'll have to do it.

Martin: So you touched on that last Rank And File record…

Chip: We did that, and that effectively drained Rank And File. We toured every empty nightclub across America on that record. It was tough because two tours before we toured every sold-out nightclub in the United States.

Martin: We were revisiting the record before you got here and talking about how it was airbrushed, pre-Photoshop.

Todd: Did you guys have a lot of contouring makeup on?

Chip: Yes, we had a lot of makeup on, kind of like how I will tomorrow night when I do the Tom Petty show! It was our hard rock record, so our hair was long and we had our Led Zeppelin T-shirts…

Todd: Your hair was kind of puffy, too. It had some elevation.

Chip: It's hair. Jeff Ross has never been more beautiful.

Martin: You gotta own it. The guys in Channel Three own it and fly the flag.

Chip: It's interesting. I hear from fans where that's their favorite Rank And File record. And that always surprises me, but it's funny how there are those pockets. Tony and I did all those very different bands. My wife Lisa and I went to a party in Orange County and they didn't know too much about The Dils or Rank And File, but they were all Blackbird fans.

Martin: Was it a goth party?

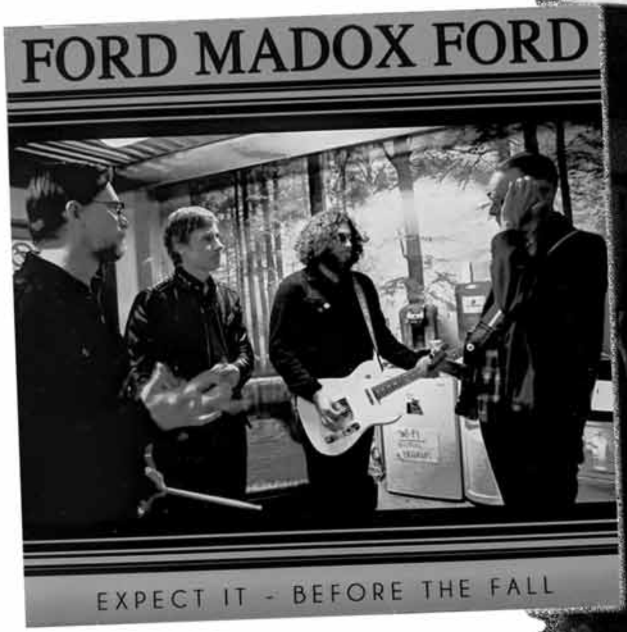
Chip: I don't know what they were. I think it was just Orange County.

Todd: That's probably where the one box of records went.

Chip: Well, you never know about that box of records. In fact, I just heard from Dirk Vandenburg, who puts on shows in Pedro. He's a FOMW—Friend of Mike Watt. He just wrote me and said, "Hey I have a friend who has a box of one hundred Blackbird German compilation albums. Do you want them?" I said, "Sure, I'll do something with them."

Martin: There are at least two records on Iloki, right?

Chip: Yes, the red one and the black one. They were all eponymously titled. We were very minimal, and we tried to be with our stage show and also the art. I was just going through all of my archives for the book and also I'm talking to some people about a Chip and Tony box set. So I was putting everything in order and I found our bio for Blackbird. It's on Iloki letterhead and it says, "Blackbird was formed in 1988." That's it. The whole page. It was awesome. Anyway, Blackbird was a really, really fun band and we did well in Blackbird, too.


FORD MADOX FORD
EXPECT IT - BEFORE THE FALL

Todd: I heard about Blackbird before I heard it, and what surprised me was how lush and almost English-sounding it was. I was expecting something really dissonant. I haven't heard the entire oeuvre, but what I've heard is not like that at all. It's actually very pretty.

Chip: It's very Chip and Tony. We couldn't get away from the song. Live, it was more brutal, because we would just devolve into these noise sections and then we would come out of them into one of those pretty songs. But there was some pretty serious cling-clang going on.

Martin: I remember seeing you play at UCLA in the pizza place, and your cover of The Kinks' "I Need You" started off pretty but by the end it was out of control and loud and all the pizza eaters were pretty bummed.

Chip: I bet they were! Blackbird was *really* loud and, of course, the drum machine would freak everyone out.

Martin: It made more sense when I saw you at Al's Bar, where it was perfect.

Chip: It did well and it was a fun band. Tony and I had about three albums in us for any of our bands. By the third album it was still pretty good but we were losing interest and ready to do something else.

Todd: One of you said, "You gotta know when to leave the party."

Chip: I actually got that from Tony. When I was writing the John Doe book and Tony was on his deathbed, I would come to his house because I wanted to be with him. I said, "You don't have to talk. I'm not going to ask you questions. I'll just write." And then of course he couldn't resist: "What are you writing now?" Luckily, he remembered a lot more than I did. Too many nights in the roadhouse, you know?

Lisa: Tony was a pretty straight arrow.

Chip: Yeah, he only took acid once or twice in the punk rock days.

Martin: In the case of Blackbird, if you stayed more than three albums, the style might have caught on and took off.

Chip: We kind of did care and didn't. We wanted to make a living as musicians and I did—until I got married—and then I figured I had to make a little more money. I was always broke but could always pay my rent, eat, and live on my publishing checks. So we wanted to be popular and had a lot of good luck with our songs being in movies and television shows.

Martin: What were some of them?

Chip: *To Live and Die in L.A.* had two or three songs in it.

Martin: Which band?

Chip: Rank And File.

Todd: *Cheech and Chong's Up in Smoke*.

Chip: Yeah, and a Hulk Hogan movie has two Blackbird songs in it.

Lisa: Really? I didn't even know about that.

Chip: I can't remember which songs. They just fell out of my mind. But some TV shows: *Miami Vice*. That was Blackbird and it was a great scene. They walked into a bar, our video was playing, and they say, "Turn that off!" But what's cool is that at Universal in Florida they had a *Miami Vice* attraction and that scene is on the ride. I didn't see it but I got a check one day.

Lisa: That was a good day.

Chip: I showed it to my wife and said, "Is that decimal in the right place?" Then we got a new lawn and all kinds of stuff. That was fantastic and that's how publishing works. Whenever money of yours they find for that quarter, that's what they send you.

Todd: A lot of people took that ride, apparently.

Chip: *Gossip Girl*, I think it was their big season finale with a fight at the prom.

Martin: "Saddest Girl in the World"?

Chip: No, they played "I Hate the Rich"! Wow, that was nice.

Martin: You should make a Kinman Film Festival, where you'd show all the episodes and movies.

Chip: You know, we could and I think there's a couple more.

Todd: Funnily, I was at UCLA yesterday and I saw some of your stuff starting to be archived there.

Chip: Oh, with Dino Everett. He's a good guy and he's got his hands on a lot of stuff. I think he also has that movie, *In the Red*.

Todd: What is that?

Chip: There were these two gals in San Francisco, 1979 or something, and they wanted to film punk rock.

Todd: I heard about this! Penelope was telling me about it.

Chip: And they followed us and The Avengers around a bunch. They filmed a lot of stuff. At one point, they had sent me a VHS and I can't find it. Some stuff does go missing, although I try to save everything. But it's really good and it takes you right back there. You know, the Target Video stuff is great but it's different than that. It's more cinéma vérité.

Todd: I heard it's a lot more casual, and that movie didn't get finished—ever.

Chip: They put some stuff together just to see where it was going, kind of like a demo, and that's what I had. But they have a lot of footage and I guess Dino has it.

Martin: Is it like the San Francisco version of *The Decline*?

Todd: Not even like that. It was just two women with cameras following people around.

Chip: There was no narrative. There was no storyline. There was no arc that I know of. They may have planned to do something like that, but the footage is really great and captures late '70s punk rock really well—which is not easy to do. It's neat that they did it.

Martin: And then just having a time capsule of San Francisco streets...

Todd: People walking by, the signs, the cars…

Chip: …and gluing flyers to poles.

Martin: It's all gone now. None of it is there now, I'll bet. Maybe the cable cars are still there.

Chip: Well, when I first got the gig to write for the John Doe book, I thought, "You know what? Let's go to San Francisco and do a little memory lane fun." So my wife and I went to where Mabuhay was and the alley where people would hang out, and look for

I'VE EATEN MY SHARE OF BOOGERS AND I AM KIND OF A MORON, BUT NOT AT THE SAME TIME.

Ford Madox Ford | ALBERT LICANO

my favorite café in Chinatown on Jackson Street. It was a lot of fun and it actually helped kick start the chapter. In fact, I wrote the whole punk rock chapter there.

Martin: I'll just skip right to the Chinatown part of your chapter because I want to hear you write about any Chinatown.

Chip: Well, we used to spend a lot of time in Chinatown because you could eat inexpensively. Also, Chinatown is where I met Joe Strummer. We had a mutual friend—this fellow named Peter Ompingo, a real interesting guy. He was our age, a trust fund kid, a Filipino who was a real intellectual. He was into politics and art and he used to say stuff like, "If you guys mean it, you should spend the night on the streets at least once." And he knew Joe Strummer. "Hey, The Clash are in town. I'll introduce you." So we were going to meet Joe Strummer and walking in Chinatown on Grant Street. And we were walking, walking, walking, and then Joe Strummer was huddled in an alley. I don't know if he planned it, but we walked by him and didn't see him; he got right behind us. "Wow, there's Joe Strummer." So we became acquaintances. When The Clash left, after they recorded *Give 'Em Enough Rope*, he gave us the stereo they had bought to listen to records, a real nice Marantz stereo that my older brother Charles still has. So that was pretty cool.

Martin: That was before you opened for them.

Chip: Opening for The Clash was really kind of strange because....

Todd: Because you're not The Clash!

Chip: We got a lot of grief for the ten dollar tickets.

Todd: Fucking sellouts.

Chip: Ten dollars! Fair enough. And they were told—and I only know about this because Joe Strummer said it in an interview a couple years later—do not hang out with The Dils because they are troublemakers. We had set Rodney Bingenheimer's hair on fire.

Todd: Awesome.

Chip: Right? And I would do it again. And so they were told not to hang out with us but I didn't know this at the time. There was really no sound check. It was us, then Bo Diddley, and then The Clash. When we got onstage we had a yellow light on either side of the stage and the sound was really bad onstage. It was really hard to play. And The Dils—we would either be great or not so great—kind of fragile. And I thought we were horrible that night. I remember before The Clash came on I was angry. I was going, "Wow, they won't talk to us and we got kind of screwed on stage. I thought we were pals. I hope they suck." I was so bummed because they were so fucking good!

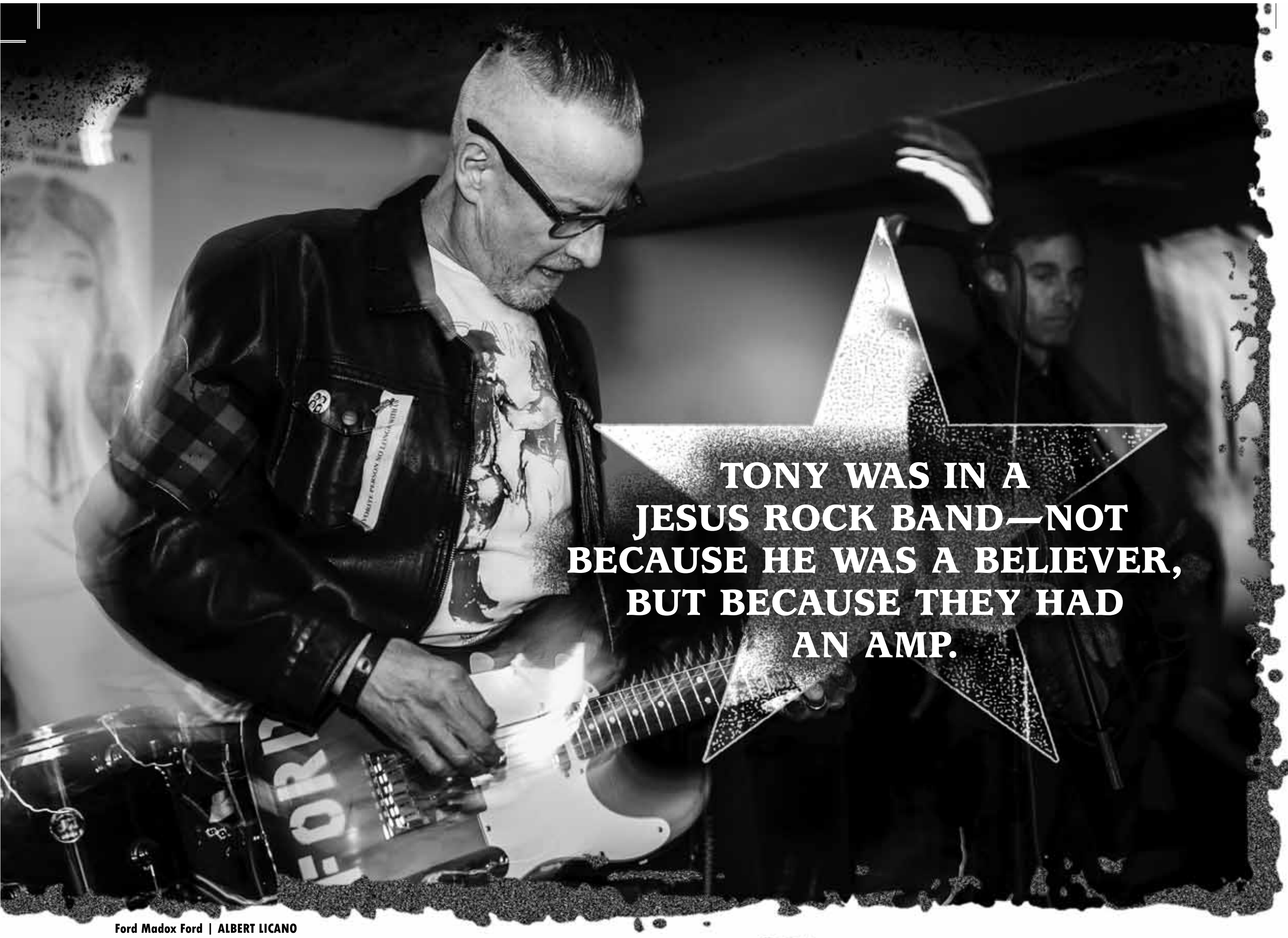
Martin: It's funny that someone would say to stay away from you because I read an interview with Chris Ashford where he said The Dils didn't get big because you had a reputation for causing trouble or starting fights.

Chip: Well, we weren't kiss-asses. We didn't really cause any physical fights. The one fight I tried to get into is when I went to go beat up Darby Crash and it didn't happen. I don't remember why. Maybe he wasn't there or something. But I went to Disgraceland thinking, "Fuck this guy. He said something shitty about me." I didn't beat him up. Or he didn't beat me up. We weren't afraid to call it like it is.

Todd: That's why you lit Rodney's hair on fire?

Lisa: Here comes the real story.

Chip: Actually, we didn't do it. A fan did it. He was wearing a Dils armband at the time;



TONY WAS IN A JESUS ROCK BAND—NOT BECAUSE HE WAS A BELIEVER, BUT BECAUSE THEY HAD AN AMP.

Ford Madox Ford | ALBERT LICANO

went up and lit his hair on fire: "Fuck you, Rodney!"

Martin: But does Rodney play Ford Madox Ford?

Chip: No, he doesn't play any of my records because he says we set his hair on fire, even though I've told him, "We did not set your hair on fire, Rodney. It was a fan!"

Todd: So it was an impression thing.

Chip: And maybe I'm pulling back the curtain too much, but it's like, "All right. You won't put on our records? I'm going to own it: I set his fucking hair on fire. And I'll do it again."

Todd: So at the end of Blackbird, you took a year off—your first year off from touring and playing constantly since 1977. Correct?

Chip: Perhaps. Maybe we took some time off, but I don't know if I had that luxury because all we did was play music. And I was focused on whatever band I was in at the time. But then we started Cowboy Nation after Blackbird. That was another discussion Tony and I had. Not only, "What can we do to do a 180?" but "What can we do that we can do and not repeat ourselves?"

Todd: So for the uninitiated, what's the difference between Rank And File and Cowboy Nation?

Chip: Country music and cowboy music. Country music is "Your Cheatin' Heart" and cowboy music is "Home on the Range."

Todd: Okay.

Chip: See, I've answered that question before. That's basically the difference: You're singing about cows. And we did! You listen to the first album and there are cows all over that record. In fact, I think there are cows on the second record on the cover.

Lisa: That's probably my favorite record of all time.

Chip: *Journey Out of Time*? It's a really, really good record. Well, the first one is too. But we got signed out of Australia. I had met a fan, Ian Bennett, who was coming to Los Angeles. He said, "Hey, I'm a big fan and I'm coming on a vacation." I said, "Stay at my place." I was living with Jill Jordan (Castration Squad) at the time. We were roommates. He stayed and we became friends, and then he started working for a pretty big independent label over there in Australia. Tony and I recorded a couple songs on a little Tascam 4-track, and I sent them to him and said, "Hey, this is what I'm doing." He said, "Cool," and sent us $2,000 to make an album. So we went out and bought a half-inch 8-track reel-to-reel, a big Tascam, two mics…

Lisa: And it's awesome. You can hear birds singing in the patio.

Chip: Oh yeah! On the fade of every song, you can hear the birds hanging out because Tony used to feed them all the time. So there were lots of them.

Martin: To some of us, you went off to a parallel universe.

Chip: For us, too, and for the cowboy scene—because we ended up getting signed by Western Jubilee, which is the biggest cowboy label. They signed us on the strength of the first record. And then we recorded *Journey Out of Time* for them. They gave us some money, we used the same setup, and we were playing at cowboy poetry festivals and that kind of stuff.

Todd: I don't want to sound uncharitable, but isn't there a lot of dress-up? Like Civil War reenactment stuff?

Chip: Yes, indeed. It's kind of gross. In fact, there's a little Cowboy Nation documentary that somebody made. It's on YouTube and Tony talks about the dress-up factor. And it's really funny because as he talks about it they show scenes of people walking around in their petticoats and stuff.

Todd: It's like Renaissance Faire type stuff.

Chip: Yeah, it's all dress-up. It is what it is and some people enjoy that. But that wasn't where we were coming from. It was very punk rock to go up there and have Tony be Tony. He did most of the singing in Cowboy Nation because his voice really carried that sort of music. And it was really radical and really fun.

Todd: How many gallons of water could your hat carry?

Chip: Ten.

Todd: I actually saw you guys play the Autry Museum and it was really great.

Chip: We were kind of like their house band and it was so much fun. Making the records was so much fun. Playing the cowboy gigs was where it was kind of strange. Sometimes they were fun but Tony always said we'd be playing the Howdy Stage because when you'd walk in to the festival they'd say, "Howdy! Welcome! Hey, we're gonna play some cowboy music."

Todd: But you also played with Billy Joe Shaver and legit cowboy bands.

Chip: Well, they all sucked. Honestly. Don Edwards is good. He's probably the king of cowboy music. He comes at it from a kind of studious sort of direction and he plays well. Some of the poets were really good. And some were just stupid.

Martin: A lot of that audience probably didn't know about your past lives.

Chip: No, they didn't. And it was pretty radical to go up there because a lot of them came from—I'll use a movie analogy—Roy Rogers or Gene Autry sort of thing. Really light, really kind of Hollywood. Dress up in chaps and that sort of thing.

Todd: Entertainer-y.

Chip: Yeah, but we came at it from a John Ford angle. That's another type of Western, and we were the only band that did that. I mean, the other bands would have some serious songs, but we did "Big Train," which was not exactly family friendly, I suppose. We had a couple of songs that were a bit risqué, and Tony really could deliver.

Martin: So it was pretty subversive.

Chip: It was. And it was lots of fun. I love Cowboy Nation.

Martin: So you did PCH after that?

Chip: Well, I did and Javier Escovedo had a band called Pacific Coast Highway.

Martin: Oops!

Chip: He had gone on to form another band, so I asked him if I could use the name and he never got back to me.

Todd: "That's a yes."

Chip: That's what I thought. Apparently it wasn't! I heard he was really mad at me and we didn't talk for a couple of years. But it's all good now. I don't remember how we came up with the idea to do the PCH record or concept. Giuliano was ten or eleven and we played at Mr. T's Bowl with Mike Watt.

Lisa: We made Giuliano wear a Krispy Kreme hat.

Chip: That was my first punk rock record with fifteen songs in eleven minutes. It's all 1/8 notes and down strokes, and it came out on Fundamental out of Chicago. I recorded it with my wife, Lisa, and she helped write the songs. We'd wake up in the morning, grab our guitar, and write, "Mr. Machine, somewhere between, man and machine." I rhymed "machine" with "machine." I'm so proud of myself. I like the record a lot and it's almost impossible to find.

Martin: So you're saying The Dils weren't punk rock.

Chip: No. This is "My First Punk Rock Record," meaning it's very kid friendly. I don't talk about destroying the nation and there's no social justice. One song is just the alphabet but punk rock style. "Love Bug," "Rock Star," and that sort of thing. It's a terrific record.

Lisa: It's not kid music, but it's kid-friendly.

Chip: That's a really neat, fun record and I wish it wasn't as obscure as it is.

Martin: And that leads us to the band that's going on right now.

Chip: Ford Madox Ford.

Martin: What you told me is that you were out of music and your wife told you that you had to get back in a band. It was time.

Chip: That's exactly what happened. I got married. I think I was in Cowboy Nation when we got married. And I started playing less and less because I had a family to support. I could live on my publishing before I got married but I couldn't afterward. I had to get a big boy job. I did and that eats up a lot of your time.

Todd: Jobs are work, man.

Chip: Yeah, I know! So when the kids grew up, that's when my lovely wife said, "You're Chip Kinman, you gotta play. Go play. Make a record."

Lisa: That's what you do. That's who you are.

Martin: Did Giuliano have a choice to be in the band or not?

Chip: He did, and he wanted to be in the band. I wanted him in it because he's a terrific guitar player. It's funny, too, because I confessed to him not too long ago; I wanted to thank him and congratulate him because, I said, "I think it's probably a lot harder to be in a band with your dad than it is to be in a band with your son." It's funny. I never thought of him as my son while he was in the band, but I think he's always aware, "That's dad." But he's a great guitar player. He has great instincts and he's a real plus to any band.

Martin: He's a ripper, is what he is.

Chip: He had some punk rock bands—The Peaks and The Katellas—and he was fearless in those bands. So it's great to be in a band with him.

Martin: And then to play with your son and have your brother be involved, too, must have been really cool.

Todd: Tony was producing, right?

Chip: Correct, and it was. I've done lots of records with Tony, but I've never done one where he was in the driver's seat doing the producer thing. I wanted Tony to produce the record because he has a good sense of the absurd and he'll let things go. Whereas other people will go, "You can do that better," he'll say, "The notes are all wrong, but it has the feel so we're all good."

Todd: Bob Ross, the great painter, says that's a "happy accident."

Chip: And Giuliano, he was great. He would come in and do fifteen takes of noise for certain parts of songs, and Tony was really good at remembering out of all those takes which were the good parts.

Lisa: That's a talent right there!

Chip: I couldn't. Too many nights at the roadhouse. But it was really fun making the record.

Martin: Was there any part of you that wanted Tony to be *in* the band?

Chip: Yeah. I wish he would have, but he didn't want to. He wanted to let the band do its thing and didn't want to cross the line. But he did help write some of the songs. He sings a little bit on "Expect It" and he plays the whack keyboard part in "Dark American Night." It's in tune, but it's whack. I said, "That's good. Let's use that." It's great, as a matter of fact.

Martin: In a way, it worked out that it's a Chip Kinman band and not a Kinman Brothers band.

Chip: We've had a lot of fun with Ford Madox Ford and the record's a slow burner. It's still slowly creeping up there, people are still adding it at radio stations, and I'm still getting a lot of press on it. I'm ready to make another one.

Martin: You've been writing songs already, right?

Chip: I have. I've been writing songs and listening to unreleased Blackbird. There's a lot of unreleased Blackbird, which I didn't know when we started talking about this box set. They asked if we had any unreleased material and I said I didn't think so. So I went in the archives and had so much unreleased material. It's incredible.

Todd: The drum machine made a lot of songs.

Lisa: And we kept finding more.

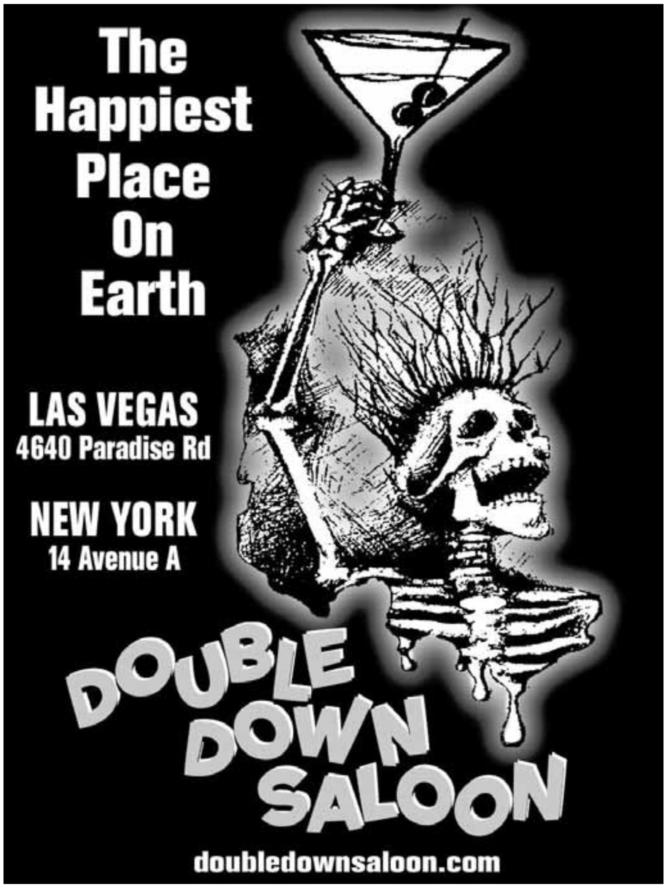
Chip: So I'm actually kind of ripping myself off because there's so much Blackbird, and it's like, "Why didn't we release this? It's really good." I thought, "You know what? I'll take it now."

Martin: I don't want to be a downer, but is it different doing stuff on your own and without your brother around to make music with? Because your whole life was as the Kinman Brothers.

Chip: Thanks, Martin… [laughs] Yes, it's kind of a drag. Especially now. When I'm writing, Tony was always there—even when we did the first record—and even if I didn't lean on him to help me write a song, he was there. And I knew he was there. Now he's not. It's definitely an adjustment and it is kind of a drag because he was great to bounce ideas off of.

Martin: I have a twin brother. And for my entire life until I was eighteen, I was "one of the twins." Then we went to different colleges where people thought of us as individuals.

Chip: Well, that's the next thing I suppose, but it's always going to be referenced back to Chip and Tony. And I'm good with that because I'm proud of what we did. Tony was a tour de force. He had a lot to offer and he really did a lot for the various music scenes we were involved in. Whether it was



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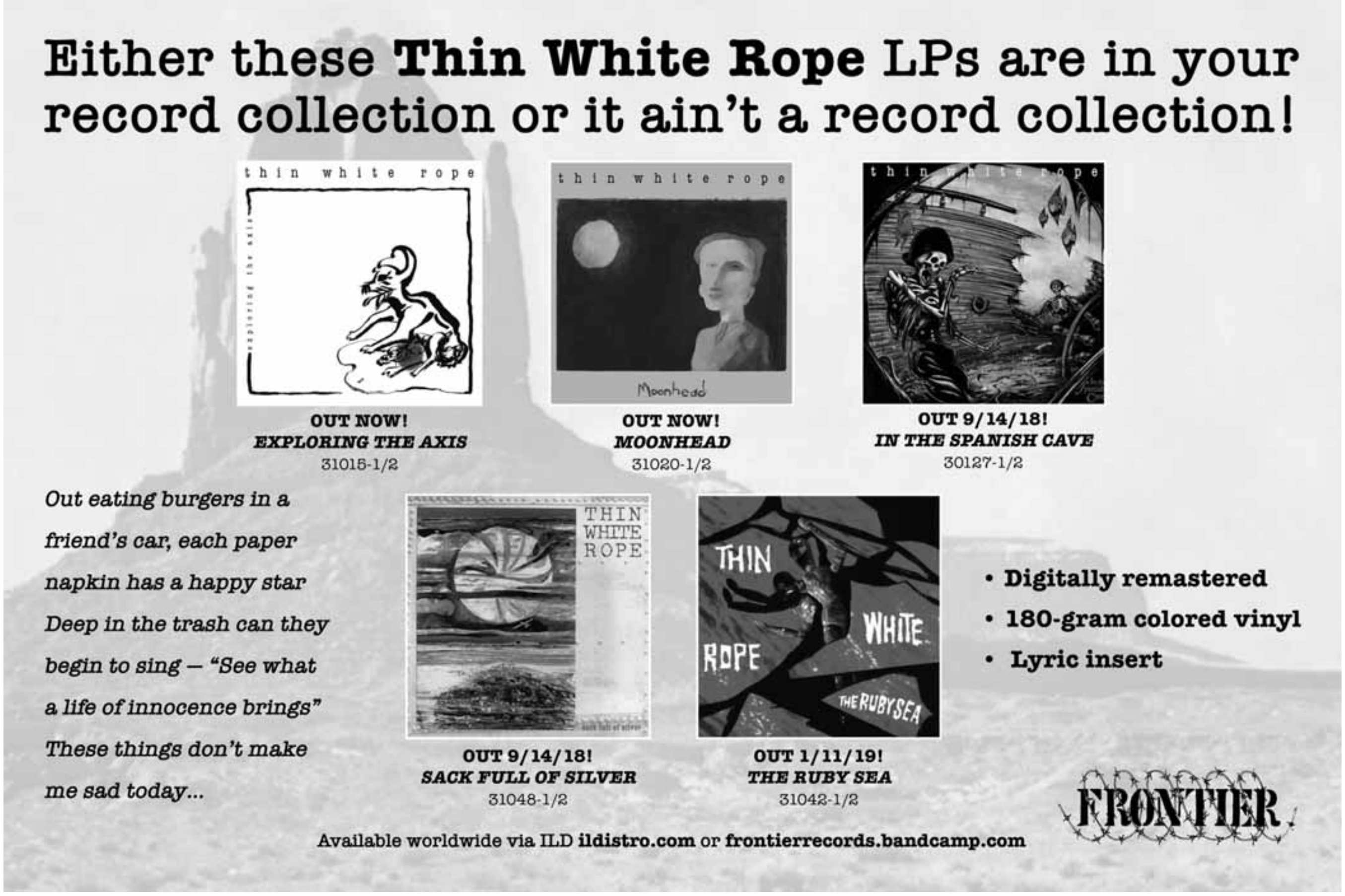

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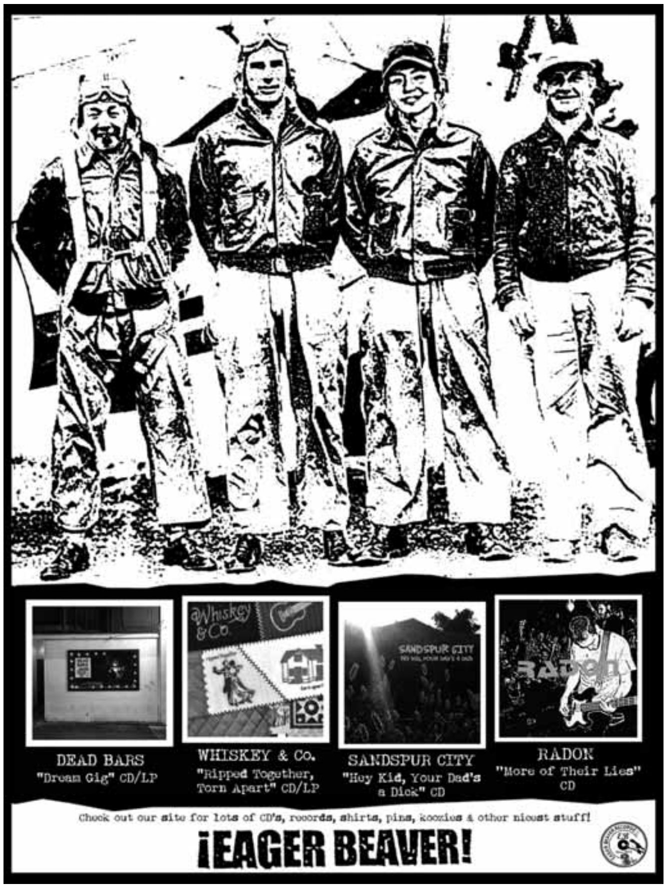
starting it or being there at the beginning, he was true.
Martin: You've mentioned all these different cities: Chula Vista, San Francisco, Austin, New York, Vancouver. But I still consider the Kinman Brothers and you to be L.A.
Chip: Well, people do because we spent a lot of time down here, as well. I was an L.A. dude and, of course, I have plenty of L.A. stories. We were a San Diego band, an L.A. band, and San Francisco band, and that's kind of fun. When we just went up to Vancouver, I was a Vancouver guy.
Martin: I feel like right now to be in L.A.—and maybe people in other cities might feel the same way—there are more places for bands to play than ever before. On any night, there are four or five things going on and it's not only first- and second-generation punk bands, but brand-new bands and they all play together. And there are fathers and sons or daughters and…
Todd: Multi-generational…
Martin: I think it's this really amazing point of time in L.A. for punk rock.
Chip: It's really something. There's so much. Back in the '70s, everyone was in one band. And you'd concentrate on that band. That's what you did.
Martin: How does the songwriting in Ford Madox Ford work? Is it mostly you?
Chip: Yeah, I wrote the songs.
Martin: Like Barry Manilow. That's you.
Chip: Yeah. I wrote the songs that make the whole world sing. Um, I wrote them and Tony helped a little. Giuliano helped a little. But basically I wrote them.
Martin: Your band is good, though! Those guys are so good.
Chip: Yeah, it's a good band and we're smoking. It's really something. We did a Canadian tour and we were on every night. We drove from L.A. to Montreal. It was a lot of fun. Giuliano, Stony, and Dreamy Matt Litell, our bass player, had never been on the road. I had been on the road tons. I bought a van and said, "Let's get in!" We started in Montreal and played all the way across Canada to Vancouver. It was great and those guys really brought it. I look forward to going back. I just heard from Porterhouse Records and he wants to put us on the road with Art Bergmann (K-Tels/Young Canadians). Who knows? We'll see.
Martin: Porterhouse. It's cool that you're labelmates with X again.
Chip: Gun Club, X, Urge Overkill—it is fun. It's a good label to be on. I've been on a few one-man labels and it's good. Steve Kravac does a good job. He's really honest and makes a mean bean stew.
Martin: So you have at least one more record before Ford Madox Ford blows up.
Chip: Well, maybe two since I've only released one. At least one more. I'm not really sure. The first one I consider my blues album. Of course, I blew it up and it sounds like a glitter rock record. But that's okay because I can do glitter rock.

Christy is Tony's widow. I went over to her house and asked, "Do you have the Blackbird drum machine?" So we went back and dug it out. We found the synthesizer and this other drum machine that I guess Tony had been working on, trying to make it work, and a couple amps. She said, "Take them and see what you can do." So now I've got a drum machine, a synthesizer, a fuzz pedal, and I'm going, hmmm.
Martin: So the Krautrock record is next.
Todd: Can, Neu, and that sort of thing…
Chip: Yes! Thank you for saying that. That's all I've been listening to—Krautrock and Eno.
Martin: You're good at repetition, though. You can do that!
Chip: Indeed, and it worked out when I went back and listened to the old Blackbird stuff. I thought, "Oh! I've already done it. This is cool. I can do this." So I've been writing songs with that in mind.
Martin: When you're writing songs, is it stuff you hear on the news? Is it traffic? What motivates you?
Chip: Lyrics usually come last. Usually, I'll just pick up a guitar, play something, think "That's cool," and try to remember it. "The Conductor Wore Black" was like that. I had just plugged in my guitar to rehearse in Austin and I went, "Okay, is my guitar working?" and went dank-dank-dank-dinkdank-dank-dank-dankdank, and Tony said, "What did you do? Do it again!" Luckily, I could. But music comes first and lyrics come second. What I've started doing as part of my art rock thing, my Krautrock thing—is instead of writing lyrics, and I've never done this before—whenever I think of a cool phrase or cool word, I write it down and throw it in a bag. I have a bag full of stuff right now, so when I actually start putting some more of these songs together….
Martin: You're giving away your secrets.
Chip: [laughs]
Todd: There was a method like that called the Cut Up Method…
Chip: I think Eno has one. I forget what it's called. He put out a series of cards and you'd use them when you record. When you're stuck on a song and think, "Oh god, what do we do now?" you'd pull out a card and do whatever it says.

SAVE MUSIC IN CHINATOWN 16
A BENEFIT FOR MUSIC EDUCATION AT CASTELAR ELEMENTARY

Ford Madox Ford | DEB FRAZIN



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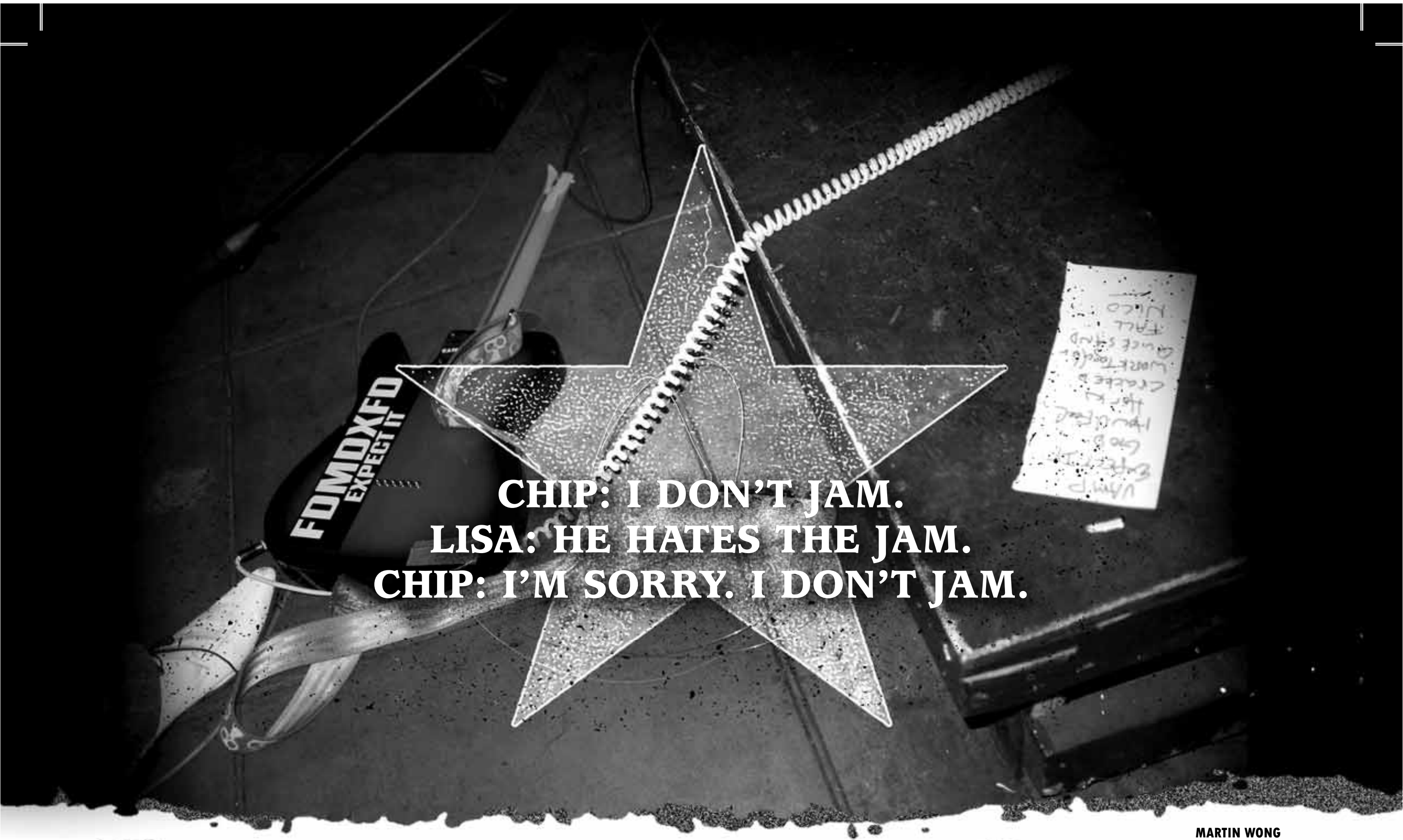


CHIP: I DON'T JAM.
LISA: HE HATES THE JAM.
CHIP: I'M SORRY. I DON'T JAM.

MARTIN WONG

Todd: "Explore pink noise!"

Chip: Okay! So you do that, and it's cool because you get muscle memory and tend to do things the same way.

Martin: Well, it's good to let random stuff happen.

Chip: Yeah, it is.

Martin: But it's better if it's better—if the random stuff is good ideas you had earlier.

Chip: Yeah! It really works for that kind of music—something for Krautrock or art rock.

Martin: Your band with Matt, Scott, and Giuliano is so good. Do you ever jam out songs? Or is it ideas?

Chip: I don't jam.

Lisa: He hates the jam.

Chip: I'm sorry. I don't jam.

Martin: So all those noisy parts are carefully composed pieces?

Chip: Yes! They pretty much are. I have a few rules and one of them is I don't jam. And I don't make demos, I make records. So I was very careful when I said we went in the studio and recorded two songs. I didn't say I recorded a demo because I expect it all to come out eventually.

Martin: I saw Watt once and someone yelled, "Free jazz!" And he said, "There's nothing free about this."

Chip: Indeed. You pay, that's for sure. But there have been a few rules that have held me in good stead over the years. Try not to break them and you'll do all right. In fact, on social media Jonny Whiteside said about the Ty Segall cover that he thought he broke Rule Number One and Rule Number Two. Of course someone asked, "What's Rule Number One and Rule Number Two?" and I didn't want to say.

Martin: Is this like the unspoken rules of baseball?

Chip: Well, I'll tell you what they are in a second but I didn't want to say anything crappy about Ty Segall. Because Rule Number One is never do a cover that's better than your own songs. And Rule Number Two is never break Rule Number One because you'll see the band and go, "Well, that was a good song. Oh, they didn't write that one."

Martin: I thought the rules were not to wear your own band shirt, not to wear shorts on stage, and stuff like that.

Chip: Oh, we had rules like that. If fact, when I formed the band…

Lisa: Leather shoes.

Chip: Guys, we wear leather shoes. We don't wear tennis shoes.

Martin: Or pleather.

Chip: That works. My rules were that no one could be older than me, no one can be fatter than me, and no one can suck more than I do. You guys have to be better players than I am. And those guys all fit the bill for all of that. But then we had a talk because none of them had ever really been in bands that had done much, so, I said, "Look guys, we got a look. We don't wear cargo shorts. None of that kind of shit."

Todd: In life—no one needs that many pockets, unless it's for work.

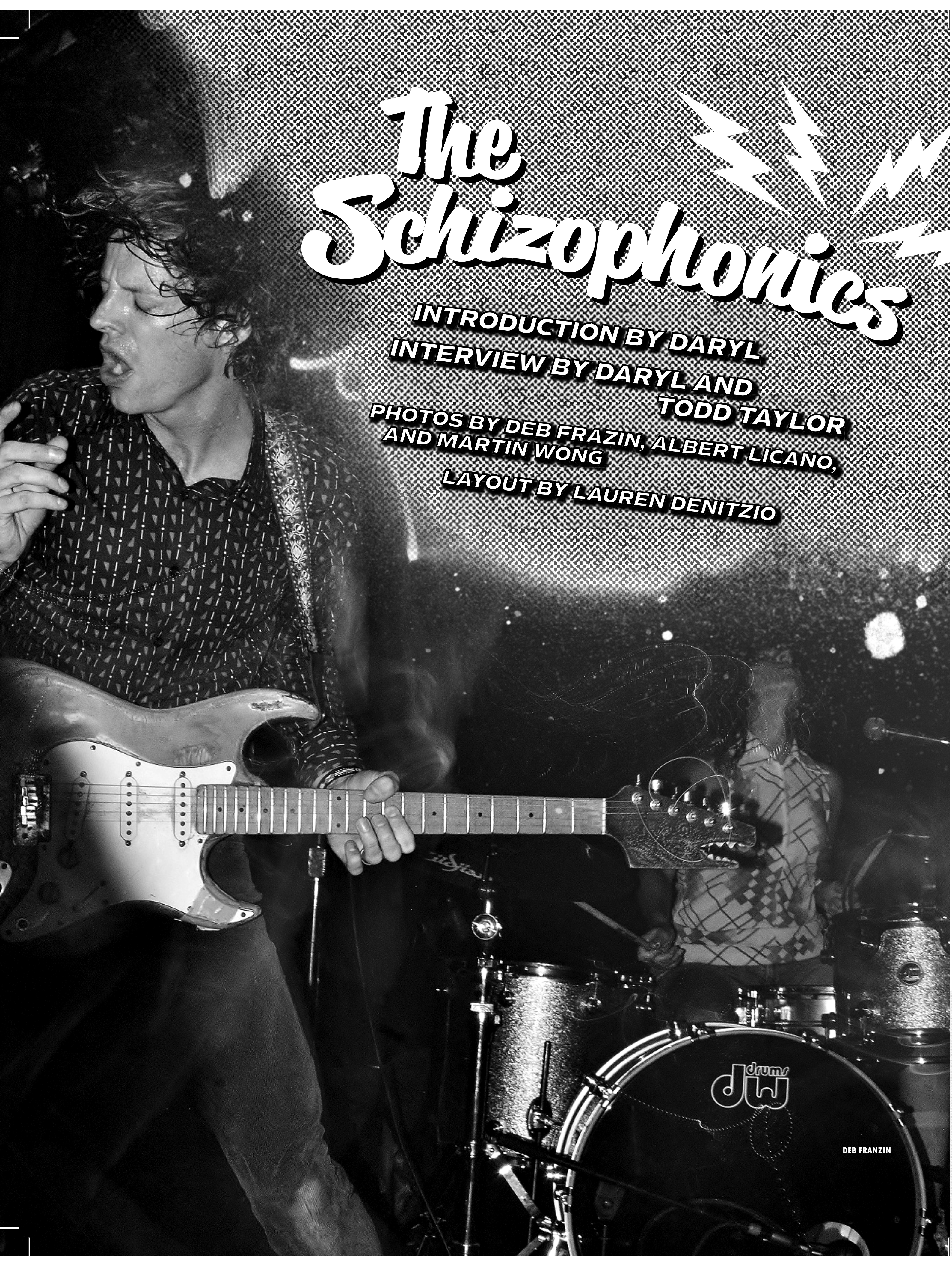
Chip: Yeah, exactly. What I said is, "You never know when someone is going to see you and say, 'Oh, that's the guy from Ford Madox Ford.' Look at him. He looks cool." And then I told them a story. Do you know Mike Spent?

Martin: I do. Spent Idols.

Chip: Yeah, and he's from Carlsbad. He said he was in Carlsbad on Elm Street and it was probably 1978, maybe 1979, and he was a skateboarder. Tony and I were walking across the parking lot of a supermarket and we always looked like punks because we were punks. And he said he stopped and stared and said, "Wow." And he said that was it. It changed his life. After just seeing me and Tony walking across like that, he formed his band and other people formed bands—all from seeing us! I told my band that story and said, "You never know."

The Schizophonics

INTRODUCTION BY DARYL
INTERVIEW BY DARYL AND TODD TAYLOR
PHOTOS BY DEB FRAZIN, ALBERT LICANO, AND MARTIN WONG
LAYOUT BY LAUREN DENITZIO



DEB FRANZIN

The Schizophonics are a band that blooms hard. From the first note, their live show is a turbo-charged, bombastic display of true blue rock'n'roll chaos. The first time I experienced this I had no clue what was about to happen. I had been watching half sets all night, preoccupied with what was happening in the social circles outside rather than bands on stage. But when these three soldiers of rock took the stage and began the ceremonial sacrifice of their own well-being for the fervent hunger of the forty-five or so people who had amassed before them, I wasn't going anywhere. After that night I listened to the records. It's not just a wild live show; the songs are fantastic too! Gritty garage punk, heavily influenced by classic rock, soul, and the psychedelic underground. And beyond the show and the songs, there's just no way you can find a group of sweeter, more dedicated, and more grateful people.

LET THIS BE YOUR FINAL WARNING: DON'T MISS THIS BAND.

Lety—Drums, vocals
Pat—Guitar, vocals
Blake—Bass

Daryl: What's the worst injury you've received while performing?
Pat: [rolls up pant leg] I got this on the first night of this little tour last week. [Shows a fresh five-inch cut.] But next to it, you see this scar. This happened on a monitor.
Lety: It was deep.
Pat: I hit my head with a guitar on accident. I was gushing blood the whole show and everyone loved it.
Lety: It was like a gladiator.
Pat: It was like a Kiss show. "Yeaah!"
Lety: I'm in back. "Oh my god. Are all his teeth there?" That's my biggest worry: did he knock out a tooth?
Pat: I broke off my front tooth in half recently and I just got this nice little filling in Tijuana.
Lety: The chip.
Daryl: What's the going rate down in TJ for that?
Lety: For a deep cleaning and the filling of the tooth, which is the "Dumb and Dumber" chip, it was about $180.
Daryl: Woah.
Pat: I looked like Lloyd from *Dumb and Dumber* for a long time.
Lety: His mom was coming to town. "We need to fix your tooth." And they paid for my cab. I was in the waiting room watching movies. There was a fridge of sodas, water.
Todd: Soda at the dentist? [laughter]
Lety: Right. We like going to TJ.
Daryl: Do you play down there often?
Lety: We've been down there a couple times.
Pat: We played at the Mous Tache and the Mod Bar. There are good rock'n'roll bars there. We went down and did a tour farther in, down in Mexico City and León. A really good garage scene there, in TJ—the band San Pedro El Cortez.
Daryl: Seems like you're an international band. You travel quite a bit.
Lety: You know what a lot of it is? We just make friends.
Todd: Let me write that down.
Pat: And influence people. [laughter]
Daryl: It sounds so easy, but it's so hard sometimes.
Lety: You go out and you meet these people. "Oh, my friend's coming from Mexico," or Europe, and they'll bring them out to see us and the friend circles keep growing. It's the music community and it's all over the world.
Pat: They tell two friends. And they tell two friends.
Lety: Just like *Wayne's World.*
Todd: Or Avon.
Lety: Or a pyramid scheme.
Pat: Our band is kind of a pyramid scheme. We're going to reveal that all later.
Daryl: But you're like, "Fuck, we just didn't make any money." [laughter]
Lety: We have to go to TJ still.
Todd: Let's do some historical background. You two are from Casa Grande, Ariz.?
Pat: You know Casa Grande?
Todd: I do. I spent six years up in Flagstaff. What I remember about Casa Grande is that at one time it held the pregnancy....
Lety: The highest teen pregnancy rate…
Todd: In the United States.
Lety: When we were teenagers.
Pat: Thanks to me. [laughter]
Lety: Stupid! Hey, you never even had a girlfriend! [laughter]
Pat: No thanks to me. But I tried.
Lety: One of my friends from sixth grade, when we went to junior high in seventh grade—we weren't in the same class, like there's Hogwarts and Gryffindor and Hufflepuff, she was in a different one—but I remember seeing her. She was pregnant in seventh grade.
Daryl: Rough.
Lety: That whole Pinal County had the highest teen pregnancy rate. I was a big nerd. I lived out in the desert. I wasn't even in a neighborhood, so my sister and I used to get Columbia House (a mail order music club) and we just got obsessed with music.
Todd: Pat, you were also in 4-H and did some sheep stuff, right?
Pat: I was. My mom was raised on a cotton farm in Casa Grande and she raised us to be active with agriculture and all that stuff. I raised sheep in 4-H for years when I was a kid.
Todd: Did you ever work at one of the sheep farms there?
Pat: It was funny because we lived in a normal neighborhood but my mom still wanted us to raise sheep. So, we had to exercise our sheep and walk them down the street. People would drive by and [makes sheep bleating sound].
Lety: I've seen video.
Pat: "I know this is very strange."
Lety: You're not supposed to have farm animals within city limits. His dad worked for the city and people were like, "I thought it was against city regulation." He made up this white lie. "No, it's totally okay and within the rules if it's for the school."
Todd: Educational.
Lety: I think that white lie still is in effect.
Pat: It became a thing that everyone thought was true and people started doing it. People think of sheep as these soft, fluffy, kind of bunny-like, cuddly creatures. You wake up and they'd just be screaming [makes loud sheep noise] at the top of their lungs, driving everyone crazy. I still wake up, [in scary whisper] hearing the screams of the lambs.
Todd: Did you ever ride them?
Pat: Yes, we did. We were small enough. Did you grow up around that type of stuff?
Todd: When I grew up in Australia, there were sheep farms around us. We'd just hop the fence and ride the sheep. Great.
Lety: I grew up on a ranch outside. We had goats and I remember trying to ride them, but the goats were so stubborn. They'd just knee down until you got off. "Nah-uh. Nope."
Todd: "I'm not your plaything."
Pat: They'll butt you with their heads. Sheep will do that, too.
Lety: They're stubborn.
Pat: In high school, we started playing in bands. I got really into Jimi Hendrix. Lety had a Ramones cover band. I played bass in it for about a week.
Todd: Lety, what were you playing?
Lety: Guitar. I never had a bass player and there was this little boy who played drums. I still don't remember his name. I used to just call him, "Hey Little Drummer Boy, you want to practice?" I knew Pat could play. He was the best guitar player I'd ever seen. "Oh, he'll learn these Ramones songs in an afternoon." I saw him in the hallway. "Hey, you, you wanna be in my band?" I got his number and we met for just a couple times. Then we didn't see each other for seven years. Then we ran into each other in Tucson right before we moved to San Diego.
Todd: Is it true that you guys met the day before Pat left for San Diego?
Pat: Yeah. I was having a going away party, just three people. One of my friends ran into her earlier that day.
Lety: One of the Casa Grande kids had come down.
Pat: "Remember this guy?" We hit it off. I eventually convinced her to move out to San Diego after we talked on the phone every day.
Lety: That was a little over ten years ago.
Pat: This guy here, Blake, has been playing with us for the last year.
Daryl: How's the first year going?

Blake: Great. No serious injuries. We've only hit each other a couple times. Most people wouldn't know.
Lety: There's been no blood.
Pat: There's been a couple shows, I thought I hit him in the head. After the show, I'm like, "Did I hurt you?" "No, it's fine." [laughter]
Blake: It's pretty funny. Sometimes during a show—because Pat's always paying attention to everything.
Pat: I'm not at all. [laughter]
Blake: We only hit each other on really big stages, I've noticed.
Lety: I think you get too comfortable.
Blake: [pantomimes running into one another while playing] "Oh, hey. Where are we?" Nothing crazy. You can usually tell if it's a good show. Pat will start bleeding on his shoulder.
Lety: There's a little notch at the top of his shoulder blade from rolling around on the ground.
Daryl: Like a friction point between your skeleton and the floor?
Pat: I'm just bony. I need to bulk up.
Todd: Lety, you learned how to play drums for this band?

YOU CAN USUALLY TELL IF IT'S A GOOD SHOW. PAT WILL START BLEEDING ON HIS SHOULDER.

Lety: Yeah. When he moved out to San Diego, he had a different band. So it was Pat and two other guys. The other guy quit. I was always there, so, "Why don't I just learn to play the drums? There's a drum set at the house." I figured it out. It's come a long way from super-basic, beginner-horrible to what it is now. It was all just playing on stage, playing along to my headphones. Pat can play all day. So I learned to play drums from Pat. "Here, let's do 'Immigrant Song.' That'll help you get better at doing this." My arm would start burning. My back would start to tighten up from moving my leg up and down. Yeah. Drill sergeant.
Daryl: What's the farthest you've ever traveled to go vintage clothes shopping?
Pat: I found these pants for three dollars the other day.
Lety: In San Jose.
Pat: We were on tour, so you feel like a homeless person. You have to loiter around town, find public bathrooms and stuff to do. We just sat in our minivan for a little while, then we're like, "Let's go to thrift stores."
Lety: It's a good time killer, especially since he rips his pants so often. He wears leather-soled shoes that help him move on stage better and those are either super expensive or they're very hard to find.
Todd: Or *very* used.
Lety: He'll burn holes in them. So we're always looking for new shoes and new pants.
Todd: Have you found a good shoe repair person?
Lety: Well, the tops will get destroyed too. I've had 'em redone, but... When there's time to kill, we will look up thrift stores.
Pat: They don't make shoes with leather soles anymore that you can dance with. It's all that gummy, grippy stuff.
Todd: You want a little bit of slide, right?
Pat: Slidey James Brown.
Lety: Otherwise, you get stuck to the carpet.
Pat: It's very rare you come across the good ones. When you find it, it's like "Yes! I found it!"
Todd: Take me through how you got onto Sympathy For The Record Industry—with this in mind—they haven't released much in the past ten-ish years?
Lety: We were the second new release. The first one Long Gone John (owner of SFTRI) did was—we were in a band with El Vez, Robert Lopez—and we started a Little Richard cover band, which was very Ramones, fast, speed-punky, but it was all Little Richard covers. John's daughter Taggy Lee saw us play and she was all, "Oh, I gotta tell my dad." El Vez has worked with John, is good friends, and knows the daughter. So she calls her dad. "You gotta put this out!" And he did, only just from watching YouTube videos. Then he saw our videos and he wanted to do our second album.
Pat: Have You Seen The Jane Fonda Aerobic VHS?
Lety: That's it. That's the name of the band. Last time we were at his house, he pulled it up. It sounds good.
Todd: The last time I heard, John was trying to sell Sympathy.
Lety: He has a huge room with all the stuff in it.
Todd: In the late '90s, he was putting out a hundred records a year?
Lety: He said three a week.
Daryl: That's a massive amount of records.
Pat: He used to be able to press that many.
Lety: He said the turnaround back then, he would get them so quick... but that whole thing happened because we're friends with Robert and now we're friends with John's daughter. We met Taggy 'cause we were dancing all night at this festival in San Diego.
Todd: Pat going back to growing up, did you and your brother fabricate a guitar with a tyrannosaurus rex head in high school?
Pat: Yeah, that's my main guitar.
Lety: That guitar is here.
Pat: We built this guitar as a project—brothers into rock'n'roll. We tried to make an amp, too, but it blew up. It was a blank neck, so we cut in the teeth. I've been playing that thing forever. I just had a backup one built and it's the same type of neck, same type of pickups. Sounds almost the same. My friend built the body to be this unique jaguar-looking thing. I've been playing that more because my older one, the frets are worn down. I have to get it re-fretted.
Lety: We travel so much with the other one. That's one from when he was little. I don't want to lose it.
Pat: The last time I flew with it was this summer. Then I was like, "I'm not going to take that on planes anymore." I'm afraid that my guitar is going to be put on the wrong plane. Someone's going to pick it up and leave with it. Then it's gone.
Lety: The new one's pretty cool. Our friend John Bonser in San Diego built it. He usually builds amps. He does cool stuff.
Pat: I get really into what I'm used to at the time. Now I really like that one, so I need to make a replacement.
Daryl: How do you pay a true homage to a specific sound without being restrained by it?
Pat: Restrained, like coming off as one of those bands that sound too much like another band? Or stuck inside the genre?
Lety: I think our big thing is we are super obsessed and passionate about multiple-genre bands. We are obsessed with Little Richard.
Pat: MC5.
Lety: James Brown. 13th Floor Elevators. There is a lot that we pull from musically.
Pat: To make something sound like a specific genre, I'm amazed that bands can even make multiple albums like that. Say you want to sound like mid-'60s Northwestern garage like The Sonics. There's a certain set of chords you can't really stray from. There's a certain

DEB FRANZIN

amount of drum beats, otherwise you'll start sounding like another genre. We don't really think about it too much. One thing I'm tying to do, our starting point—we've been accused of doing that with other bands.

Lety: You're ripping off Wayne Kramer.

Pat: It's way too much. One thing I'm trying to do is just gradually get closer to what it is that we do—whatever it is—and try to do more of that.

Todd: I'm going to rip off Daryl here in saying that after the first waves of the '50s and '60s, punk happened. We're at the advantage of looking backwards now, so you can infuse punk directly into older music. For me, as a listener, it's more exciting.

Pat: The Loons from San Diego, Mike Stax. They'll do a song that sounds like The Pretty Things. They have a '70s punk feel, too. They'll do something that sounds like The Damned as well. It's cool that that's now in the arsenal. We're doing a mini-tour with The Woggles right now. They were a huge influence on us. They condensed garage rock into its own mini-genre, rock'n'soul. They took a lot of genres and made it into their own thing. Now, we just watch them and rip 'em off. It's so easy. [laughter]

Lety: We'll do projects in San Diego. This Halloween we just did a Kiss show. I'm in an all-girl garage group, The Rosalyns. The fact that we have to learn all these songs, you have that in your head when you're writing songs. "Oh, yeah. That thing Ace Frehley did." That, for me, is my biggest teaching tool.

Pat: Every year, we do some sort of cover show. The Kiss one was fun.

Lety: I never liked Kiss in my entire life. [laughter] We had to become Kiss to understand Kiss.

Pat: Everyone I told about it, "Oh, I hate Kiss." I'm like, "I know."

Lety: I talked to Mike Stax. "We're doing Kiss!" He's just like, "Oh, no!"

Lety: But it was super fun.

Pat: We did only the absolutely good songs. Every album had a few. It was so fun. The stage gimmicks.

Todd: What did you learn musically from a band you don't admire, but you got inside their heads?

Lety: As Peter Criss—his drumming style—I still think I'm so basic as a drummer, but when he drums—"King of the Night Time World" is the perfect example—where I felt like a little wind-up monkey. "This song is so stupid." When we finally had it all said and done, that was my favorite song to play because it was so different. It's so basic [makes kacka-kacka-kacka sound] forever. With Kiss, it was more like being able to simplify something and play them basic but throwing slightly different things into it, because I always think, "I can't play basic or everyone's going to know that I'm not a good drummer."

Pat: We got a new appreciation. I advise people to look up some of their really early black-and-white footage. Before they had smoke bombs and fire, they put on a really energetic show.

Daryl: What other bands have you done cover sets of?

Pat: MC5 the night before the presidential election.

Todd: So there was still hope?

Pat: There was still hope in the air. It did no good, apparently.

Lety: Bowiephonics. We used to do that one often.

Pat: We had multiple costume changes.

Lety: I learned how to sew, so I've been making him these outfits.

Pat: She made me the spaceman one. And the one-legged spandex...

Lety: Onesie. We did a huge, all-ages thing at the park. It was a two-hour show. This mom brings her little boy up to Pat. "He just really loved you and wants to say 'hi.'" And he has rolled up his shorts really high. So great.

Pat: That was really weird.

Lety: We have the soul revue.

Pat: It's like a James Brown tribute.

Lety: But it's more than James Brown.

Pat: It's all covers, but it's in the style of one of those shows with the backup dancers and we do the whole cape routine.

Todd: Drop it off, have someone pick it up and put it back on you.

Lety: One Halloween, we did a caveman-themed show.

Pat: We did a space show where we're all in space suits and did space songs. Did "Spaceship" by MC5, of course. Yeah, I like doing those.

Todd: You also play for Save Music in Chinatown and the Albert Einstein Academies. Tell us a little bit about that.

Lety: So, Mike Stax's son goes to Albert Einstein and our best friend's band, The Creepy Creeps, one of their sons goes there. So they just did a fundraiser for the school. "Do you guys want to do it?" "Yeah, we love those kids." We do benefits sometimes, for sure.

Pat: "Wu-Tang is for the children," as Old Dirty Bastard said.

Lety: No. [laughter]

Daryl: And I remember when you played the Save Music in Chinatown benefit show, the bass player at the time dropped some fun facts about music education and how it helps kids with their grades. It brought a whole new element to this insane rock show that I was witnessing at three in the afternoon.

Save Music in Chinatown 12
ALLEY CATS
SCHIZOPHONICS
alice BAG
SCHIZOPHONICS
ALBERT LICANO

Pat: That was Brian. He's a teacher.

Lety: Yeah, he's been working for the YMCA afterschool programs for over ten years.

Todd: Did you get to meet Bernie Sanders when you played MiraCosta College?

Pat: We didn't get to meet him. It was very last minute.

Lety: We got the call the day before.

Pat: By the time we were done setting up, it was time to play. I've never played a show where I was duct taping my cables down to the stage and then they're just letting people in. We just went into "Kick Out the Jams." [laughs]

Lety: They told us that Bernie specifically asked for a rock'n'roll band to play.

Todd: Awesome!

Lety: It was neat. We're big supporters. We're horrified at what's going on politically right now.

Pat: It was really cool to see him talk. We really needed that at the time.

Daryl: What year did this happen?

Pat: This was just a few months ago. Fall of 2018. He was getting people jazzed about the mid-term elections.

Lety: He was in North County San Diego. The Democratic party is struggling up there. So he wanted to hit that market to help motivate.

Pat: But we saw all these local politicians. It was a lot of people who had never had any background in politics who decided to run this year. It was cool. They were saying that a mid-term election rally in North County San Diego was something that would usually not be very well attended—so it was good to see that there's a blowback from all the bullshit that's going on. And there are people who are trying to work on stuff locally, like rent control. I realized how uninvolved I am in local politics. I should probably stop just writing political songs and try to help in other ways, too. Which, of course, I'm too lazy to do. [laughs]

Todd: Pat, I have a quote from you: "The common theme of our songs is trying to still have a good time and find simple joy in our crazy, divided country. It's basic rock'n'roll escapism." I think there's a value to that. When things are really bad, you just want to say, "For the next forty-five minutes let's not pay attention directly to that." But it is also a way to activate people.

Pat: I think of it as also getting some aggravation out of your system by dancing and being crazy. If I'm feeling really pissed off, I'll go on stage and I'll freak out, and I'll feel better afterwards. And if I'm feeling really happy, I'll go on stage and express that in the same exact way, just freak the fuck out. And I'll come off stage feeling good. Either way, it's the same type of show but you can express either of those things with rock'n'roll. Sometimes I'll start off one way and lead to the other. Most of our shows and albums are fifty percent angry/political and fifty percent dance party/love songs.

Daryl: In terms of mental health, has anyone ever brought up issues with your name?

Lety: Only once. It was someone whose partner was schizophrenic. And I explained that we've never once used our name in a derogatory way. She said we were horrible people and we need to change our name. I was very nice to her, but I mean, I'm not going to get bullied into changing my band name. We've never used it to make fun of anybody. Someone gets offended. And we apologize.

Pat: I could see that happening more. In no way are we trying to make fun of people with mental illness at all. And I think it is kind of a stupid name. [laughs]

Lety: He can never find a band name he likes.

Pat: I never liked the band name either so now it's another thing against it.

Lety: What do you guys think?

Daryl: I mean, I personally don't find it offensive, but I don't have the same issues in my life that that person does. But it seems clear that you're not coming from a malicious place and that you're empathetic to this person's feelings, so...

Lety: It was only that one time, ever.

Pat: It may happen more, but I don't know what to do. Right now you have so many people saying horrible things, really racist stuff, and they'll say, "Well, I'm not politically correct." Don't use that as an excuse.

Lety: But they're using that language with the intention to offend people.

Pat: Honestly, we didn't think we'd be a band sitting here ten years later. We didn't think we'd be interviewed ever! [laughter]

Lety: That was ten years ago.

Daryl: Is the Super Group Jam Jam still the worst show ever?

Pat: It is! What a terrible show.

Lety: Did you hurt yourself that night?

Pat: Yeah, I faceplanted myself into a monitor.

Lety: I remember he rolled into the monitor and just kept rolling. You and the monitor just rolled off the stage.

Pat: I was just drunk. That was back when I used to get drunk at shows.

Lety: That was at the beginning, when we were first starting and we didn't know what we were doing.

Pat: I don't even drink at all at shows anymore.

Lety: A bunch of our other music friends—same thing, a bunch of baby bands—and we were just like, "Let's do a Super Group Jam Jam!"

Pat: As people say. [laughter]

Lety: No rehearsal. We had been playing this one bar—it was Bar Eleven at the time—and we'd been doing decent shows there so they let us have a random week night. I don't think they cared. No one else would have been there. We showed up and it was just chaos.

Pat: I think the booker was at our house one night, everyone was jamming, and they were like, "Hey, this sounds good, let's just do this." And when it happened it was a different mix of people on different instruments, and it just sounded like the worst shit you've ever heard in your life. [laughter]

Lety: But I ran into one of those musicians recently and he was like, "It's so cool seeing what you guys have been doing. I remember Pat always talking about Super Group Jam Jam." And he has seen our Schizophonics Soul Revue, and he was like, "That's kinda it. That's what Pat always wanted to do."

Pat: Jam Jam was five people playing in a different key.

Lety: It was horrible. Two people scream-metal singing. This is what hell sounds like.

Pat: We actually got blacklisted from the bar just for being so bad.

Lety: No we didn't.

Pat: I think for a while they weren't going to book us there. Usually, you can only get blacklisted for doing something messed up at a venue, but that was just for sucking so bad.

Lety: I don't remember that.

Todd: Let's go back to El Vez just for a moment. Would you say he mentored the band?

Lety: He still does.

Todd: Did you start off being super active onstage, or was that something that developed over time?

Pat: It started by just me being surly and freaking out and jumping round. Like an Iggy Pop freakout thing.

USUALLY, YOU CAN ONLY GET BLACK-LISTED FOR DOING SOMETHING MESSED UP AT A VENUE, BUT THAT WAS JUST FOR SUCKING SO BAD.

Lety: He can't stay still.

Pat: I like to dance. I always like to move around. But when we started playing with Robert was when I started throwing all these different elements into it.

Lety: Robert does a show. "This is where I do my high kicks. That's when I do my splits, and then a push-up, and then hump the floor for a little bit."

Pat: He's all about the Prince floor-humping.

Daryl: It's a performance.

Lety: Yeah! It's a performance rather than just a wild, crazy freakout.

Pat: The Woggles—that was the first time we saw a band do synchronized dance moves on stage. And it was just the coolest thing. It's something I would never want to do, and then once I saw them do it, I was like, "That looks so awesome!"

Lety: As a fan, I'm a sucker for moves!

Pat: Our show is half spontaneity, and half kind of controlled. I'll come over to Blake and start doing the kick thing and he'll start doing it. We just kinda started doing it.

Lety: I noticed you guys have been spinning at the same part in a song. Pat does the spin, and Blake does the same spin.

Pat: Oh yeah, keep that in the show.

Daryl: People are talking about it. It's Lety, but she's talking about it.[laughter]

Lety: The drummer saw it.

Todd: So how is Robert still mentoring you?

Lety: I'll call him—he lives in Seattle—if I have a question. We still do everything ourselves. So if someone is trying to sell me on something, I'll ask him what he thinks, just referencing him for his opinion.

Pat: We had no clue how to do any of this stuff before we met him.

Lety: We had never even toured before.

Todd: I think that's an advantage. You learn how to play your instrument, and you learn how to eat shit for a while. Then you become humble, and then you realize that you play well, and you are now ready to do things.

Lety: Robert is super professional. He taught us things like, "Make sure you clean up the backstage or else you're not going to get invited back to this bar."

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Todd: I love stuff like that.

Pat: All the tiny, little things.

Lety: The real things. Band etiquette.

Pat: Don't put two songs with the same key back to back. It'll trick the ear into going off somewhere else. Don't put two songs with the same drum beat back to back.

Todd: But you played Ramones songs, right?

Pat: [laughs] Yeah, Little Richards—every song was the same chord progression.

Lety: With The Little Richards that rule went out the door.

Pat: But even with that, he was like, "These songs all sound the same so we gotta put them in different keys."

Lety: Right, he did come in and change it all up.

Pat: Every level of it, we learned so much stuff from him.

Lety: I feel super lucky to have met him when we were still so young as a group.

Pat: I was working in a kitchen at the time when we went on the first tour with him. I never thought in my wildest dreams that we could just go to Europe and tour. It was like going to the moon or something. And he was like, "This is how you do it."

Todd: And Rocket From The Crypt invited you to go play the U.K. with them recently. How was that?

Lety: That was awesome.

Todd: Was there any mentorship there?

Pat: That was more just hanging out. [laughs]

Lety: It was like camping in a bus. They had this grilled cheese maker. And I was band mom, "Hey Pete, what do you want on your sandwich?"

Pat: That was fun. Every one of those guys is super funny.

Lety: I love those guys so much.

Pat: Every one of them is the coolest one.

Todd: You usually don't want your opening band to blow you out of the water, so they gotta step up their game too.

Lety: It's different, and what's crazy, being a San Diego band, when you travel, John's Reis's fans are so loyal. We just went on a Midwest tour and one of his fans let us stay at his house. The record label we're doing the next record on, Pig Baby, we know him because of John. Back in the day, a lot of people met on the Rocket message board. I wanna make another fake band called John's Children.

Pat: Our good friends met on the message board and now they're married. We were partially inspired to do the band because of John Ries. When we moved to San Diego, we didn't know anybody so we would stay home on Saturday nights and listen to his radio show.

Lety: Swami Sound System.

Pat: I was at that point in music where I had grown up listening to classic rock. I had listened to all the Jimi Hendrix albums so I thought I had heard all the rock'n'roll that ever existed. [laughs]

Lety: We knew all the Motown.

Pat: Yeah, but I had no idea that this whole other world of underground garage and punk existed. Hearing his show, it was all this obscure stuff. It was the best music I had ever heard, and I had never even heard of it before. And it was every week! New stuff! We would make cassette tapes of it. We were sitting in the living room one night and we were like, "We should make our band sound like this show."

Lety: "Something John would like!"

Pat: It was soul music, punk, and garage. It was all mixed together. It all had that grit in common. The dirty recording style.

Lety: Night Marchers had just been born. So we just thought he was the coolest person. We were intimidated to meet him. Eventually we met, and now are friends and have toured with him. Ten years ago, this was just a crazy fantasy life.

Todd: Now you're on the moon. [laughter] Making grilled cheese sandwiches.

Pat: Exactly.

Todd: What advice would you give to other people starting off who have an energetic show?

Lety: Stretching, yeah.

Pat: It's kinda ridiculous because it takes some of the magic away from the show.

Lety: We just played with Juliette Lewis and she was backstage doing her stretches 'cause she gets wild.

Pat: Definitely take a big shit right before the show. [laughter] Eat good. The way you eat affects your motel mates as well.

Lety: The way you eat affects your performance.

Pat: Play as many shows as you can starting out.

Lety: And go to shows!

Pat: I noticed Manfred from The Woggles—he's one of our high-energy heroes—he just does lots of shows. I asked him if he went running and stuff. He just walks his dog.

Lety: But Robert/El Vez on the other hand, he'll do yoga every morning.

Todd: That doesn't destroy the magic for me, that increases the magic. You can do this for decades. Lux and Ivy of the Cramps frequented the nutritional center in Glendale.

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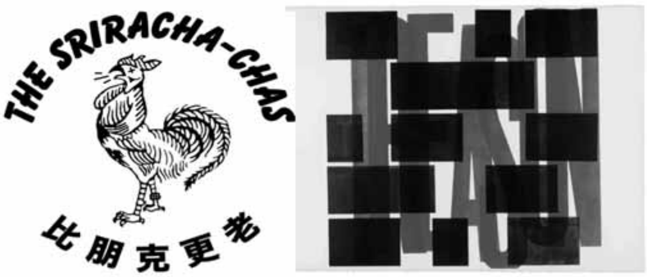
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MARTIN WONG

I ALWAYS WANT TO HAVE AS MUCH CONVICTION BEHIND WHAT I'M DOING AS I POSSIBLY CAN.

Lety: Really?

Daryl: Also the rock'n'roll lifestyle of living fast and never having any consequences is just a sham. It's not true. So hearing about people who are confronting the issues of aging while still being rockers is refreshing.

Pat: I'm thirty-four now, and I'm about to turn thirty-five. We've been doing this band for ten years. I was never in shape before we did this stuff.

Lety: We were in horrible shape before the band.

Pat: Yeah.

Lety: We've talked about this. Our stamina is better. We used to play shows, we'd drink too much, and we'd be destroyed for days.

Pat: Going up and dancing in front of people took a lot of alcohol in the early days.

Lety: Liquid courage.

Pat: I don't even really drink at shows now; maybe a beer or two after the show, but it just tires me out. I feel like without drinking I can put more into this. And not just for the audience, but for myself. I always want to have as much conviction behind what I'm doing as I possibly can.

DYSNEA BOYS

LEAD SINGER: JASON HONEA, SUNNYVALE, CALIFORNIA

DRUMS: TOM FANORE, SOUTHERN GERMANY

INTERVIEW BY **MONIQUE POIRIER** PHOTOGRAPHS BY **JULIAN RONNEFELDT** AN

On a rainy, grey afternoon (there are no other kinds of afternoons in Berlin) just outside of the city, I went to the most DIY skater punk venue I had been to since I moved away from Los Angeles and had the pleasure of watching the Dysnea Boys for the first time. Dysnea Boys definitely sound like early '80s, slightly polished West Coast punk with some post-punk bass lines fit for Christian Death and a few pretty great reverby moments. They have this badass, garagey sound that's rough enough to stimulate the adrenal glands (in the best possible way), but sophisticated enough to still sound phenomenal in even the dingiest of venues.

DB
BLUE ORCHIDS

LEAD GUITAR: **CHRIS FREY,** VANCOUVER, BRITISH COLUMBIA

BASS: **DAVE MAUL,** ABERDEEN, SCOTLAND

OT AND **KATE SEABROOK**

LAYOUT BY **JESSEE ZEROXED**

I introduced myself to the lead singer, Jason Honea, after their set and he talked to me about seeing My Bloody Valentine before they were called My Bloody Valentine as we shared cigarettes and drank gin out of huge novelty plastic cups. It turns out Jason is a California native and the former lead singer of influential Bay Area '80s punk band Social Unrest. The rest of the Dysnea Boys come from all over the western world, which definitely adds interesting dimension to their sound. I followed them around to various venues before finally sitting them down in their tiny practice space for this interview.

we are not absolutely against Disneyland, we're against everything.

JULIAN RONNEFELDT

it’s just about a lot of hectic repetition and I want it to stay that way.

Monique: So let’s start with a rather obvious question, where did you come up with the name Dysnea Boys?

Chris: We were struggling like everyone else does to come up with a band name so everything was on the table, but “Disney Boys” is a song by a band called The Blue Orchids that I always loved. It’s kind of a freaky, manic song—punk but kind of new wavey as well. Blue Orchids is pretty new wave.

Jason: If I’m not mistaken, I think Thin White Rope also had a song called “Disney Boys.”

Chris: Blue Orchids also didn’t spell it D-Y-S-N-E-A.

Jason: They didn’t spell it that way, no.

Monique: And you spelled it that way for legal reasons?

Chris: Yeah, I think that was the big motivation

Tom: Who wants to be a Disney? I don’t. Disney is like Coke. You don’t want to be put in one pot with a huge company.

Chris: Also the way that it’s spelled brings dystopia and nausea to mind.

[Jason laughs heartily]

Chris: It’s like the dystopic view of Disneyland in a way. Err, we are not absolutely against Disneyland, we’re against everything.

Jason: [laughs] I’m not. I’m not against that much stuff.

Chris: Jason only writes love songs.

[Jason groans]

Jason: The Beach Boys had a song called “Disney Girls,” 1957, I think.

Chris: It’s on *Surf’s Up*.

Jason: It’s this Bruce Johnson song and it’s kind of happy and sad sounding. I think it’s beautiful, but it’s a creepy song about the end of the suburban dream. After sixteen or seventeen years old, you wake up and realize maybe you want more—and you’re putting your life away, putting fertilizer out there for the snails, waiting for that golden parachute to hit.

Monique: I think in this day and age, we don’t really have to worry about that anymore...

Chris: Exactly.

Monique: Nobody gets that.

Jason: Really? They don’t?

I also think it's extremely cathartic to play dark and fucked up music.

Monique: I don't know, maybe in the Midwest.

Jason: Maybe if you're working for FMC or McDonnell Douglas or something, you might.

Monique: Do you consider yourselves as German punk? You're a pretty international band.

Chris: Not necessarily. I like living in Berlin and I think living in Berlin points us in a certain direction, for sure, but I think what we are doing seems to be so completely the opposite.

Dave: I would say that compared to other Berlin punk we are totally different.

Monique: You definitely are. I've listened to a lot of Berlin punk and its definitely more hardcore sounding. You guys have a bit of psych influence, and the vocals range from Rozz Williams to Henry Rollins, so there's more depth to the sound.

Chris: That's a good scope.

Tom: It's accidental that this happens in Berlin, because we happen to live here and Berlin is a place where you can meet a lot of people who are like-minded. This wouldn't happen where I grew up because I wouldn't find these kinds of musicians around—it would sound very different. We don't sound Berlin, we just happen to.

Chris: Tom was a bunker child.

[laughter]

Dave: A lot of the bands want to fall into that hardcore sound and the sort of "the grimier, the better," it seems. It's almost like an anthem in Berlin, like a fashion.

Jason: I definitely identify with Berlin and I understand all too well the music tradition here. There's been all kinds of fantastic stuff that has come out of this town. I think that being here for so long—and we've been here for a long time—we have contributed something to it. If I had to get down to nuts and bolts about what it is that we sound like, I definitely think that we have a North American, '80s rock punk sound. There are a few more chords involved, but actually it's just about a lot of hectic repetition and I want it to stay that way.

Monique: How long have you guys been together and how did you find each other?

Chris: [to bandmates] Has it been four years?

Tom: It must be around four years by now.

Dave: Not me, I'm new.

Tom: It started with a different bass player that I used to work with, but he moved away last December.

Jason: Back to Canada.

Tom: He and I worked together and then we hooked up with Chris pretty quickly. Then we hooked up with Jason. That all happened in one month.

Chris: Chad (former Dysnea Boys bass player from Canada) and I were actually hanging out together and playing Rolling Stones covers in the park on acoustic guitars. We did that for a little while, 'cause we didn't know anybody to play music with.

Tom: I heard Dropbox stuff from the first year—2013, I think—and it's hilarious. So they hooked up to sit in the park and do their little Stones tunes, then they'd mail it to me on Dropbox. As soon as we got in here (current practice space), it changed to raw and heavy.

Chris: It was sort of like *Tattoo You*-era Rolling Stones kind of vibe. What ended up as our first songs are total '80s Stones vibes. There was one that was even, embarrassing enough, kind of Police-ish.

Tom: Ah man, The Police are cool. I love The Police.

Chris: Maybe that should be scrapped from the interview. I just desperately wanted to play music with people in Berlin. I actually put this room together in order to do that.

Dave: I started playing last October.

Tom: This room did a lot for the sound, I think. Just because we're so close and in each others faces, there's such a strong energy in here—that's very inspiring, I find.

Chris: The songs that we are doing kind of benefit from this claustrophobic space.

Jason: I think we also come from broad backgrounds, I would say. We bring a wide pallet of ideas to this music. When we come in here and we put these guitars on, we understand that we want to play this loud, fast music. That's not the first music I listen to when I leave this room, though.

Dave: Depends on the day.

Jason: I come from a pretty formal punk background, definitely. I don't think of us as being a punk rock band. I just think of us as being this jammin' band and we do this thing that comes naturally to us, because that's what we grew up with and that's what we like—what we're capable of doing. We crave these sounds and just automatically do it.

Chris: We aren't a jammin' band, we are an entity! Let's clarify that for the interview. [Everyone laughs.]

Tom: I do really believe it satisfies. Here, two hours of this (playing in practice space) and I come out lighter.

Chris: I also think it's extremely cathartic to play dark and fucked up music. Some of the songs are even pop—even extremely pop. I think the next album is going to have some real scary shit on it.

Monique: Scary pop.

Chris: No, the scary songs aren't pop. Or maybe they are pop structures with distortion pedals.

Jason: I mean, I don't necessarily feel like I'm carrying the torch of punk further by being in this band. It's just something that just comes naturally to us. Maybe this doesn't sound right, but right here, right now, there isn't all that much thought about what we're doing.

Tom: I partly don't even know what it is. If you have to define punk, and give an example, does that example fit us at all? I think it's difficult.

Jason: I think about an American punk context, I think about all of the social stuff going on in the early '80s.

Chris: We definitely aren't a typical punk band. There's a post vibe, if you want to bring in an absolute description of what it is.

Jason: Psych has certainly found its way into it. I don't think that we necessarily have a punk attitude. We don't walk around on the street and say, "Hey man, don't mess with the Dysneas—or you're going to get a punk rock bop on the jaw!"

Chris: I kind of feel that way when I'm walking around.

Jason: [to Chris] In your Sid Vicious costume. There are some certain things that I do want to cultivate. In the greater rock tradition, I think there are some things that do exercise a kind of mojo. When I think about Jerry Lee Lewis and The Seeds and The Stooges and bands like this, I think those guys definitely had an attitude. Of course we're talking about people making music thirty or twenty-five years before punk rock, but I don't think they necessarily thought of themselves as punks, you know? I think they thought of themselves more as gunslingers, or pony express riders that are expediters of this crazy, wild music. They made so much music, you can't even shake a stick at it. Somehow it just took form and expression. I grew up on punk, I appreciate that punks like our music.

Chris: I like playing the clubs and the squats. We can play as much as we want there. We are taking a little bit of a break, even though we are playing once a month for the next two months as well, but we're focusing on the second half of the record which Black Lodge Berlin will be releasing on vinyl.

Tom: It's nice because people come to us saying, "Hey! Do you want to play here?"

Dave: Regardless of the motivations of what you want to achieve from the band, I think when people come to see us, when you ask them afterwards is that people came to see a punk rock show. That's a core element.

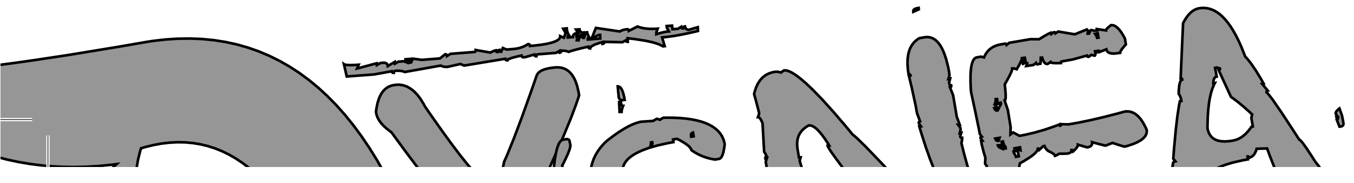
Jason: Yeah, but if you were to go over to where we live and look at our clothes, books and magazines—whatever else, the last conclusion you would probably draw is that we play this kind of music.

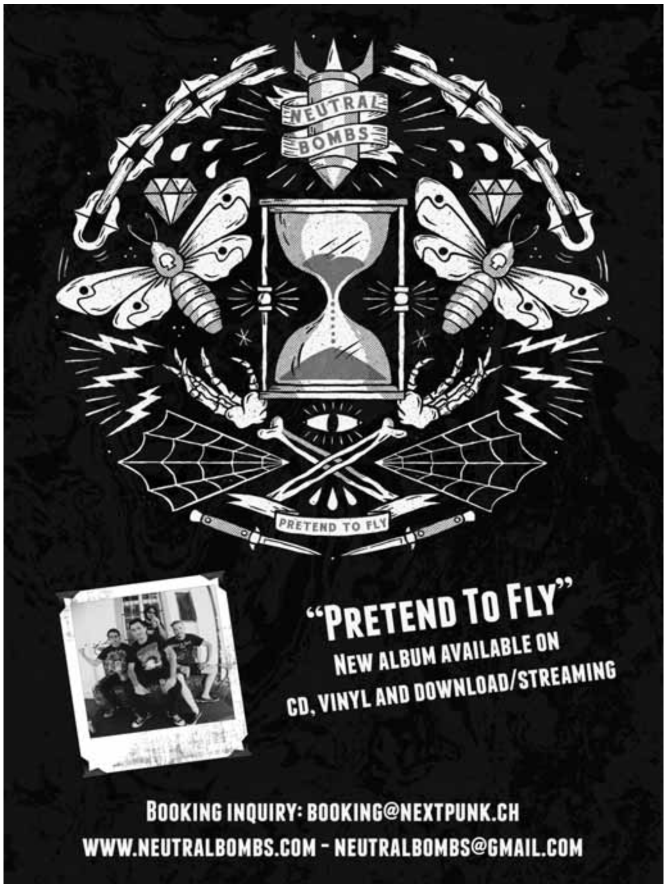
Monique: How does the Berlin music scene differ from the music scenes where all of you came from?

Tom: I come from a small town, but I was around a lot of great musicians, too. I totally enjoyed it, and then I moved away and played in Ireland. I've been doing whatever just happens to me, moving quite a bit.

Chris: We're all hippies at heart.

Tom: It doesn't matter where you are as long as you find what inspires you. It can be





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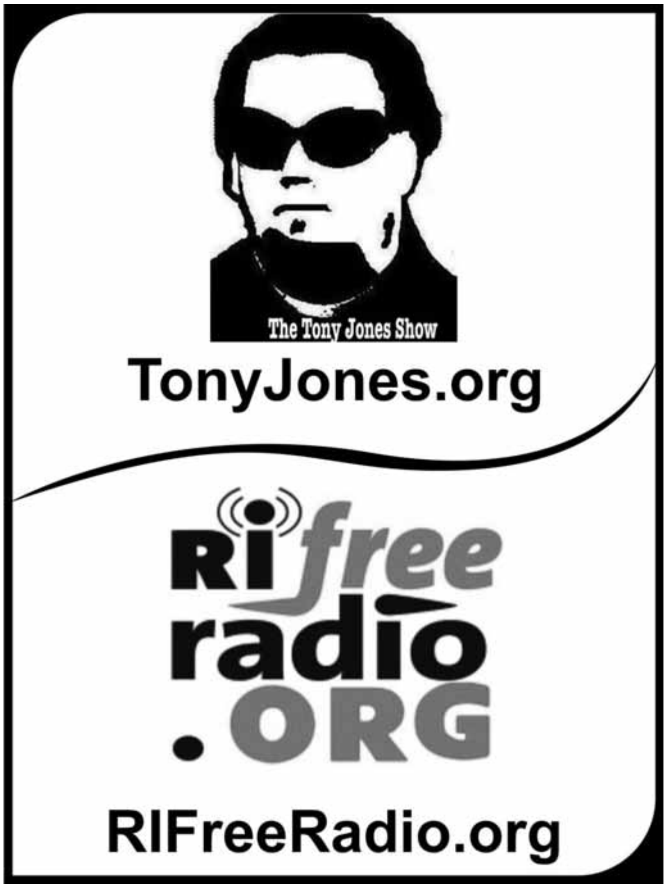

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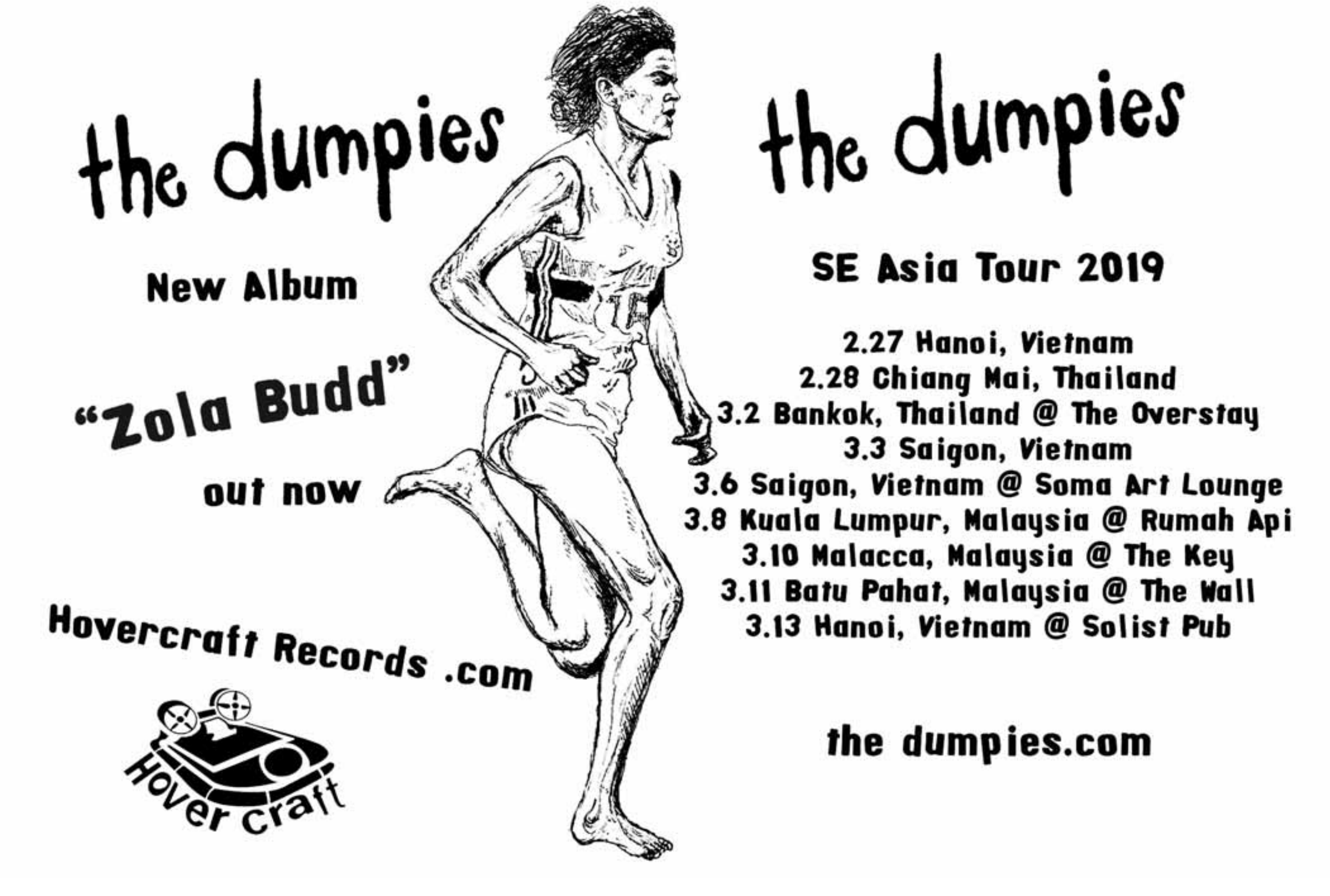
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KATE SEABROOK

I don't necessarily feel like I'm carrying the torch of punk further by being in this band.

small or it can be big, it doesn't matter. It happens to be us inspiring each other in big Berlin. My background, though, is very traditional.

Dave: I'd say the music scene here is just fucking infinite. Any music that you want to hear, you can achieve that almost any night of the week. Where I come from, the north of Scotland, it was for a short while, a really good kind of skate punk, '90s punk scene. All venues are now closed, and the best you're going to get in the north of Scotland is shit, generic indie bands that are mostly playing covers. There are still some great bands but I'd say it's super limited as it is such a small scene. Berlin is so vast that you can cut your niche no matter what kind of music you want to play.

Jason: The only thing I don't really get to hear, something that I really love as a Californian, is that good old, slow jam R&B. It's not to say that this music isn't here, it's just not on the radio like it was at home all of the time. Those are the sounds and melodies that I crave. I've found records here, though, at the flea markets that I didn't even know existed by bands from California, Arizona, Nevada, Texas, and New Mexico.

Dave: I will clarify that Glasgow has an amazing post-rock scene.

Chris: I love Glasgow in the late '70s, early '80s. Everything from that era is the foundations of my taste. Everyone I know back in Vancouver plays in at least a couple of bands. So it's a heavy music scene, actually. There are a lot of really great bands from there. Here I found it really hard initially, as I wanted to be in a band as soon as I got to Berlin, which was nine years ago. It wasn't easy to put people together. I'm glad that we've been doing this together for so long.

Tom: Definitely the backgrounds of where we are from have trained us to be able to do this, you know? I still go back home and play with my friends from way back and they are all great musicians. They inspired me to sit in that rehearsal room three times a week and play, play, play and never stop. None of us ever stopped.

Dave: I think, back to what Chris said, it is this vast music scene here as well; everyone just tries to keep their options open. I've tried to do my own thing and just ended up recording absolutely everything. It's really hard to find people who will actually put in the time and the effort. Blood, sweat, and tears.

Jason: I just wanted to add really quickly too, now living in Berlin, I'm close to all of these historical, artistic, and geographical things I was fascinated by as a boy that are now at my fingertips. I can actually commune with these things now, which has really influenced what I think about music—especially living over here in East Germany, so near to Russia and Scandinavia. These things have a big impact on me.

Monique: Apart from other music, what inspires your creative process?

Jason: Where do you even start?

Dave: You're going to need a bigger memory card.

Tom: Having good music around you is such a treasure. I can't stop.

Dave: For me, it's the culture scene in general. Being inspired by other artists, there are so many exhibitions to see. Also life and heartbreak.

Tom: These guys [points to bandmates] inspire me. Sometimes I look at them and that gets me to a different point. I think we feed off of each other as well.

Jason: Yeah.

Chris: For sure.

Dave: It's hard not to in this tiny room.

Jason: I've always thought that a band was this kind of grand synchronization of all these interests, hobbies and hopes, interests and obsessions you have that the music brings together in this colander—everything filters through it—and becomes this crazy, psycho, emotional sculpture of all of these things that you like. That's why we're not just a punk rock band.

ONE PUNK'S GUIDE TO CRIME NOVELS

By

SEAN CARSWELL

Illustrations by Brad Beshaw

Layout by Todd Taylor

1

Razorcake probably wouldn't exist if not for the crime Jim Ruland and I plotted twenty-four years ago.

I'd just moved to Flagstaff, Ariz. to attend one of the least prestigious graduate schools in the country. Jim was already a year in the program. He caught up with me as I sat outside the student union, waiting for my student ID to print. We'd never met but had sat in the same room for several hours the day before. It would've been awkward not to talk. I did what grad students in English do: I asked Jim about the books he liked to read. Jim did what grad students in English never do. He started talking about crime novels.

I love crime novels. I love them now and I loved them then. When I was a teenager, my dad turned me on to Mickey Spillane. I couldn't really get behind Spillane's protagonist, Mike Hammer. At the time, I didn't have the words to express my problems with Mike Hammer. Now I recognize that he's a festering sore of toxic masculinity. Still, the books rocked. Everyone was tough. Even the prose was tough. It told me exactly what I needed to know and no more. It whipped me through a world of pure id. And Mike Hammer was a dick, for sure, but he was an entertaining one. Nothing like the books I was assigned in high school classes, shit like *Catcher in the Rye* and *The Great Gatsby*. The protagonists from those books were dicks oozing toxic masculinity, too, but they were rich dicks whining their way through a world of privilege. At least Mike Hammer seemed like a guy I might run into in real life.

Jim told me, "If you like Mickey Spillane, you gotta check out Jim Thompson. He's a hundred times better." Then Jim confessed to me his plan. He wanted to write crime fiction that was literary. I knew what he was talking about. I'd just finished reading Thomas Pynchon's *V.*, which is basically a literary spy novel. The whole time I was reading it, I daydreamed about doing the same thing, only with crime fiction instead of spy fiction.

So this was the plot we'd both developed without having met each other or even existed within thousands of miles of each other.

Neither of us mentioned punk rock in that first meeting. That happened later. I walked through downtown looking for a place to grab lunch. Jim and his roommate drove by. His roommate stopped and offered me a ride. I hopped in. Big Black was playing on the tape deck. I'd found my tribe.

Jim's roommate turned out to be a guy named Todd Taylor. Their other roommate was a guy named Danny Clarke. Six years later, Todd and Danny would build the website for Razorcake. Before it went live, Todd would enlist me to start the print magazine with him. Jim would write for every issue. Eighteen years later, we'd have not just over a hundred issues of the magazine, but a publishing house with a couple dozen titles and everything else the Razorcake platform promotes: podcasts, zines, shows, DJ sets, community outreach, and so on.

It's funny to think that I came into this through a conversation about Mickey Spillane and Jim Thompson.

On the other hand, it makes total sense. There's a deep-seeded entanglement between crime fiction—and the specific type of crime fiction I'll write about here, which is often called *noir*—and punk rock. Noir is not punk, and punk is not noir. Sometimes, punks write noir. Sometimes, noir writers are in punk bands. The real connections are mostly abstract, but they're significant. At their core, both the punk and the noir I love are working class art movements. They have deep veins of anti-authoritarianism and anti-capitalism. They exist at and for those of us who prefer to live in the margins.

2

Let's start with Jim Thompson. Ruland was right. Thompson is a hundred times better than Mickey Spillane. Thompson's prose is tough and lean. His books grab you by the front of your T-shirt and whip you into a world of madness. The masculinity is different. It's toxic in Thompson, too, but that's seen as a problem, not a goal. And if there's anyone living in a world of privilege, they're the villain.

The first book I picked up by Jim Thompson was *The Getaway.* Ruland didn't recommend it, specifically. I picked it up because it was the only Thompson book at the local used bookstore. I was skeptical. I'd seen the movie adaption of it starring Alec Baldwin and Kim Bassinger. It is not a good movie. It is a great novel. *The Getaway* tells the story of a pair of bank robbers, Doc McCoy and his wife Carol. They knock off a bank and pocket a quarter million dollars. Their plan is to flee to California, then Mexico. Much of the novel follows their escape and the trail of corpses they leave behind them. To think of it as a chase story, though, ignores the complicated characters Thompson builds out of Doc and Carol. Most compelling is the constant battle they have between needing to trust each other and needing to overcome all the evidence that they're both vicious criminals who shouldn't be trusted. Or, put in a more general way, it's a book about the desire to be in a loving, trusting relationship while recognizing that the person we love the most is also the person who brings us the most pain. And, if everything works out, we're left in a situation where the best case scenario is either dying first or living out your final days in a fog of heartbreak and loss. Beyond all of this, though, is the frantic, almost desperate drive to ignore the way our stories must end, to keep moving, to try to outrun what we can't outrun.

Holy shit!

The end of *The Getaway* is as devastating as a book can be while still being enjoyable. Neither film adaptations (there's also one starring Steve McQueen and Ali McGraw) adapt Thompson's ending. That's only part of the reason why those two movies suck. Mostly they suck because *The Getaway* relies too much on things that you can't represent visually—the unresolvable internal struggles of Doc and Carol, the smell of a manure cave Doc and Carol have to hide in for three days, the surreal nature of their final destination.

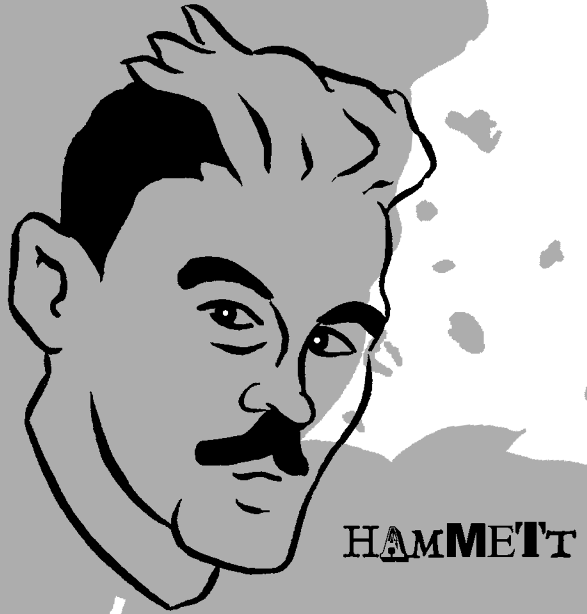
This was what got me about Thompson when I read him in those early days of graduate school: his mastery of the "literary" in a gutter genre. I was reading Thompson while taking literature classes, balancing his complicated crime novels with works by Henry James and Ernest Hemingway. James and Hemingway, I was taught, were Literature. Thompson was Trash. This was one more example in what I've seen as a lifetime of people talking about books in which arbitrary hierarchies are established, then really smart people try to justify these hierarchies. Henry James, for instance, is supposed to be literary because of the psychological complexity of his characters. And his characters are okay. Sometimes they're memorable. But his prose is a slog. His novels are boring and overwritten. Hemingway is supposed to be different. He's supposed to be the literary giant a guy like me champions because his prose is sparse and his men are manly. But reading his books feels like reading a Spillane novel without the plot: all tough-guy talk and no action. Forget it. Give me Thompson instead. His characters are every bit as psychologically complex. The situations he creates force readers to ask big, deep philosophical questions. He draws us into a room in our subconscious where a menacing lump lies beneath a blanket, and he seduces us into lifting that blanket and taking a peek. That's what I want books to do for me.

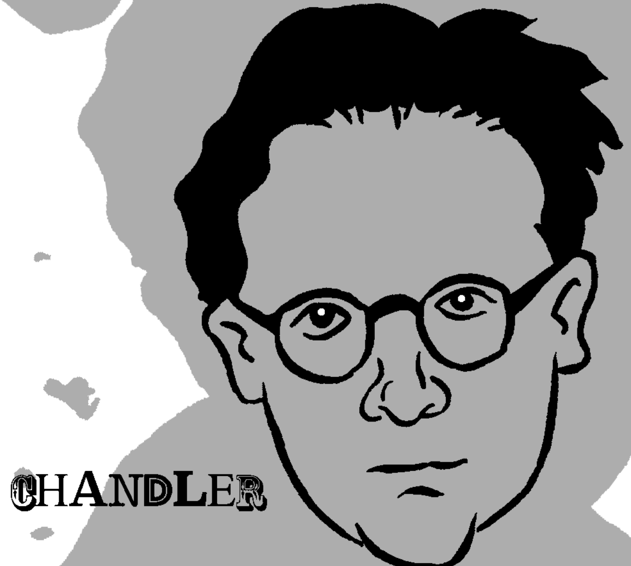
So the first recommendation I'm giving (a good starting point but by no means the only starting point for punks looking to get into crime novels) is Jim Thompson. My favorite of his is *Pop. 1280*. Two other good ones to start with are *The Getaway* and *The Killer Inside Me*.

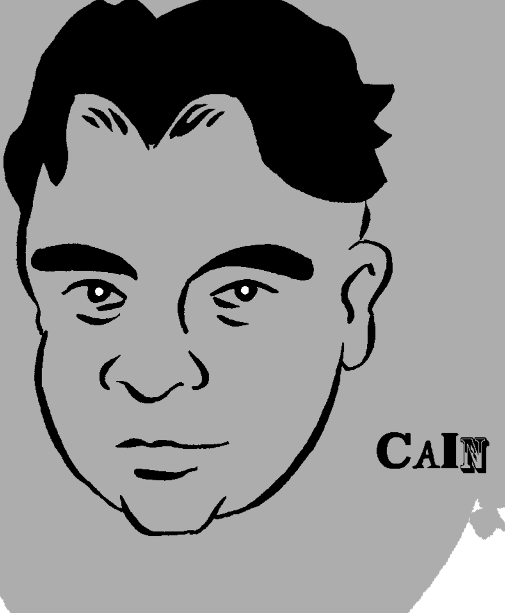
3

Back in the mid-nineties, when I first started hanging out with Jim and Todd, those guys hunted down books the way we used to hunt down good bands. Some of you might remember this, some of you might find it incredibly archaic, but in the late eighties and early nineties, it was really tough to find good music. I grew up in a town where I couldn't access *Flipside*, *MRR*, or any other national zine. I'd stumble across a good band, see what bands they thanked in their acknowledgements, and, if a few good bands thanked a band I hadn't heard of, I'd take a chance on their album. I'd send out a check, wait four-to-six weeks, and get the new cassette. This process was honed down once I started to really recognize record labels. If SST or Dischord or Alternative Tentacles put it out, I'd buy it.

By the time I met Jim and Todd, we could get zines and bands were easier to find. Still, we'd talk about which record labels were putting out good music. Similarly, Jim and Todd were both really into this publishing house called Black Lizard. Black Lizard was edited by Barry Gifford. Gifford rose to national prominence through his Sailor







and Lula novels. One of those novels, *Wild at Heart*, was adapted into a film directed by David Lynch and starring Laura Dern as Lula. The film (at least as I remember it; I haven't seen it this century) is great and the Sailor and Lula novels are a big deal. Perhaps the bigger deal is what Gifford did once he rose to national prominence: he brought the crime novels he loved back into print.

Every time I see a Black Lizard book for sale that I don't have, I purchase it. I've done this for the past twenty-something years. I've never been disappointed. The series introduced me to great obscure writers like Charles Willeford, Charles Williams, and the best of the forgotten crime writers, David Goodis. The series also brought back some major crime writers, introducing them to a new generation of readers, and a new generation after that. Three in particular can be seen as the Godfathers of noir: Dashiell Hammett, James M. Cain, and Raymond Chandler.

Hammett is often cited as the first real noir writer. As punks who've argued about which band was the first punk band know, claims like this are always specious. Artistic movements always come out of somewhere. Hammett came out of somewhere. Pulp magazines publishing the kind of fiction Hammett wrote existed before Hammett wrote it (just as venues existed for the Ramones before the Ramones played them). An appetite for Hammett existed before Hammett fed his readers. Despite this, Hammett's influences came from somewhere a little less literary.

When he was twenty, he started working for the Pinkerton Detective Agency. The Pinkertons were mostly hired thugs and strikebreakers. Occasionally, they'd have a case they tried to solve. Mostly, they went into places where unions were trying to strike or workers were trying to organize, and beat, shot, stabbed, or otherwise bullied workers until the labor action was resolved one way or another. Hammett was both a thug and a detective. He was also very good at writing reports of his daily activities. He developed a style of being concise but complete. Brevity in writing is much harder than it looks. Hammett had a talent for it.

Seven years into his tenure with the Pinkertons, Hammett was offered five thousand dollars by the Pinkertons to assassinate labor leader Frank Little. Hammett refused. Shortly thereafter, Little was murdered by "vigilantes." Hammett knew the vigilantes were really Pinkertons who'd accepted the money he'd turned down. He was so disgusted by the company and his actions that he quit. The timing for this was bad. He'd recently been married. He and his wife had made a baby and another baby after that. Hammett needed money. He started writing stories from his Pinkerton days, keeping his concise style and focusing more on the detective part and less on the strikebreaking part. His main character was called "The Continental Operative." The Continental Op usually went into a town, figured out exactly where the corruption was, and started killing. These stories were published in pulp magazines like *The Black Mask*. They allowed Hammett to make a living with his pen. He grew as a writer, and, in the 1930s, he published three of the greatest crime novels ever written: *The Red Harvest*, *The Maltese Falcon*, and *The Glass Key*.

While Hammett was in San Francisco writing his first Continental Op stories for *The Black Mask*, a young journalist from Baltimore named James M. Cain was in the coal fields of West Virginia reporting on labor issues for the *Baltimore Sun*. A labor leader named Bill Blizzard was being tried for treason. Cain was assigned to cover the trial and the accompanying unrest. The trial was a sham. The events surrounding it changed Cain forever. A year earlier, the coal miners in West Virginia had raised an army ten thousand strong to fight against the several-thousand-strong private army that coal operators had already raised. A war broke out. It was the largest armed conflict on American soil since the Civil War. Coal operators went so far as to employ WWI fighter planes and attempt to bomb tent communities of striking miners and their families. When the dust settled, because most of the state government in West Virginia were coal company lackeys, the private army was referred to as a State Militia and the labor leaders were arrested for trying to smash the state. Cain covered it all for the *Sun*. The situation catalyzed deeper questions for Cain. He started to wonder what a society was, how ethical a state was when it sponsored such abject violence against its citizens, and what compelled all of us to act. He resigned his post at the *Sun* and spent the next several months trying to write a Great American Novel about the coal fields. According to Cain, all four drafts he wrote of that book sucked and labor wasn't fertile ground for literature.

Cain narrowed his scope, kept his journalistic style, and started writing crime novels that were mostly about decent people driven to crime by overwhelming passions. Several of these novels involve lovers who kill one of the lovers' spouses so they can be together (two of these novels rightfully made him famous, *The Postman Always Rings Twice* and *Double Indemnity*). Sometimes, the passions are just a mother's love for her daughter (as in Cain's best novel, *Mildred Pierce*). Some of Cain's work may be dated and troubling now—the way he portrays Mexicans in *Serenade* and the way he portrays Appalachians in *Butterfly* is fucked up—but it's still worth it. I'm not one to put down a book because it's sexist, classist, racist, et cetera. I want to understand how those beliefs are formed and manifest in all of us. Cain, more than any writer I know of, was willing to explore these ideas. He confronted some of the worst aspects of our society and ourselves. He often stumbled in his confrontations, but his willingness to have these conversations and to expose his own personal flaws raise the level of his prose far beyond what anyone expects of a crime novel.

While Cain was explicit that his style arose from journalism and that comparisons between him and Hammett were off base, another of their contemporaries gave Hammett a lot of credit for being an inspiration. Like Hammett, Raymond Chandler was a guy working in a corrupt industry and wanting to use his writing as a way out. For nine years before he started writing prose, Chandler worked for a Southern California oil company. The job ate him up inside. When he finally quit (or was fired, stories vary), he also found himself in need of a new way of making money. Like Cain, Chandler had been a journalist in the 1920s. Like Hammett, Chandler started writing stories focused around a single protagonist. Chandler's hero was Philip Marlowe, a grizzled WWI veteran who follows only his own moral compass while delving into the corruption of the wealthy in Los Angeles. If these tropes sound familiar, it's because Chandler developed them.

> The punk and the noir I love are working class art movements. They have deep veins of anti-authoritarianism and anti-capitalism. They exist at and for those of us who prefer to live in the margins.

Through his Philip Marlowe novels, Chandler took the cues from Hammett and Cain and elevated them to an aesthetic. In his essay "The Simple Art of Murder," Chandler says that the hero of a detective novel must be "the best man in his world and a good enough man for any world." Typically, Philip Marlowe is the best man in the novel. The others are so corrupt and petty it doesn't take much to be better than them. Still, Marlowe deserves credit for believing in our ability to be better than we are, more just, more caring, more active in trying to do right and impact the world positively. Like most white men in mid-century fiction, Marlowe is at times racist and sexist. Like Cain, Chandler recognizes that race, gender, and class are huge impediments to justice. Any writer exploring justice (which crime novels must explore) has to push conversations about race, class, and gender as far as they can. And, if he's a white man, he has to be willing to recognize that he's been indoctrinated with so much sexism and racism that he's going to take a few mistakes. Marlowe does his best recognize this while he dives headfirst into the worst parts of our society and culture for us. It's a courageous and dazzling dive.

Chandler only wrote seven original novels and a few dozen short stories during his career. You can't go wrong with any of them. His two most famous, *The Big Sleep* and *The Long Goodbye*, are his two best.

4

Of course, all of the writers I've spoken of up to this point (including Jim Ruland, Todd Taylor, and myself) are white men. I'm acutely aware of the dangers of a white man espousing the excellence of other white men writers. I start with these guys for two reasons: first, these are the guys who started the genre. Like it or not, noir started as something specifically white and male. One of its most recognizable tropes is one of the most misogynistic: the *femme fatale*, or deadly woman who drives good men to murder, lust, greed, et cetera. To a greater and lesser extent, all of the writers I've mentioned employed the trope of the *femme fatale*. Also and notably, Hammett, Cain, Goodis, and Chandler all abandoned and tried to repair the trope in their later works. Hammett's last novel, *The Thin Man*, is about a married crime-fighting couple, with the wife being the more complicated and compelling character. Goodis never seemed comfortable with the trope. Even in books that are supposed to be about *femmes fatale*, like his *The Blonde on the Street Corner*, the crimes are never really the woman's fault. The real crime in most of Goodis—and this is why I love his work, particularly *Shoot the Piano Player* and *Nightfall*—is poverty and the economic system that perpetuates it. Cain's last several novels consciously develop more complete women characters who are not to blame. His final novel, unpublished in his lifetime, is told from the *femme fatale*'s perspective. It's a book-length polemic on why that trope is so fucked up.

The second reason I start with these guys in this essay is just because these are the writers I read first. I was a working class kid in a graduate program, trying to climb a socioeconomic ladder and get access into parts of society typically closed off for people like me: Literature and academia. Goodis, Thompson, Hammett, and, to a lesser extent, Chandler and Cain, were guys like me who climbed this ladder. They showed me that working class people in America are not really allowed to write Literature. Of course, there are rare exceptions to this, but look closely at most of the writers who you study in high school and college courses, who win awards like the Pulitzer or the National Book Award, who get reviewed in places like the *New York Times* and *LA Times*, and who get published in places like the *New Yorker* and the *Paris Review*. What you'll see is that, regardless of race, gender, or sexuality, all of these writers come from the same narrow community. They were typically raised in the same socioeconomic class. They went to the same handful of Ivy League or otherwise "elite" schools. They have the same agents and publishers. In fact, Literature has come to mean simply fiction written by people from this community. It follows that Literature is closed to everyone—regardless of race, gender, or sexuality—who is outside of this narrow community. The best we can do is master a gutter genre and push it to its extremes.

I learned this from reading Chester Himes. Himes was a brilliant working class kid from the Midwest. He attended Ohio State in the late 1920s, but institutional racism and the pigment of his skin got him expelled pretty quickly. Shortly after that, he got arrested for a petty theft and sentenced to twenty to twenty-five years hard labor in prison. He ended up serving nine years. While he was in prison, he started writing and publishing short stories. Once he was out, he moved to Los Angeles and worked building planes in the Los Angeles area as part of the wartime effort. He wrote a literary fiction novel about this, changing the wartime industry to a shipyard and sometimes

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Little Rocket are one of seven labels, who have teamed up to co-release a Pulsebeat Vinyl Compilation. Our input is two unreleased tracks from Medictation & Roach Squad, featuring on vocals Dan Goatham from Spoilers, Graeme Philliskirk and Frankie Stubbs on guitar.
Compiled by Wayne Elliot who's punk radio show the album is named after. This is not released digitally.

OAKHEARTS
Limited Edition Digipak CD

Oakhearts are from Montreal, Québec. This is their stunning debut album.
The album has been co-produced, engineered and mixed in Montreal at BBR studio by Ryan Battistuzzi (Malajube, We Are Wolves, Medictation, Yesterday's Ring) and mastered by Dan Coutant (Jawbox, Forgetters, War on Women, Coliseum) at his New York State Sun Room studio.

SPOILERS
North American Edition
ROUNDABOUTS

Spoilers play pop punk grounded in a tight melodic hardcore tradition. To do this by mix catchy vocal melodies with riffs that wouldn't be out of place in the early Snuff period and the energy they exert could easily be compared to the combination of China Drum and Gorilla Biscuits in a fist fight with Osker.
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QUESTION THE MARK
Limited Edition Coloured 7" Vinyl

Welsh punks Question The Mark mix the traditional bearded punk of Hot Water Music/ Leatherface/Banner Pilot with a healthy dose of rock'n'roll guitar pyrotechnics and distinctive Welsh cynicism.
QTM are masters of their bleak yet buoyant craft.

M E A N
C A E S A R

Mean Caesar's debut EP deals with London's darker side and personal loss, attaining nosebleed-reaching dimensions. The band proves their punk mastery while retaining all of their raw, buzzed-out power.
Limited Edition Black Vinyl One Side Screenprinted with Yellow Logo.

LOST AVENUE
Limited Edition Black Splatter on White Vinyl
FEARS

Lost Avenue, a three piece indie punk band from Northern Ireland, are a powerhouse of an outfit, with distinctive vocals, throwing out memorable firebrand songs that are laced with great melodies. A band consistently on tour they have shared the stage with Ducking Punches, The Murderburgers, DOA, Billy Liar, and Lucinda Livingstone (Kamikaze Girls).

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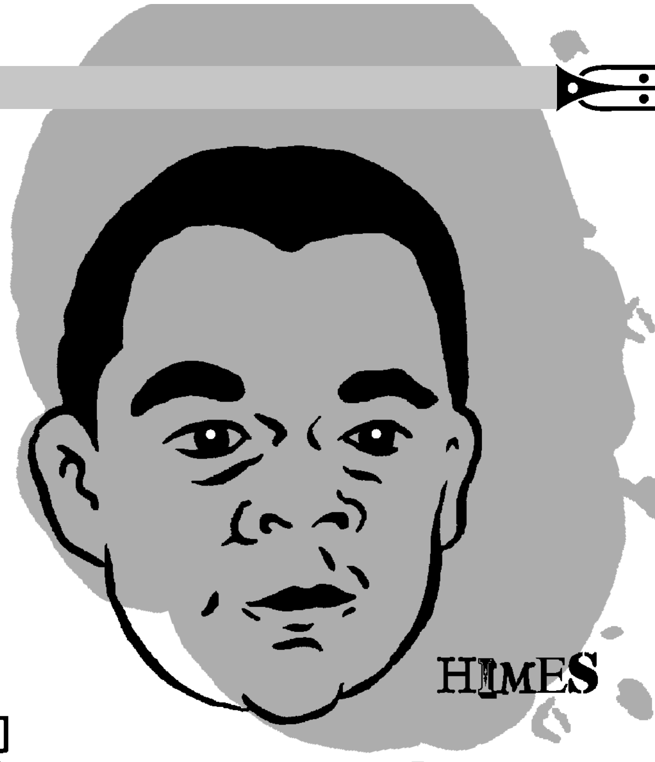
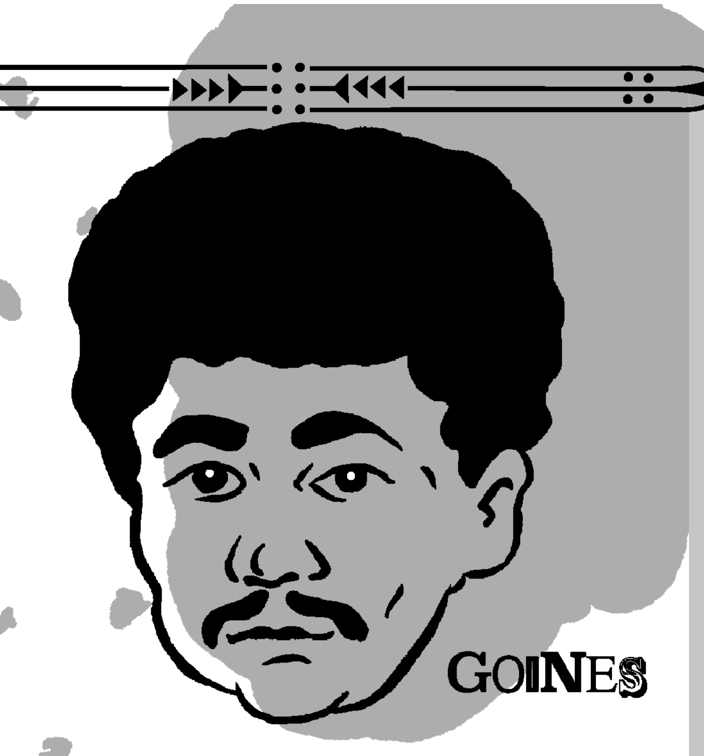




> **_If He Hollers Let Him Go_ by Chester Himes is one of the greatest novels ever written.** Donald Goines borrowed plots from criminals he knew. They didn't like it. One of them shot him dead at his desk.

fictionalizing what was a largely autobiographical novel called *If He Hollers Let Him Go*. It's one of the greatest novels ever written. It should have brought him fame and wealth. Instead, he made just enough money off his fiction to scrape by and keep at it for the next few decades.

One day in the 1950s, Himes was at his wit's end. He was in Paris, broke, out of prospects, and desperate. He was visiting a guy named Marcel Duhamel. Duhamel had translated the French version of *If He Hollers*. Himes asked if he'd translate some more recent work. Duhamel said no. He was editing a series of books called *Serie Noir*. Duhamel told Himes to write a crime novel for him. Himes said he didn't know how to write crime. Duhamel told him, it's easy. Start with a body and find the murderer. Write pictures in words for 220 typed pages. Himes said he didn't have money for paper. Duhamel gave him about a hundred dollars to get started.

A few months later, Himes produced a novel originally published as *For Love of Imabelle* but now known as *A Rage in Harlem*. It's an intense, wild ride following a con woman, a dupe, and escalating corruption. Two detectives, Gravedigger Jones and Coffin Ed Johnson, are on the case. It's the first of eight Coffin Ed and Gravedigger books. In these books, Himes creates a Harlem that never really existed, but provides a platform for Himes to explore all the issues of race and class that publishers weren't open to him exploring in his more "literary" titles. Any of the Harlem series are worth checking out. My favorites are *A Rage in Harlem*, *The Crazy Kill*, and *Cotton Comes to Harlem*.

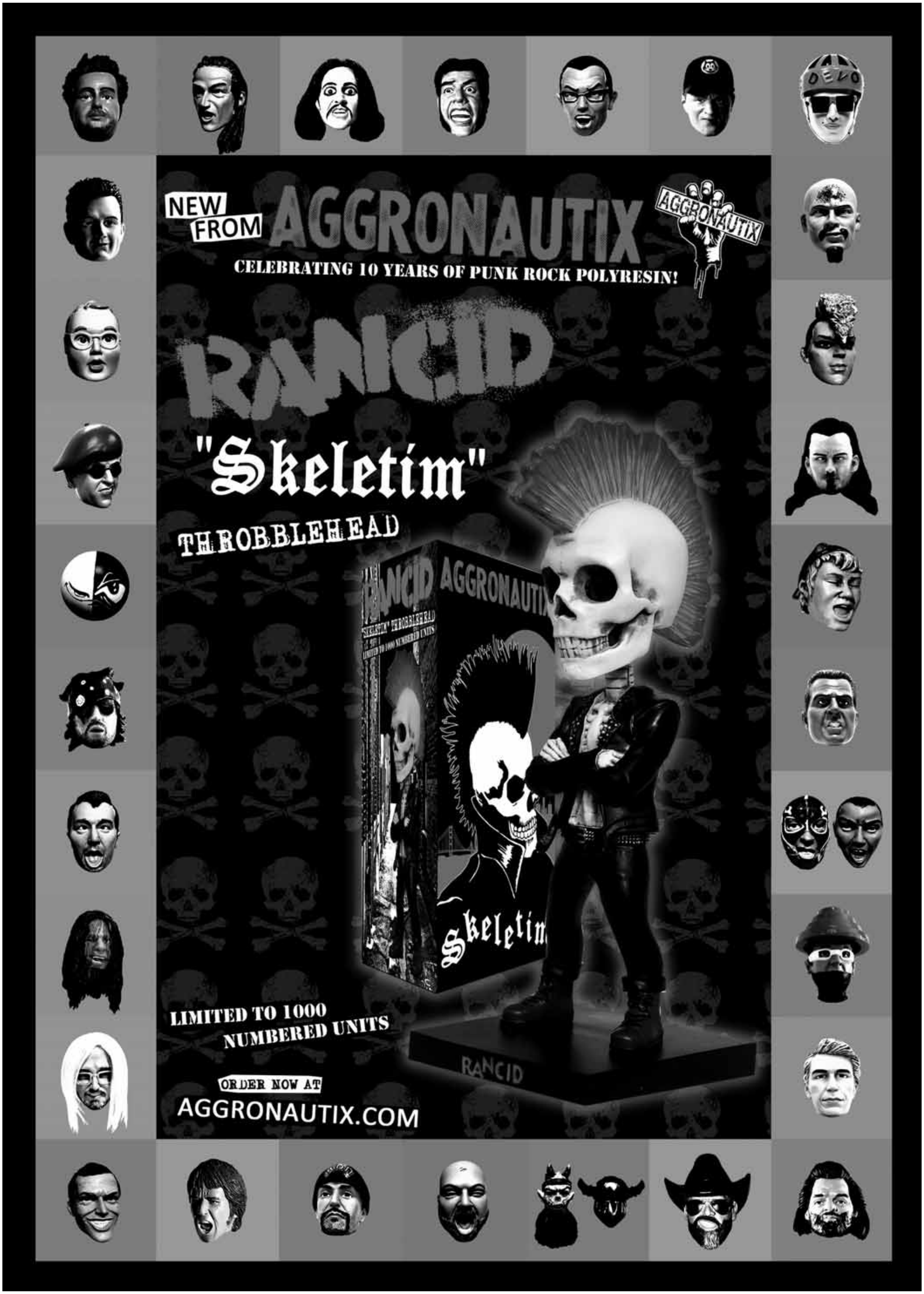
Himes wasn't the first or only black man to come to writing crime novels in prison. Iceberg Slim famously wrote his autobiographical novels during his pimp years while serving time. Donald Goines wrote crime novels about his own crimes while in prison. When he got out, he started cranking out sometimes three or four novels a year, writing his way into a law-abiding life. The only problem is, he borrowed plots from criminals he knew. They didn't like it. One of them shot him dead at his desk. The novels he left behind, especially *Daddy Cool*, are a gift to us all.

On the contemporary side of things, Walter Mosley still seems to be cranking out a book or two a year. His most famous (and first) is *Devil in a Blue Dress*. Reading *Devil in a Blue Dress* after reading *If He Hollers Let Him Go* shows what a huge debt Mosley owes to Himes. *Devil in a Blue Dress* is set in the same time period and geographical region as *If He Hollers*. Mosley's protagonist, Easy Rawlins, works the same kind of job as Himes's protagonist, Bob Jones, and really could be Bob Jones's twin. Reading Mosley after reading Himes is kind of like listening to Teenage Bottlerocket after listening to the Ramones. You see where they get it from, but still, it's good shit. I don't care how referential it is, as long it's done well. Mosley does it well.

5

With the exception of Mosley and Gifford, who's still writing, everyone else I've mentioned was writing fifty to a hundred years ago. This shouldn't give the impression that noir is dead. Like punk rock itself, people tend to focus on the early years of the genre and ignore all the amazing and diverse stuff that's happening today. But rest assured, there are amazing writers coming out with noir novels that expand the genre in directions that Hammett, Cain, and Chandler never touched. Perhaps the Godmother of these writers is Megan Abbott.

About fifteen years ago, Abbott was a graduate student studying masculinity in the early noir writers I've mentioned here. To give herself a break from her dissertation and the overwhelming masculinity of it, she wrote a novel of her own called *Queenpin*. It's a rewriting of *The Glass Key*, but both the crime boss and the boss's second-in-command are women in *Queenpin*. This simple gender reversal opens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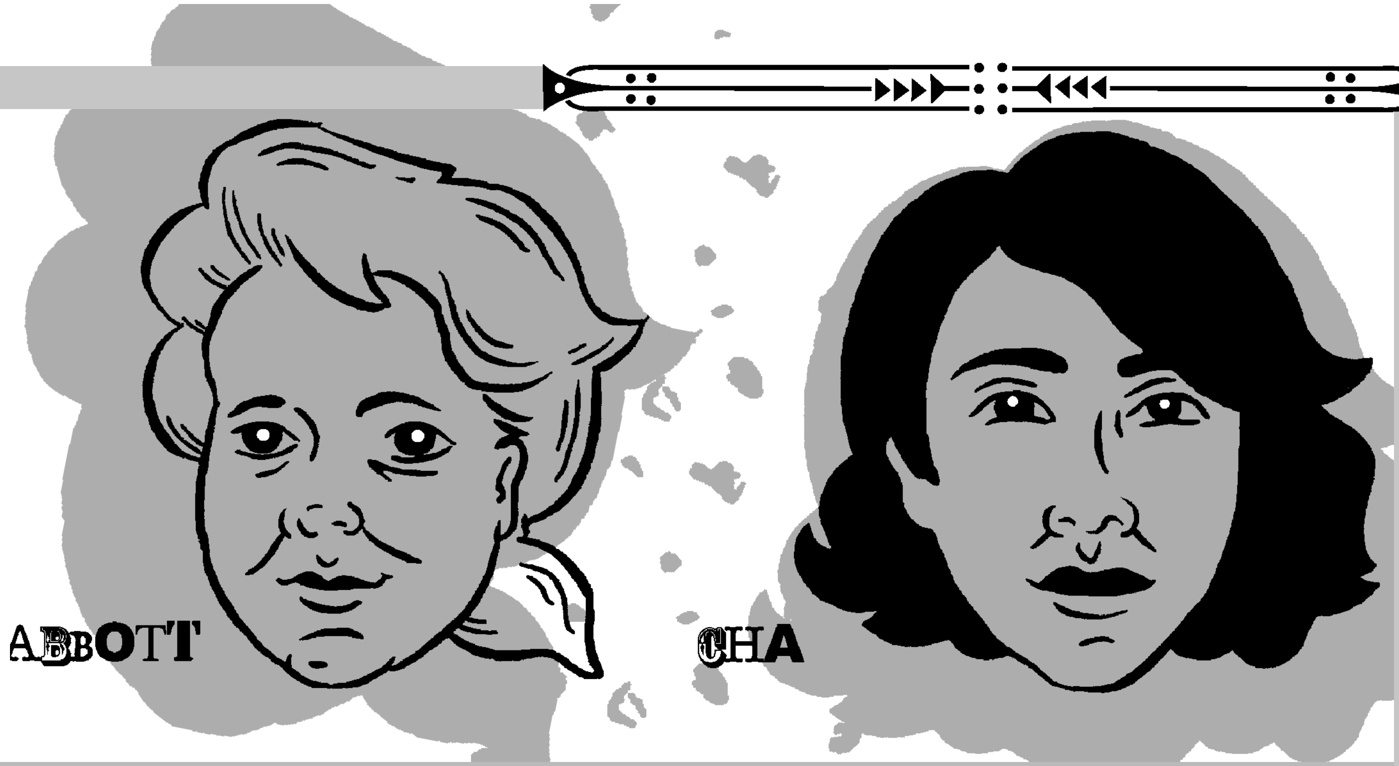


> If it seems like I'm focusing only on women when I talk about contemporary noir, it's because **most of the great noir being written today is being written by women.**

up whole new avenues for the genre. It's the first of four historical crime novels she wrote. The other three are *Bury Me Deep*, *The Song Is You*, and *Die a Little*. Pick any one. You won't be disappointed.

While Abbott was writing *Queenpin*, she befriended a clerk in a New York bookstore named Sara Gran. Gran was also a fan of early noir, and had written her own historical noir novel, *Dope*. The two worked together to promote each other. Gran built on the success of her early novels and started a series of crime novels featuring a detective named Claire DeWitt. Claire DeWitt comes out of the '80s New York punk scene, and she worships a missing French detective/philosopher who seems to be based the Situationist philosopher Guy Debord. Also, Claire gets really fucked up on drugs and alcohol. A lot. So much that her books tend to be almost as much about her decompensation as it is about her solving the crime. I always get to the end of the books more worried about Claire's bender than I am about the mystery. It's an amazing trick Gran pulls off again and again.

Southern California is still churning out great noir novelists, too. Steph Cha's Juniper Song series follows a young woman from Koreatown who loves Raymond Chandler and decides to be a detective when a buddy of hers gets into trouble. Like Marlowe, Song dives headfirst into the world of money and corruption that most of us never see. Unlike Marlowe, Song is refreshingly unprepared for what she sees. When people die, she mourns. When people attack her, she has to heal. It takes away any superhero aspects of the protagonist and makes her painfully human.

One of Cha's contemporaries is San Diego writer Lisa Brackmann. Brackmann's novels are unapologetically left-wing. The criminals are the rich, the higher echelons of government, white supremacists, and the like. Her heroes are all women. This may seem like a recipe for didactic books that are more concerned with spreading a political message than entertaining the reader. But no. Brackmann's novels are always first and foremost novels. They're faster paced, more enjoyable, and less political than your typical superhero movie. I recommend starting with *Getaway* or *Black Swan Rising*.

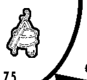
6

If it seems like I'm focusing only on women when I talk about contemporary noir, it's because most of the great noir being written today is being written by women. If I had more room, I'd talk about Denise Mina, Naomi Hirahara, Elizabeth Hand, Denise Hamilton, and Natsuo Kirino. Instead, I'll end this article with two more white men: me and Jim.

It would be too incestuous or arrogant for me to sing the praises of Jim and myself at the end here, so I won't. I do want to think back to us as two mostly-unpublished writers in 1994, sitting outside the student union, talking about crime and plotting to write our own crime novels. I want to tell those guys, "Good news. You'll pull it off." Because Jim wrote one of my favorite crime novels, *Forest of Fortune*, which came out in 2014. It's almost as good as the new one he's written, which is as-yet unpublished. I'm sure I'll be pushing it on everyone I know when it comes out in the next year or two.

As for me, my first three novels were all plotted around crimes, but they're not really crime novels. My new one is purely and unapologetically noir. I took Marcel Duhamel's advice to Chester Himes—start with a murder and solve it—and set it in '40s Los Angeles like so many of my favorite books. I took my own dive into the corruption of early Hollywood and midcentury psych hospitals. The novel is called *Dead Extra*. It comes out in May. Hopefully, it'll end up on your bookshelves with a handful of the ones I've recommended above.

Apologies to Shawn Kerri for shamelessly swiping her "Skankin' Kid" pose for my Skankin' Raymond Chandler. She's my punk rock cartooning hero; what can I say? –Brad Beshaw



TOP 5s

Andy Garcia

1. Murderer,
I Did It All for You LP
2. Fuga, *Sin Fronteras Sin Nación* EP
3. The Lindas, *8x9* CS
4. Gulch, *Burning Desire to Draw Last Breath* EP
5. *The Theta Girl*, directed by Christopher Bickel (movie)

Art Ettinger

- *Maximumrocknroll*’s final issues (zine). 2020 would have been my thirtieth year as an *MRR* reader. News of its demise is heartbreaking.
- Kepi Ghoulie & the Copyrights, *Re-Animation Festival* LP
- Fuerza Bruta, *Somos el Mal* 7”
- The Subjunctives,
Self-titled CDEP
- Natalie Sweet,
Oh by the Way… It’s LP

Bill Pinkel

- Alien Boy, *Sleeping Lessons* LP
- Surfbort, *Friendship Music* LP
- *Beastie Boys Book*
- Color TV, Self-titled LP
- Muncie Girls, *Fixed Ideals* LP

Candace Hansen

- Drug Church, *Cheer*
- Allen Ruppersberg, Intellectual Property 1968-2018 at the Hammer (art exhibit)
- Andrea Abi-Karam,
The Aftermath
- Depression shopping
- Empath, *Environments*

Chris Terry

Top 5 Books That Made Me Feel Like I Could Tell My Own Stories
- *White Boy Shuffle* by Paul Beatty
- *The Girl Who Fell from the Sky* by Heidi Durrow
- *Erasure* by Percival Everett
- *Incognegro* by Mat Johnson
- *Caucasia* by Danzy Senna

Craven Rock

1. *Exit Stage Left: The Snagglepuss Chronicles* by Mark Russel (graphic novel)
2. P.O.S, Rememberface, Onry Ozbourne at Crocodile
3. Ezra Furman,
Transangelic Exodus CD
4. *Wonderland*
by Samuel Ligon (book)
5. Seagulls, *“Dear John Letter” b/w “Foot, Meet Mouth”* 7”

Cynthia Pinedo

5 Things That Have Made This Winter Less Terrible
1. The Blink-155 podcast. Sam and Josiah are going through the entire Blink 182 discography and uncovering facts, conspiracy theories, and some of the best/mostly worst covers I’ve ever heard.
2. Jabber, *Forever*. I was sooo excited for this album to come out, and have been listening to it over and over. I love that the *Mean Girls* references carry on in “Caesar.”
3. Brave Hands, *To End All Worth*
4. The Beths,
Future Me Hates Me
5. Blink 182, *Dude Ranch*. This winter was a heavy Blink season.

Daryl Gussin

- S.B.F., *Same Beat Forever* LP
- Radon, *More of Their Lies* LP
- Bad Sports, *Constant Stimulation* LP
- Warthog, live at Zebulon, tie with Schizophonics, live at The Hi Hat, tie with The Dils, live at the Grand Star Jazz Club, tie with Notches, live at Golden Beat
- *The Bull Loving Truth*
by Ian Lawrence Campbell Swordy (book)

Designated Dale

Top 5 Songs That Resonate Now More Than Ever
1. “American Ruse” (MC5)
2. “Today Your Love, Tomorrow the World” (Ramones)
3. “Orgasmatron” (Motörhead)
4. “Stand”
(Sly & the Family Stone)
5. “Lies” (The Rolling Stones)

Eric Baskauskas

1. Opening an all-ages club
2. called X-Ray Arcade
3. in Milwaukee
4. with my friends!
5. Come party!

Jamaica Dyer

- *Mouthful of Birds* collection of bizarre short stories by Samanta Schweblin
- New Brother printer and feeling like you own your own Kinko’s at home
- Lou Reed’s *Transformer* on heavy rotation
- Daniel Levy’s sweater collection in *Schitt’s Creek*
- Quitting all your social media accounts and feeling as lonely as you did as a teenager

Jen Hitchcock

People to Avoid
1. *Infinite Jest* people.
2. The That Guy guy who loudly states he doesn’t want to be a That Guy guy.
3. “I hope I am not bothering you but...” people.
4. People who own ferrets.
5. Me, possibly...

Jimmy Alvarado

- Knowing Mike Guerrero
- Bloody Brains,
Our Band Sucks, Just Head at Cafe NELA, 1/11/19
- Just Head, La Tuya, Marriage Material, Torpedo Coffins at Cafe NELA 2/23/19
- Ditching cable TV
- *Pather Panchali*, film by Satyajit Ray

Joe Dana

Top 5 of Our Second Annual Razorcake Hearts Drinking Beer and Listening to Record Chili Cook Off
- Cindy Larimore won Best Chili and last year’s winner, Amanda Jones, won both People’s Choice and Second Place
- Our other competitors were Crazy Cow Productions, Terri Wahl from the Red Aunts, Rory Roach, and one of our DJs that evening, Nikki Nothing.
- Our celebrity judges were Justin Maurer (Clorox Girls, Maniac), Kasey Bomber (Angel City Roller Derby commentator and author), and Demorge Brown (Yacht Rock, Harmontown)
- Our other DJs were Samantha Beerhouse and Juan38. All three played kickass stuff.
- We’re at Footsies in Los Angeles the Second Saturday of every month from 5-10. Next Chili Cook Off will be January 2020

Juan Espinosa

- Kali Uchis, *Isolation* LP
- Lebenden Toten,
9 Shocks Terror, Warthog
live at the Echoplex
- Muro, *Ataque Hardcore Punk* 12”, tie with Vaaska,
Inocentes Condenados 7”
- The Dils, live
at Grand Star Jazz Club
- Shogun And The Sheets, “Hold On Kid” b/w “Pissing Blood” 7”

Kayla Greet

1. American Steel, Ramona, The Lippies, The Lillingtons, Canadian Rifle, and Larry Arms at The Bottom Lounge, Chicago
2. Lisa Marr and The Tranzmitors at El Corazon, Seattle Pop Punk Fest
3. Night Birds, Dead Bars, Criminal Code at Vera Project, Seattle
4. Pop Punk Dim Sum on my birthday with members of Sicko, Cub, and The Smugglers
5. “What is punk rock?” Razorcake on Jeopardy!

Quitting all your social media accounts and feeling as lonely as you did as a teenager

Kevin Dunn

1. Idles, *Joy as an Act of Resistance*
2. Viagra Boys, *Street Worms*
3. Big Joanie, *Sistahs*
4. Stiff Little Fingers, *Inflammable Material*
5. Stuart Bailie, *Trouble Songs* (book)

Kurt Morris

1. Ovlov, *TRU*
2. Deeper, Self-titled
3. Low, *Double Negative*
4. Silver Jews, *American Water*
5. Julie Doiron & The Wooden Stars, Self-titled

Mark Twistworthy

- Guided By Voices, *Zeppelin Over China* 2 x LP
- Spinanes, *Manos* LP re-issue
- Toys That Kill / Iron Chic, Split LP
- Maniac, *Dead Dance Club* LP
- Heater, *Temporary Power* EP

Martin Wong

1. Save Music In Chinatown 17 with The Alley Cats, Rhino 39, Neko Neko (w/Hector from The Zeros), DJ Lisa Fancher (Frontier Records), and The Dils' first set in forty years. It was our most jam-packed-with-friends-and-family all-ages matinee fundraiser for Castelar Elementary's music program yet, and an epic tribute to the historic neighborhood's punk rock past.
2. The city of Los Angeles standing with teachers during UTLA strike. Support excellent, equitable education for all and stop the union-busting privatizers!
3. The city of Rome, including all the tourist spots plus Capuchin Crypts, Cinecittà, and Largo di Torre Argentina ruins and cat sanctuary, and Suz.
4. Flesh Eaters at Amoeba and The Echoplex. What a treat to see the stellar lineup twice in the band's hometown. And Mudhoney!
5. Grassroots organizing for an underserved community or education is one thing, but getting involved in electoral politics is something else. Thanks to Best Coast, Money Mark, and Justin Maurer for joining The Linda Lindas and Phews at our Jackie Goldberg for School Board benefit.

Matt Average

- Various Artists, *Trouble with a Capital T* LP
- *Burning Down the Haus*, Tim Mohr (book)
- Debris, *Static Disposal* LP
- *The Spook Who Sat By the Door* (movie)
- Ilitch, *Periodik Mindtrouble* LP

Mike Faloon

1. Character Actor, Self-titled 7"
2. Night Birds, *Roll Credits* LP
3. Keeanga-Ymahtta Taylor, *How We Get Free: Black Feminism and the Combahee River Collective* (book)
4. Toys That Kill/Iron Chic, Split LP
5. Kamasi Washington, *Heaven and Earth* 4 x LP

Mike Fournier

- *Beastie Boys Book*
- *Fluke* #16
- *Visualizing The History of Fugazi* (zine)
- Strange Passage, *Shouldn't Be Too Long* LP
- Angry Cougars, *Stay in Your Lane!* EP

Mike Frame

- The Crabs, *Jackpok* CD
- *Turned Out a Punk* (podcast)
- *House of Tomorrow* (movie)
- Ben Hamper, *Rivethead,* (book)
- The Hangmen, live in Fort Collins

DJ Naked Rob
Radio Valencia 87.9FM | S.F.C.A.

1. The Cavemen, *Low Life* 7" | New Zealand rocks
2. The Old Firm Casuals, *Holger Danske* | S.F. Bay Area punk
3. Video Filth, *Hypnosis* | Boston hardcore
4. Ils, *Pain Don't Hurt* | PDX noise rock
5. These Bastards, *Old and Pissed* 7" | S.F. hardcore

Ollie Mikse

More Great Albums of 2018

- Kurt Vile, *Bottle It in*
- Lemuria, *Recreational Hate*
- Speedy Ortiz, *Twerp Verse*
- Fucked Up, *Dose Your Dreams*
- Dog Party, *Hit and Run*

Paul Silver

1. Hot Snakes at The Casbah, San Diego
2. Band Argument, *Patchwork* EP
3. Van Dammes, *Risky Business* EP
4. John Cougar Concentration Camp, Tiltwheel at The Ken Club, San Diego
5. Good Shade, *Way Out* LP

Replay Dave

- Vacation, *Mouth Sounds* LP
- Full Sun, *Thinking About It* LP
- Lungfish, *Unanimous Hour* LP
- Isaac Hayes, *Live at the Sahara Tahoe* 2 x LP
- Mudsex / Bucket Flush 7"

Rich Cocksedge

- Vidro, *Allt Brinner* LP
- Airstream Futures and Mean Caesar live at The Cavern, Exeter
- Acquiring a ticket to see Newport County vs. Manchester City in the FA Cup 5th Round, 16 Feb. 2019
- Alien Boys, *Night Danger* LP
- Mal-Humorats, *Herència Ofegada* CD

Rick V.

Top Five New Thangs

1. Cobra Man, *Toxic Planet*. L.A. disco synth that embarrasses me.
2. Durruti, *Nuestro Lema*. Ska punk from Chile.
3. TMBG, *The Escape Team*. First good one in a while.
4. Mitch Clem, *Nothing Nice to Say Discography*. Jokes hold up!
5. Monster Boy And The Cursed Kingdom. (New Wonder Boy game.)

Sean Arenas

- Cursive, *Vitriola* CD
- Christophe Sourice, *La Crise* 7"
- Pelican Vision, *Vocation* 12" EP
- *Horror Noire* by Xavier Burgin (documentary)
- *Climax* by Gaspar Noé (film)

Sean Koepenick

Highly Anticipated Spring/ Summer Shows

1. The Proletariat/Moving Targets, Somerville, Mass., 4/27
2. The Flesh Eaters and Porcupine (with Greg Norton), Boston, 3/14
3. Jawbox, Cambridge, Mass., 6/14
4. The Undertones, Somerville, 5/24
5. Swervedriver, Boston, 3/27

Tim Brooks

- Fuerza Bruta, *Verdugo* 12"
- Bootlicker, *Who Do You Serve* EP
- Vaaska, *Inocentes Condenados* EP
- Vanity, *Evening Entertainment* LP
- Carbonas, *Your Moral Superiors* 2 x LP

Toby Tober

Top 5 Movies I Have Recently Enjoyed

1. *Turn It Around: The Story of East Bay Punk*
2. *Blaze* (2018)
3. *Minding the Gap*
4. *Sicilian Ghost Story*
5. *The Man Who Killed Hitler and Then the Bigfoot*

Todd Taylor

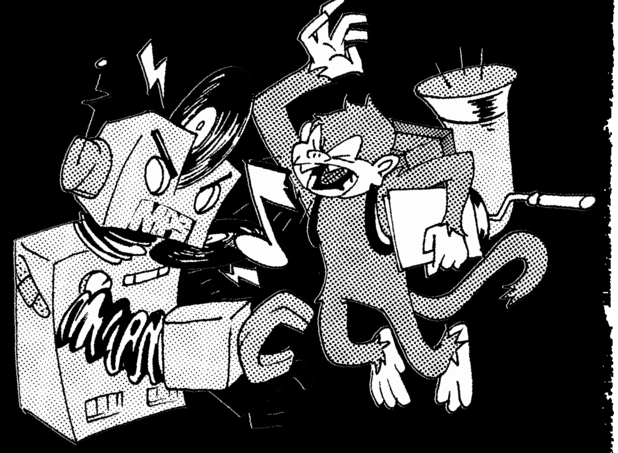
- The Dils, feat. Eloise Wong during "Class War," live at the Grand Star Jazz Club
- Spiritual Cramp, *Television* LP
- Sick Thoughts, Self-titled LP
- Fashionism, *Smash Singles* LP
- *Claire DeWitt and the Bohemian Highway* (book) by Sara Gran tie with *The Shock Doctrine* by Naomi Klein (book)
- CRIM, *Pare Nostre Que Esteu a l'Infern* LP

Ty Stranglehold

Top 5 Recent Shows

1. Toys That Kill and Clown Sounds flying into Victoria to play my birthday.
2. Night Birds, Chain Whip, and Sore Points in Vancouver
3. Neighborhood Brats, Crom/ Dam and Jesus Ppl. in Victoria
4. Lucky Boys and Arch Enemies in Seattle
5. Ramores, Deathtime, and Chain Whip in Victoria

RECORD REVIEWS



When they're singing "I want to give up" over and over, it somehow seems hopeful.

–Emma Alice Johnson

DIGITAL LEATHER, *Headache Heaven* CS

ANGRY COUGARS, THE:
***Stay in Your Lane E.P.:* 7"**

Columbus's most destructive five-piece is back with another banger. Singer Betty Machete growls and shrieks as the Cougars chug through three originals and a cover of "I Got a Right." Funny that they mention lanes in the title, because these cats are in the fast lane down at the track where Zeke and the Dwarves and Motörhead do all their drag racing. Limited to a hundred copies which are probably gone by the time you read this—and for good reason, because the Angry Cougars blow pretty much everyone off the stage. –Michael T. Fournier (H-Bomb)

AR-KAICS: *In This Time:* LP

You can often tell when a band formed longing for the structure and image of genre. There will always be the surf band thinking the sound is in the amps, the grind band thinking the sound in the speed, the ska band compiled of skinheads whose parents wouldn't let them dye their hair. Richmond, Va.'s The Ar-Kaics recreate a glorious, mid-sixties cave-stomp howl without losing themselves in excessive amp hunting and lazy song writing. The band honed their overdriven jangle releasing several singles since 2014. *In This Time* is a thoughtful album with solid hooks and more of the ratchety guitar grinding exemplified in their early singles. The album kicks off with "Don't Go with Him," a song with looming minor chord play and a catchy chorus. The album moves seamlessly into "Some People" featuring a hop beat and a vocal harmony that would be at home on a classic Kinks record. The album continues in this manner: inspired by the best '60s sensibilities while maintaining a fresh outlook with relatable choruses and bouts of overdriven mayhem. The artwork was produced by Washington D.C.'s enigmatic Mingering Mike, whose invented album covers for made-up music projects in the '60s became the subject of a book and distinctive art career. The artwork helps the album into an orbit destined to be a classic for fans of the new old. –Billups Allen (Wick)

ATTERKOP: *Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking:* LP

The last time I listened to Atterkop I was left with little that lingered positively in my memory. It wasn't bad but it didn't strike the right chord with me. This, the band's second album, is a different proposition and it veers away from the ska-influenced elements that were prevalent on the preceding long player. In fact, it sounds like a very different band indeed. There is a more expansive hardcore/post-hardcore sound at times with a more mid-tempo pace in general, creating an altogether more intriguing and enjoyable listen. My highlight is the track "I See You," with lyrics and additional vocals provided by Bridget Hart, a track which attacks male-orientated punk scenes and delivered via a tsunami of rage. It's a powerful song, with some excellent vocals from Hart who conveys the message perfectly. Good stuff all round. –Rich Cocksedge (Pumpkin)

BABY GRANDE: Self-titled: LP

The cover sticker hails Baby Grande as Australia's glam-to-proto-punk missing link. I'm no expert on that topic, but I can certainly take their word for it. This LP is the first release of twelve long-lost tracks that could just as easily have been shuffled away into total obscurity. True to the sticker, Baby Grande exist somewhere between stompy, swaggery hard rock and something more glittery and swirly. Strong Bowie/Mott The Hoople influence throughout—there's a pretty funny "All The Young Dudes" rip-off right in the middle of one of the first songs. Meanwhile, tracks like "Pure, White, and Deadly" could pair seamlessly with Cock Sparrer at their most rock'n'roll (see: "Platinum Blonde"). Pretty cool, especially for the rock historian types. –Indiana Laub (HoZac)

BABY'S BLOOD: Self-titled: 7" EP

The tagline on this band's Bandcamp site is "negative punk returns" followed by a Finnish vulgarity and that's basically what you need to know. Straight from Finland (but maybe U.S. ex-pats), classic punk influence, shirtless men with leather vests, lyrics about hating everyone around you, killing cops, struggling with depression, and suicidal thoughts. I guess it's good to know that some of the core tenets of early punk are not only alive and well but can still be played in under two minutes, but when is the replication of the thing a good extension of the thing itself and when is it just an echo? Honestly, I don't really even care enough to answer my own question and I doubt these dudes do either. –Theresa W. (Blast Of Silence / Neck Chop)

BAD SLEEP: Self-titled: LP

Surprise, surprise. Bad Sleep gives the world another super pretty record. This one is somehow more hazy than the last! It's as if they've been listening to nothing but Jesus And Mary Chain, My Bloody Valentine, and D4. 'Cus don't you worry, there's a strong sense of punk in the midst of this shoegazey pop dreamscape. It's not overtly fuzzy, just a little blurred at the edges. I love the tone of the vocals over their wonderful melodies. This record certainly encourages the opposite of bad sleep and is quite pleasant. –Kayla Greet (Specialist Subject/ Square Of Opposition / Stupid Bag)

BLAHA: *Survival Climb:* CS

Let me put my bias right to the forefront: Mike and Jim Blaha can do no wrong. Whether it's with their main attraction, The Blind Shake, or any number of their other projects, they're all wildly well done. Blaha, Mike's current focus, is a real treat. Following up their Slovenly 7", this full-length cassette is nothing short of great. While not exactly like The Blind Shake, it's nevertheless similar in that it's not far from the fuzzy/catchy garage meets slightly spacey post-punk. This could fit right in alongside any modern day In The Red or Castleface Records release; it's that good. Here's hoping it comes out on vinyl. –Steve Adamyk (No Coast, nocoastrecordings.bandcamp.com)

BLANKZ, THE: *It's a Breakdown:* 7"

I've been seeing the name of this band pop up quite a bit recently so it was a welcome opportunity to finally get to hear them. Spazzy new wave crashing into poppy punk is on display here and done quite well. Very reminiscent of early 2000s Dirtnap and would have fit perfectly on a bill with The Epoxies and The Briefs. Deluxe packaging with 3-D artwork and glasses to view it with. Good stuff! –Mike Frame (Slope)

BLOOD BLUSH: *Trust:* CS

I'm super into this bite-sized, four-song cassette by New York darkwave trio Blood Blush. *Trust* perfectly straddles the line between drama and chill, with disarmingly beautiful melodies delicately traipsing on top of a relentlessly thudding rhythm section. Sounding kind of like a mesh of Interpol and Bauhaus, this post-punk outfit makes me wanna paint the world black. It's past Christmas, but you should still buy a copy to stuff in an unsuspecting friend's sock. Do your part—Make America Goth Again. –Simone Carter (Flesh & Bone, fleshandbonerecords@gmail.com, fleshandbonerecords.com)

BOSS: *"Steel Box" b/w "I'm the Dog (Of Your Dreams)":* 7"

If you still believe in the healing power of late-'70s-style glam, Boss's first two-song single is an excellent launch for a band to look out for. "Steel Box" is a glam punk gem with added edge of Johnny Thunders-inspired guitar and swagger. "I'm the Dog" moves at a faster, punk'n'roll pace. There's a catchy chorus and the guitar solo bites right into gear. This is gonna be one to have. –Billups Allen (Goner)

BRAVE HANDS: *To End All Worth:* LP

I haven't been excited by a new (to me) band all winter, so Portland's Brave Hands shook the stale, static, crisp air and brought in some great energy for the new year with their debut album. This trio plays unapologetic, heartfelt, fast-paced melodic punk at its finest, and every song had me excited for the next.

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LP from David Quinton
80's power-pop from Canada, unreleased material

SMR025
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This album is something that will make for the perfect summer late night drives home, screaming along at the top of your lungs with utmost sincerity and deep feelings for the lyrics. You know what I am talking about, and this album has it. Go get it. –Cynthia Pinedo (Salinas)

BRENDAN KELLY AND THE WANDERING BIRDS: *Keep Walkin' Pal:* CD
All I can really say is… wow. I was a Lawrence Arms fan, but being unfamiliar with Brendan Kelly's solo output so far, this isn't exactly what I'd expected. Sure, it's him alright, but this is a full-blown pop record. In an Americana, country, rock, electronic... way. Have I lost you yet? Good. Seriously, it's all over the map, but somehow it works, in that I wouldn't be surprised if I heard it on traditional mainstream radio. If you paired Lawrence Arms with more acoustic/country elements, electro pop add-ins, with even more humour than Lawrence Arms records, this would be the result. It honestly sounds a lot like the Supersuckers at times, at least lyrically/vocally. I'm not sure if he's touring on this (I imagine so), but it'd be interesting to see how he'd pull this off live. If you're a Larry Arms fan, you need to hear this. –Steve Adamyk (Red Scare, redscare.com)

BRUTAL BIRTHDAY: *Commotion:* 7"
These Italians know how to thrash with the best of them. Listening to *Commotion* conjured up a weird mental image for me: a saliva-drenched lollipop laying in a gigantic, active ant pile. Don't know why, exactly. Maybe it's the filthy production mixed with the punchy two-minute-and-under hate songs. This trash punk may be devoid of nutrients, but it's sure to satisfy your junk craving. I highly suggest you throw down some coin for this sweet 7". –Simone Carter (Total Punk, floridasdyingrecords@gmail.com, floridasdying.com)

BUD BRONSON & THE GOOD TIMERS / BENCHMARKS: Split: CS
This is Motorcycle Potluck's third release, a split cassette single in collaboration with the label Snappy Little Numbers, featuring Denver's Bud Bronson & The Good Timers, and Nashville's Benchmarks. I dug the epic guitar work on the Bud Bronson track "Back to the Womb," but was not totally enamored with the vocals. The Benchmarks track "The Good Fight," didn't do anything for me, but I can see it appealing to the crowd who loved this year's Super Bowl halftime show. –Paul J. Comeau (Motorcycle Potluck, jerks@motorcyclepotluck.com)

BUZZCOCKS: *Another Music in a Different Kitchen:* CD
As I write this, it has only been a month since the untimely passing of the Buzzcocks' lead vocalist and co-founder Pete Shelley. A reissue of this seminal debut album was announced for a January 2019 release which now also serves as a tribute since the beloved Shelley died before the release date. While there's nothing new to report on about the album's physical contents (artwork and track listing are all the same as previous issues) the impact and legacy of this record is as significant today as it was forty years ago. It is still the blueprint for what would later be known as "pop punk" and I dare anyone from Sum 41 to Radioactivity to say that this album or band has not in some way influenced their sound. Hell, even hardcore bands like Gorilla Biscuits and SSD have paid tribute to the Buzzcocks. The tracks on *Another Music*… include several of their best known hits such as "I Don't Mind," "Autonomy," and "Fast Cars," some of which were previously released as singles, which I'm sure helped assert the record buyer a surefire bet that the album was well worth the cost. The palate cleansing "Moving away from the Pulse Beat" is a great way to wrap up an album that had us pogo-ing all over the place from the start. Perhaps the closing lyrics to "Sixteen Again" best summarize where music was at the time and Shelley and co.'s frustration with not really fitting in anywhere: "I hate modern music, disco, boogie, and pop. They go on and on, how I wish they would stop!" I'll never stop spinning Buzzcocks records. Thanks for the music, Pete. –Juan Espinosa (Domino, dominorecordco.com)

BUZZCOCKS: *Love Bites:* CD
This is my favorite Buzzcocks record—a masterpiece from start to finish. With the new fortieth anniversary re-issue of this, their amazing second LP from 1978, there's a nice new remastering job and some fresh new liner notes to look at alongside this absolute monster of a record. Buzzcocks paired their trademarked buzzsaw punk guitar sound with devastatingly smart and masterfully crafted pop melodies to create an absolutely essential album that anyone worth their weight in safety pins should own and be intimately familiar with. I wish I didn't love this record already so I could hear it again for the first time and fall in love with it all over again. Essential. –Mark Twistworthy (Domino)

CARVELS NYC, THE: *Life Is Not a Waiting Room:* 7"
Fun, sax-laden rock'n'roll. I love how seamlessly the sax work is

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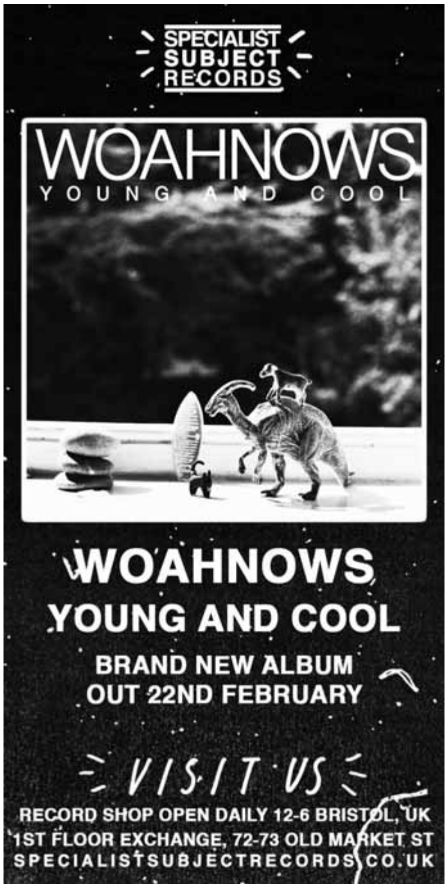
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integrated into these songs. All too often, a band will throw some sax into the mix but it's just frosting haphazardly smeared on top. Here, it's baked into the cake, an essential ingredient. This band is led by singer/guitarist Lynne Von Pang, who led a band called Trick Babys back in the Go-Kart Records days a couple decades ago. I thought they were pretty rad so it's nice to hear her again. Her voice is absolutely perfect for this type of rock'n'roll—powerful and wild. I'm looking forward to a full length. –Emma Alice Johnson (Tarbeach, tarbeachmusic.com)

CASSUS: *Separation Anxiety:* LP
I've held a strict no-screamo stance since I got over my teenage scene phase, but this band fucking shreds. Cassus has restored my faith in the genre with their latest release, *Separation Anxiety*. A slick booklet pairs each song's lyrics with a colorful abstract painting, turning listening to this album into an all-encompassing experience. This LP reminds me more of Converge or Botch than Underoath, which for me is a positive. I just wish these guys had been around when I was in high school so I could have been spared the shame of being a From First To Last fangirl. Major props to Cassus for making me a born-again believer. –Simone Carter (IFB)

CELEBRITY HANDSHAKE: *Political Future:* 7"
This Celebrity Handshake 7" can't be described as easy listening. There's not much tethering *Political Future* to a type of organized sound called "music," but random crashing symbols, a smattering of guitar serrations, and deranged vocal barks à la Screamin' Jay Hawkins could be construed as a kind of free-form, garage-steeped jazz. Even though I won't be going back for a (sober) second listen, I bet this out-there 7" would make Captain Beefheart proud. –Simone Carter (Eastern Prawn, easternprawn@gmail.com, easternprawn.com)

CHANDRA: *Transportation:* 2 x LP
Praise be to Telephone Explosion for not only making the collected Chandra EPs available again, but including two unreleased demos that only add to the feeling of total awe at the sounds of the tween genius and true punk, Chandra Oppenheim. These moments of post-punk and mutant disco—by way of a twelve-year-old raised in an intellectual free space and fascinated with mind control and inner fire, and two grown New York artists with an EP on John Cale's label—are somehow direct and psychedelic, the realest and surrealest, inviting comparisons to Yoko Ono and Lizzy Mercier-Descloux but standing as a singular expression. Sharp, strange, visionary, and completely essential. –Matt Werts (Telephone Explosion, telephoneexplosion.com)

CHEAP APPEAL: Self-titled: 7"
Members of Vacant State doing early Boston HC worship. The singer does a great Choke impression, but the songs don't have any of the melody that made early Slapshot so good. This is straight forward, stripped-down HC. For fans of the first Shipwrecked LP, Jerry's Kids, or Creem. –Ian Wise (Neon Taste, neontasterecords.bandcamp.com)

CHEAP NASTIES: Self-titled: LP
Well dang, here's some essential listening for ya. HoZac Archival just released, for the first time on vinyl, the 1977 self-titled demo from Perth's hidden gems, Cheap Nasties. Guitarist Kim Salmon mastered the prototypical primitive punk sound, with nothing to go off save what he'd read in *NME* magazine and his own imagination. This LP may be raw and scratchy as hell, but Cheap Nasties was highly influential during their brief heyday. I suggest you crank the volume on this bad boy, crack open a cold Foster's, and dance with reckless abandon in your living room. (I just did.) –Simone Carter (HoZac Archival, hozacrecords@gmail.com, hozacrecords.com)

CHRISTOPHE SOURICE: *La Crise:* 7"
If you have ever wondered what Jawbreaker would sound like if they sang in French, consider yourself one lucky duck. France's Christophe Sourice have nailed Blake Schwarzenbach's gravelly vocals and head-noddingly infectious guitar melodies on this two-song 7". Sure, they aren't breaking new ground, but they aren't fucking it up either. It might take me a Duolingo lesson (or two), but I plan on singing along eventually. –Sean Arenas (Slow Death, slow-death.org)

COLUMNA: *Las Cosas Que Perdemos:* LP
Largely mid-tempo rock/punk from Spain, courtesy of former members of Warsong. The songs have a dark edge to them that tempers the catchier aspects of some solid songwriting, with lyrics that touch on the political. Good listen, this. –Jimmy Alvarado (Dirt Cult)

COMBATANT: *Witness of Destruction:* LP
Speed and delivery of early d-beat is combined with the all-out attack of tough-as-nails East Coast hardcore. If you like to party around bonfires in the back of scrap yards while guzzling down copious amounts of cheap beer, this is definitely what you want blasting from the boombox. If you're racing a freight

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train in a Duster with the windows rolled down and a rabid Rottweiler in the back seat, this is definitely what you want on the stereo. Reckless riffs for the reckless wrecks. –Daryl (Not Like You)

COMPLICATORS, THE /
EMPIRE DOWN: Split: 7"
I mean, whatever. I feel like whenever I get stuff like this, I always say something like, "I'm sure this would be really cool for someone who is into x" and, in this case, x is straightforward, anthemic punk (it's usually that). It just isn't that exciting to listen to, but I've always felt that this genre of punk is probably more exciting to play anyways. Less melodic than Leatherface but with a similarly gravel-throated approach. –Theresa W. (Pirates Press)

CONTROL FREAKS, THE:
***"I Am Crime"* b/w *"Time's Up"*: 7"**
Super fun punk rock'n'roll—raw and catchy and so familiar. Male and female vocals trade off between ripping guitar solos for a real '70s garage feel; there's something guileless and sweet about how classic this sounds. Nothing new, but it does exactly what it came here to do. –Indiana Laub (Bachelor, info@bachelorrecords.com, bachelorrecords.com)

CONVENIENCE: Self-titled: 7" EP
Members of No Statik and Iron Lung deliver several short blasts of no-frills, full-bore thrash. They slow down three-quarters of the way through long enough to catch their breaths before again ratcheting up the velocity. Tight, pummeling, and on-point from tip to top. –Jimmy Alvarado (Iron Lung)

CREEP STARE: *Pain Game:* 7"
Burly, slightly-faster-than-midtempo USHC from this new Youth Attack band. Those familiar with the label know that they specialize in highly stylized hardcore that—despite a close attention to detail—tends to fall on the "no frills" side of the hardcore spectrum, which is a hard style to pull off. Everything, including the guitars and vocals, seems to be percussive. The mix focuses on the low-end, skirting the treble-y, early Dischord sound that defined "old school" hardcore just a few years ago. Everything shouts "simplicity," from the steady thud of the snare drum to the fractured rhythm of the lyrics. It's all offset by a slick sleeve/printed inner sleeve design that's modern, but in line with the aesthetics of the label more than it is with other examples of "modern HC." –Ian Wise (Youth Attack, ihateyouthattack.com)

CRUMB: *Community Service:* CS
I don't know what's up in Vancouver these days but there is a bumper crop of quality hardcore bands happening over there. To be clear, when I say hardcore I am not talking about basketball jersey wearing floor punchers. Just tough and angry. Sure, there are some metallic-sounding riffs cooked into the mix (something I'm not usually down with), but the throat-shredding, vitriol-injected vocals take the spotlight. I just found out that this release is posthumous. Damn, I bet they were great live. Thanks to Neon Taste for making sure this band didn't get lost to the sands of time. –Ty Stranglehold (Neon Taste, neontasterecords.bandcamp.com)

DEAD FRIENDS 46: *Hardcore:* CD
Circle-pit-ready hardcore punk by some old heads from Orange County, raging against this fucked-up world with songs about dead friends, broken homes, and more, plus Social D and Peter And The Test Tube Babies covers. Punk saved these guys and they play like their lives depend on it. –Chris Terry (deadfriends46.bandcamp.com)

DEWAERE: *Slot Logic:* LP
Definitely a head-scratcher, this one. A crazed outing from this French band, almost Ministry-esque music that's riff-heavy and dense and very well-produced, fronted by what sounds like either Gibby Haynes or Mike Patton doing his best work at running a game show or a pledge drive. Weird, challenging, confident, and hard to latch on to, like if a rock band was commissioned to write circus music. Sounds like they're having a blast, whatever the hell it is they're doing. –Keith Rosson (Dewaere)

DIGITAL LEATHER:
***Headache Heaven:* CS**
If Guided By Voices had been really into electronic music, I imagine this is what their early recordings would have sounded like. This band has been doing this for well over a decade now. They've clearly refined their sound without cleaning up their sound, if that makes sense. It still has an intimate vibe, but everything is right where it should be. Even when the lyrics may seem like a downer, there's still a brightness to the proceedings. When they're singing "I want to give up" over and over, it somehow seems hopeful. If you're in the right way, you could probably even dance to this. –Emma Alice Johnson (No Coast, nocoastrecordings.bandcamp.com)

DISASTER JACKS: Self-titled: LP
This Spanish trio has the knack of writing and delivering lively punk

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rock that I find extremely infectious. With Angi's sharp guitar sound and gruff vocals—a tad reminiscent of Tim Armstrong—aided and abetted by Dave's effervescent bass and Marle's snappy drums, the whole package doesn't take its foot off the gas from start to finish. There are big choruses, perfect for singing along with. As I sit here writing this whilst listening to the album, I feel all fidgety as the music really is making my body want to nod, tap, or just randomly move my limbs in time with the music. A thoroughly enjoyable album. –Rich Cocksedge (Filferro, filferrorecords@gmail.com, filferro.bigcartel.com / Irrintzi Diskak, balenpues@yahoo.es / Cruzade, cruzaderecords@gmail.com, cruzaderecords.com)

DIVINE DIRT: *From the Underworld:* CD

Sounds on the first song that immediately feel super prog rock give me a bit of hesitation upon first listen. But then we are back in the punk realm with the second song that emits a Dead Kennedys vibe. The California vibe is strong here, even though the band is based in Oregon. But since it was recorded in the City of Angels, there are guest spots from Paul Roessler, Casey Royer and Rikk Agnew. "Howling at the Moon" reminds me of the Stooges in a cool way. The lyrics of "Thieves Dressed as Kings" are pure Spinal Tap. But I'm still willing to give these dudes a fair shake anyway. Solid. –Sean Koepenick (Self-released, dmoody41@hotmail.com)

DR. GHOST: *Look What You Created:* CS

Long Beach's Dr. Ghost is one of many bands featuring the prolific Wesley Richards, who runs the label Riot Ready and performs in all of the label's many bands. Dr. Ghost's songs are heavily influenced by Leftöver Crack, sans ska, but with the addition of persistent lead guitar lines. The tape is professionally pressed and has cool, fancy packaging. Some of the tracks are covers of tunes originally performed by the front man's other bands. Sincere and heartfelt, it's hard to not find Dr. Ghost charming. –Art Ettinger (Riot Ready)

DUCK AND COVER: *Rob Them Blind:* CDEP

The 411 on this mini-album is as follows—four brand new songs backed with a best of from previous releases. Not that you slept on their last records, right? Don't worry, all is forgiven. Duck And Cover play with tight guitar double leads, vocals that are melodic and engaging, and a rhythm section that pushes and pulls at all the right moments. For the new songs, I'll give "Live It Up" and "Vacancy" extra gold stars. I've previously sung the praises of "Stand Corrected," but let's do it again for good measure. It's rock that delivers, plus the cover features Reagan's severed head so you really can't go wrong. You need this. –Sean Koepenick (Rum Bar)

DUSK: *"The Pain of Loneliness (Goes On and On)" b/w "Go Easy": 7"*

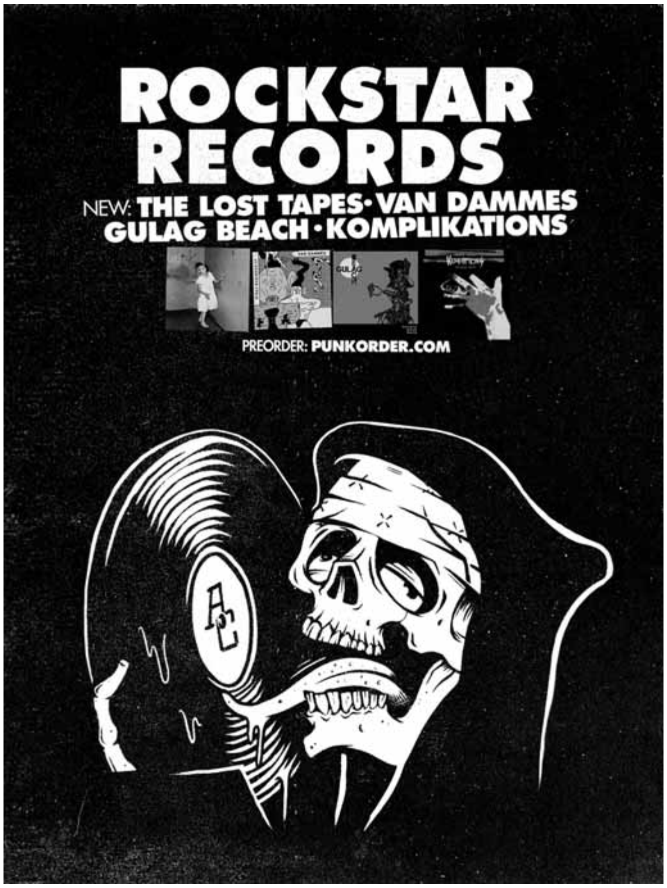
I love going into a record not knowing what to expect, and this 7" delivered a wonderful surprise. At first sound, the power pop opening has a country twang, and as the seconds continued to pass into opening song "The Pain of Loneliness (Goes On And On)," I realized that it sounded familiar, but in a very good way. The energetic mix of rock'n'roll, country, pop, soul, and R&B really grabbed my attention, and I needed to know more about who was making this happen. Wisconsin's Dusk is made up of several talented musicians, including members of Black Thumb, Ferals, Miserable Friend, and Tenement. This album has a slower Tenement vibe on the second song "Go Easy," and I really enjoyed the loud/quiet contrast of both songs. The trio of vocalists' Amos Pitsch, Tyler Ditter, and Julia Blair's harmonies blend together and complement each other so well. These impactful vocals are backed up by traditional instruments, and the addition of a Farfisa and Wurlitzer add extra dimension. Though two songs didn't seem like enough, they were perfectly done, and I can't wait to hear what they do next. –Cynthia Pinedo (Dirtnap)

EYES & EARS: *Burn It Down to the Ground: The Complete Recordings:* CS

This compilation collects all of the recordings of Eyes & Ears, a Denver power pop group with a relatively big range of garage stylings on offer in their recorded output. Sometimes catchy, sometimes grimy, and always tight, Eyes & Ears is the real deal when it comes to such things. A pet peeve of mine is when distortion is purely done in post, a common trait in this subgenre. I am happy to report that Eyes & Ears doesn't seem to be doing much tinkering in that regard, as these songs probably sound similar live to how they do here. The cassette itself is limited to one hundred copies pressed on neat bronze metallic tapes, with a download code included. Now is the time to snatch one up, before it's too late. –Art Ettinger (Snappy Little Numbers)

F. EMASCULATA: *Take Me Home:* CD

For information, F. Emasculata was the twenty-second episode of the second season of *The X-Files*.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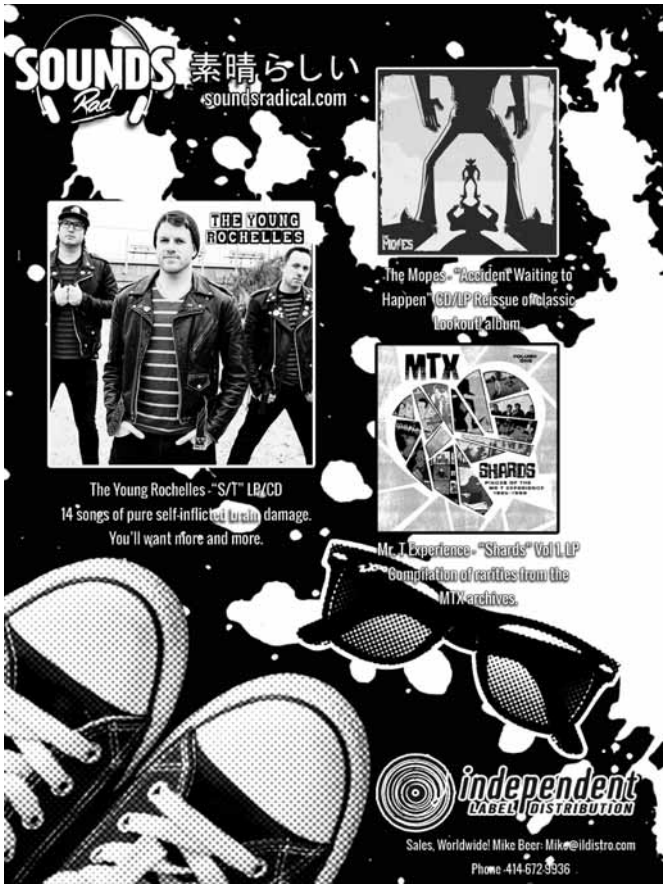
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It is also the name of the Cornish-based hardcore outfit which has a bit of a thing for that long running sci-fi series. This release features the band's previous two EPs, both remixed and remastered, plus its latest six-track EP. That adds up to twenty-five bursts of explosive hardcore with nods everywhere to the activities of Mulder, Scully, and little green men. I saw the band support M.D.C. back in 2015 and enjoyed its set, but this collection really does make me wonder why I haven't paid more attention to its existence. Although, by its own admission, with members also in Rash Decision and Swansong, time hasn't allowed F. Emasculata to be as active as one might have hoped. This is powerful and fun, plus an added bonus for me is confirmation that the band will be supporting War On Women in June, so I'll get to see it again. –Rich Cocksedge (Pumpkin, pumpkinrecords.co.uk)

FALSE CATHEDRALS: *No Map:* CS EP
Go figure, a band from Denver would sound a bit like All. There's absolutely nothing wrong with that. But don't let that fool you—this is a mid-2000s style post-emo, metallic pop punk. That was a bit of a mouthful, but hell, I like to be as accurate as possible. I hear everything from Circa Survive to Hatebreed, Mars Volta, and All. It's a ridiculously well produced debut. If those genres tickle your fancy, don't hesitate to grab it. Another solid release from Snappy Little Numbers. –Steve Adamyk (Snappy Little Numbers, snappylittlenumbers.com)

FEEDBAG: *A Star Is Born: Barbarian Streisand Sings Most Excellent Carpal Funk:* CS
PAF lo-fi hardcore insanity from Boston, peppered with RKL shreddage and lots of samples. Not bad, if you can make out what's happening. It's like listening in on a basement band practice, but from outside the house. So, I could be completely off base and this is actually Norwegian crusty black metal from 1989. Either way it's wild enough to be worth checking out. Favorite song: "Creatine Kids." –Chad Williams (Self-released, feedbaghatesyou.bandcamp.com)

FLAG OF DEMOCRACY: *Sound Defects:* CS
FOD (aka Flag Of Democracy) from Pennsylvania have been doing the punk thing since the early '80s without many accolades or recognition in all that time, so cheers to them for fighting the good fight. I am admittedly not well versed on FOD's accomplishments other than their songs on the *Tomorrow Will Be Worse Vol. 3* 7" set way back in 2002. What I took from that set of songs is that FOD do not take themselves seriously at all and that musically they can be all over the place. That's exactly what you get on this cassette: some pop punk songs, some Sesame Street and Monkees covers, a fun acoustic song that doesn't suck, and a few hardcore rippers. I doubt I'll be working my way backwards to see if I've missed anything worth seeking out from their extensive back catalog anytime soon, but for now I can honestly say that this is a fun little seven-song cassette that will appeal to fans and casual fans alike. –Juan Espinosa (SRA)

FLESH RAG: *Inside Your Mind:* LP
All hail Flesh Rag! Are you fan of rock'n'roll with guts, à la Saints, Stooges, and Lazy Cowgirls? Well, if so, you're going to want to drop what you're doing and check this record out. For those familiar with the band's earlier releases, there shouldn't be any surprises; *Inside Your Mind* rules. The band is also composed of members of TV Freaks, The Vapids, and the now-defunct Rocket Reducers (who put out another great LP you'll need to track down). Tracks on this album are slightly psychedelic and spacey at times, but it's still a high-octane rock record without anything corny. It's a ripper from start to finish, and you need it. –Steve Adamyk (Schizophrenic)

FLIGHT KAMIKAZE: *Going Down:* CS
The first release from Motorcycle Potluck, Flight Kamikaze offers four tracks on *Going Down*. The recording sounded a bit muddy to me, compared to other Motorcycle Potluck releases, with the whiney, yowling vocals being the most pronounced part of the mix. The track "Babyl On," had the best sound, and I think captured the essence of Flight Kamikaze better than the other tracks. While they didn't go down in flames on this mission, Flight Kamikaze didn't soar as high as some of their labelmates who I had the pleasure of hearing. –Paul J. Comeau (Motorcycle Potluck, jerks@motorcyclepotluck.com)

FRAPPÉS, LES / DRIP FEED: Split: 7" EP
Les Frappés: Gallop-speed hardcore from France. Both tracks evince modern sensibilities in the songwriting, primarily in that both strive for an anthemic feel with big, shouty choruses. Drip Feed: This Swedish band contributes another gallop-speed thrasher and a mid-tempo rager to the proceedings, both with a strong U.S. sensibility and English lyrics. –Jimmy Alvarado (Robin Lindquist)

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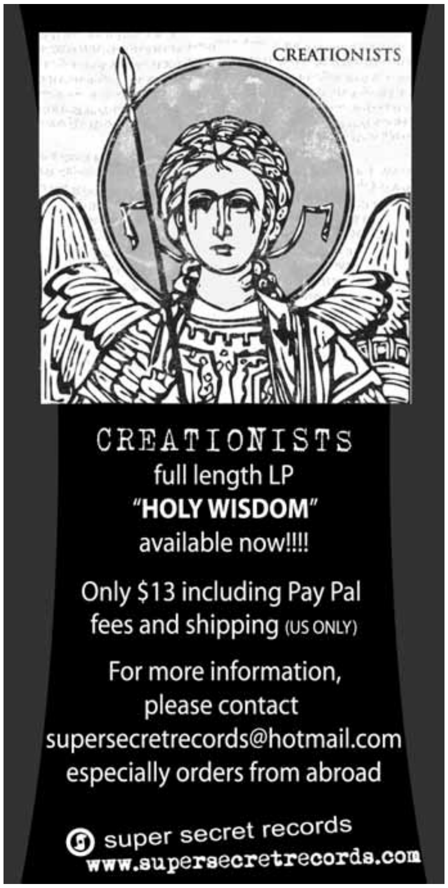

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FRENTE NORTE: *Demo 2:* CS
Holy shit: punk sung in Spanish from Ohio? I'm down. This is most certainly a demo in the truest sense, down to the hand drawn artwork, photocopied j card and the rough-around-the-edges self-recorded quality. The gruff vocals add a certain "bite," giving an oi quality to the music, which is admirably performed (guitar solos a-plenty) but compositionally rudimentary, leaving a lot to be desired. If this was a paper being graded by a peer then I'd have to give the music a C and the overall effort a B+, if only because there needs to be more Latinx punks in Toledo, Ohio for sure. –Juan Espinosa (Twin Oaks Tapes, frentenorte.bandcamp.com)

FUNCTIONAL CITIZENS, THE:
***Game Night:* CD**
Anemic lyrics over mediocre pop punk with a table top gaming theme. There are a couple of songs that jumped out at me ("The Enemy," "Never Coming Back") and that's because they were different than the rest. Those tracks in particular took a left turn from skate punky drumming and fairly standard chord progressions. I just wish they'd take more risks. Obviously, they know how to stay the middle of the road. Maybe check out the one with jagged rocks and orcs on it next time? This band is fine enough, but they're probably not going to be anyone's new favorite. That being said, there's nothing to hate about them either. Maybe their name sums it up; they're a functional band. Just a few guys blowing off steam after work, and that's totally okay. I'm neither under or overwhelmed by them. I'm just whelmed. –Kayla Greet (Smoking Cat)

GELD: *Soft Power:* 7"
D beat seems to be a genre that is done perpetuating itself and is now splitting off into an artier subset that drags out the noisy elements of the style, eschewing the "raging raw punk attack" label so often tacked onto the millions of black denim vest hordes that never quite learned how to play guitar. Iron Lung definitely brings attention to that style, and Geld are another great example of what can happen when people (ahem) stop being polite and start being real. Mid-boost, slightly driven bass, black metal vocals, noisy but jammy guitar parts that have more in common with bands from the Robotic Empire and Level Plane catalogs than they do with Discharge, Anti Cimex, or Aspects Of War. The songs are kind of all over the place, and while they don't always seem congruent, they are still presented behind the same pane of glass. It's an interesting, somewhat challenging record within the confines of the d beat genre. But that's a good thing. Exquisite packaging as always. –Ian Wise (Iron Lung)

GHETTO BLASTERS: *Hot Rocks:* 7"
A Rip Off Records-style killer from this Chattanooga band! Immediately brings the mighty Infections to mind and that is a great thing indeed. There's a bit of a Devil Dogs feel in places and the production is fantastic. Anyone longing for the glory days of the Problematics and the Illnesses will want to be all over this. Top shelf snotty punk insanity! –Mike Frame (Spazz)

GINO AND THE GOONS:
***She Was Crushed:* 7" EP**
Yet another 45 by these kids, who are apparently the current band du jour amongst the trash punk cognoscenti. The production this time 'round is a wee bit more polished, all things being relative, which gives the monster slabs of punk rockin' they kick down with here a sorta Controllers-meet-DMZ-meets-Ramones sheen. Another fuggin' stunner here. –Jimmy Alvarado (Slovenly, slovenly.com)

GIUDA: *"Number 10"*
***b/w "Crazee":* 7"**
I could have reviewed this one without even listening to it. I had the original version that came out back in 2010 and have followed the band regularly since. One can count on absolutely stunning junkshop glam rock from this now-legendary Italian band every time. Giuda are better than a lot of the bands they steal from and are incredible songwriters, managing to stay creative even within a well-worn template. Both songs here are rippers and are likely to be flipped over and played again and again. –Mike Frame (Got Kinda Lost, gotkindalost.com)

GLUE TRAPS: *Future Shocks:* CS
I absolutely love that feeling when you get something to review that you've never heard before and it fully kicks your ass in the first few seconds. Baltimore's Glue Traps just did that to me. If you follow my reviews at all, you know I can be very particular when it comes to hardcore. There is more out there that I don't like than I do. Glue Traps play hardcore punk exactly the way I want to hear it: scrappy and straight to the point. I would consider flying somewhere to see Glue Traps on a bill with Career Suicide. –Ty Stranglehold (Glue Traps, gluetraps.bandcamp.com)

GRADE 2: *Break the Routine:* LP
This is a reasonable load of "street punk"-inspired songs. *Break the Routine* is the band's second album. I'd like to hear the first

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album. This one suffers from being a little bit too well recorded for my taste. I'd like to hear it dirtied up. But the vocals and guitar chord intervals are reminiscent of The Business's best early albums. It's worth a listen for fans thereof. They're obviously committed. –Billups Allen (Pirates Press)

GRADE 2: *Mainstream View:* LP

This reissue of Grade 2 from Germany's *Mainstream View* EP contains bonus tracks from their other early singles to reach the running time of a full-length. Known for being extremely young when the band formed, Grade 2 won over hearts and ears when they blasted onto the scene five or so years ago with their beguiling brand of melodic oi. It's a co-release with the European label Demons Run Amok, with Pirates Press joyously making Grade 2 accessible stateside. As is tradition with the label, it's fancily pressed in a few different colors/versions. Grade 2 gets good grades from this shaven-headed record reviewer! –Art Ettinger (Pirates Press)

GREG ALLEN'S FRINGE RELIGION: *Happiness Is on the Way…:* CDEP

After carving out a name for himself in the N.Y. underground, Allen now has Boston firmly in his sights. On this CDEP are five songs that remind me of Lou Reed if The Zeros had been his backing band. Yeah, that would have ruled. The first two songs are straight-ahead mid-tempo rock. The sound opens up a bit with some additional instrumentation by the middle of this EP. The foundation is held in place by Greg Steinbaugh on bass and Daley Jones on drums. Take a gamble here and you will most likely feel like you beat the dealer. –Sean Koepenick (Kudos / Bomp / fringereligion.com)

GUMSHOE: *The Governor's Brother:* CDEP

Athens, Ga. band that dives into lovesick laments with a sly wink and a nod. The singer even wrote a song about an affair he wishes would happen but sadly did not ("Amorosa"). "I Am the Sun" features some horn parts that keep the proceedings moving. "Bye Bye Baby" has a vocal melody that leans towards Roy Orbison territory. There's also a song about carrots that is fairly amusing. It is all played ably and with subtlety. I would like to tell you more about this band, but the liner notes on my CD just have a story on the back about a guy getting tasered into oblivion. –Sean Koepenick (Self-released, gumshoetunes@gmail.com)

HAIR PULLER: *Old Friend:* LP

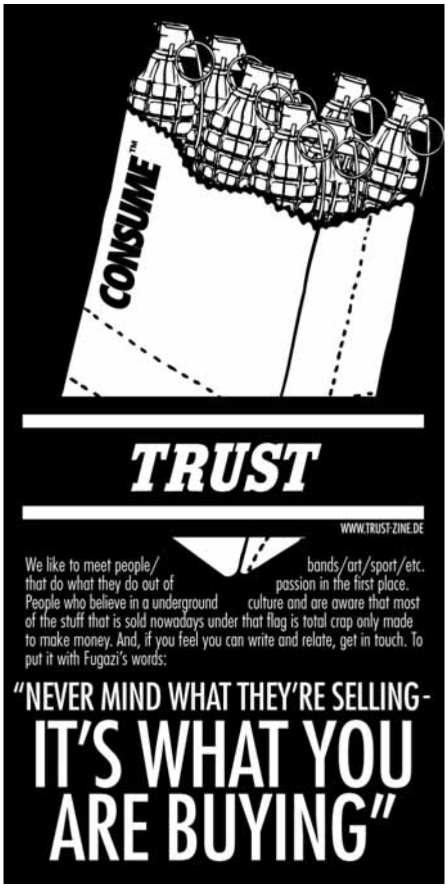
Mid-tempo metallic hardcore reminiscent of mid-period Die Kreuzen, especially with them "screaming fetus" vocals, with a huge infusion of chugga-chugga guitars. Cold and appropriately bleak. –Jimmy Alvarado (Nadine, nadinerecords.com)

HARRY CLOUD: *Indian Pussy:* CD

This is experimental noise rock that's just weird for the sake of being weird. It feels like a cousin who wants to show you how they can fart the alphabet while chugging a two liter of Dr. Pepper at the same time. No one knows how you figured out your very unique and strange "talents," but also no one is as interested in them as you are. Droney art sludge has every right to exist, and I will continue to abstain from it. Personally, I'd cut them way more critical slack if the record felt like it had a point. But instead I listened to seven songs over five minutes long with random samples that go unexplained, while a single note is drug along a violin and someone is fucking with distortion pedals. Apparently, this guy was formerly known as Single Mothers. The old name has been covered up on every part of this CD besides the data that pops up when you put it in a computer. Keep flying your freak flag, dude. I've just never been into music that acts like I'm missing something incredibly avant garde and deep. –Kayla Greet (Whiteworm)

HOLLER HOUSE / TECHNICIAN: Split: 10"

Weird and kinda cool… but sometimes just weird. Holler House delivers three tracks of brooding post-hardcore with throat-shredding, shouted vocals and heavy instrumental grooves that just barely avoid collapsing into total self-oscillating chaos on several occasions. Technician is similarly riffy and technical, but from a decidedly more "rock" angle—strong Jawbox influences coming through here, opening up into some angular Fugazi-inspired moments, but then there's an almost Restorations-sounding alt-rock side to this band as well. Some of the proggier passages start losing me (I can almost picture the moody Fuse music video, maybe dark storm clouds over a beach?), but then they'll bounce back into an abrasive post-punk breakdown. Holler House is definitely my pick on this split, but I could see a very specific person getting way into both sides. –Indiana Laub (Jetsam Flotsam, dane@jetsam-flotsam.com, jetsam-flotsam.com)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HOLLER HOUSE: *Lodge:* ??? includes zine + digital download
Okay, so here's what this is: a sixteen-page booklet packaged in a 7" sleeve and secured by a glow-in-the-dark patch affirming my status as a new member of Holler House. No physical music is actually included, but there's a bandcamp download code taped to the back of the pamphlet. I have to give this at least a little shit because no band should get away with this amount of pontification unscathed, semi-ironic or not—I've spent enough time adjacent to noise scenes by now that my patience for artistic manifestos is *extremely* limited—but something weird is going on here: the music actually sounds really fucking good. Super tight and melodic post-hardcore with raspy, howling vocals. Musically, it's not that similar to Crusades, but it's high-concept dark punk made by people who seem like they have an affinity for cloaks and midnight meetings, so the comparison feels right. I was ready to write this off as the millionth band of marketing whizzes to ask themselves, "What if we made our band into, like, a movement, and all our fans were actually members?" But I'm thankful to report that this is way better than that. –Indiana Laub (Self-released, hollerhouse.bandcamp.com)

HOOD RATS: *Trash Party:* CS
Nasty, energetic '80s-styled streetpunk with guttural vocals and shreddy solos to give it a Motörhead twist. Lyrics range from the comically grotesque ("Sell Your Body to Science") to anti-capitalist rage ("Hostile Takeover," "Sleeping in the Street") and nihilistic self-loathing ("Off Drugs and Miserable"). Definitely something I could have heard blasting from my little brother's room around eighth grade, probably in between Varukers and Broken Bones. In a good way! –Indiana Laub (Girlsville, girlsvillerecords@gmail.com, girlsville.bandcamp.com)

HOTLIPS MESSIAH: *Disco Miscarriage:* 2 x LP
"Ambitious" would probably be the best way to describe this massive, sprawling undertaking. Forty-six tracks of original tuneage spread across two discs, featuring guest appearances from half of Chicago's punk rock past—in addition to former Hotlips Messiah co-conspirators, members of The Bollweevils, Clawtoe, The C*nts, Destroy Everything, Everclear Mimosa, Ez Kebage, The Gravetones, The Hamburglars, The Mentally Ill, Modern Day Rippers, Naked Raygun, Silver Abuse, Squared Off, The Swallows, Tight Phantomz, Tutu & The Pirates, and We Make Thunder contribute to the proceedings. The bulk of the tunes here are raucous punk of varying tempos and hues, with a decidedly odd bent to the lyrics. The whole is surprisingly consistent throughout given the number of songs here, with most of them avoiding being clear throwaways. A lot of care went into this from the work on the discs to the accompanying cover art to packaging itself. Impressive. –Jimmy Alvarado (Hotlips Messiah, facebook.com/HotLipsMessiah)

IKUE MORI AND CHRISTIAN RØNN: *Chordis Et Machina:* LP
A collaboration between Ikue Mori, best known as the drummer for DNA, and Danish electronic music composer Christian Rønn. The music they create here is decidedly of the experimental type—synthesizers, pianos, assorted effects and such aiming to evoke various moods rather than verse-chorus-verse. The "noise" aspects that often permeate music of this type are kept well reined in and these are more contemplative and brooding than assaultive. Not for all, I reckon, but more adventurous souls with some time to sit and listen might find much here that piques their interest. Limited to three hundred. –Jimmy Alvarado (Resipiscent)

ILLITERATES: *Makeout Mountain:* LP
Mid-tempo punk owing much to the Ramones and their pop punk progeny. The lyrics are at times more substantive than others, addressing issues personal and topical, delivered by a largely atonal singer. –Jimmy Alvarado (Illiterates, facebook.com/illiterates)

ILLITERATES: *Makeout Mountain:* LP
This awesome amalgamation of Lost Sounds garage punk with early new wave styles surprised the hell out of me. Splitting time between Atlanta and Los Angeles, Illiterates seem to be quite literate when it comes to Devo and Jay Reatard. They also know a thing or two about how to record and mix an album, with *Makeout Mountain* easing into full-on complexity from the opening track on down. I don't know who would make out to them, but they'd definitely be a hit at the right dance party. –Art Ettinger (Baby Robot, babyrobotmedia.com)

INKWIZYCJA: *Stare Fotografie:* LP
Reissue of a 2002 album from this Polish punk band whose moniker translates to "Inquisition." Reminiscent of Amebix's dark, dissonant mid-tempo plodders, the sound and feel is enough to get the band's point across, despite the

★ "By turns wild, melancholic, and unsettling." — *Publishers Weekly* (starred review)

"Populated by anarchists, punks, survivalists, luddites, drifters, and rock-and-roll queers, Pinsker's stories romp through their conceits . . . in the speculative tradition of Ursula K. Le Guin or Kelly Link but with her own indomitable voice front and center."
— *Kirkus Reviews*

★ "The heart of this debut collection lies in its people. The women protagonists, many of whom love women, are adapting to or resisting new ways of life: a punk musician insists on playing live and driving manually while her world depends on recorded immersive experiences and self-driving cars."
— *Booklist* (starred review)

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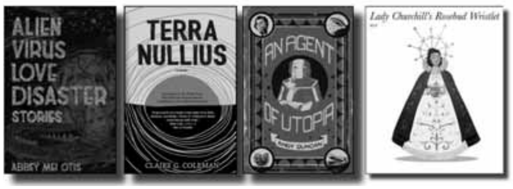

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Polish language barrier. An eerie trumpet gives a couple songs an added feeling of unease. –Chad Williams (Self-released, inkwizycja.bandcamp.com)

JOHN WESLEY COLEMAN: *Cuckoo Bird Sings a Song:* LP
I don't usually say such things, but I can't think of how to get started, so here goes: Texas troubadour John Wesley Coleman is back with his ninth album in as many years. Is this right? This is the ninth album of his that I own (I'm counting his split LP with Morgan Coy, *Nightmare on Silly Street*. I'm not going to look it up online, that's cheating. I'm in charge here!). *Cuckoo Bird Sings a Song* has a melancholy, wistful feel to it. There's some different instrumentation than the usual rock'n'roll arrangement—I hear bongos, non-piano-sounding keyboards, and the credits say an "arpeggiator" is used (that one I'll look up online). The album also feels loose in the way that Coleman's debut solo LP *Steal My Mind* does (Is that his first? I think so but I also refuse to verify this online. I'm still in charge here!) Side A opens with some captured studio chatter (a perhaps unintentionally Replacements-esque "Let me know if I sound too drunk here…") before "Kick It Again" starts. That's the hit single right there, people. But they're all hits! Or at least "We Speak in Charades" should be (it has me thinking of Lou Christie, even though it really sounds nothing like "Lightnin' Strikes"). It took me a few listens before I realized that the chorus of "Without Warning" changes each go around: "I don't want to be alone (insert: tonight, the dark, the back yard) without warning." What does Coleman sing about? Oh, the usual… drunkenly singing to one's cat (and the cat knows you're too drunk), Corey Feldman, pawning one's body parts (maybe I shouldn't take everything so literally). Who doesn't relate to a shambling and brilliant line like "I ain't crazy / just a little sad maybe"? Fools, that's who. My work is done here. –Sal Lucci (Goliad, goliadmedia.net)

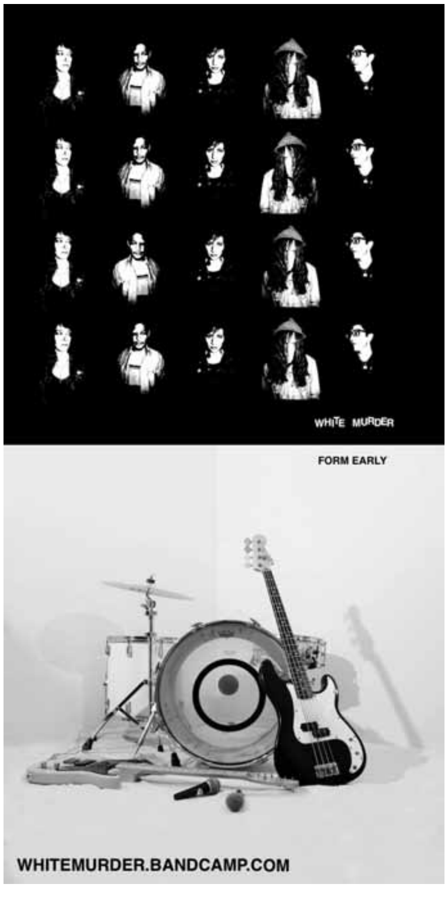
JOHNS: *Night Market:* CS
When I was a little girl, my mother took me to see a psychic. The mystic peered into my soul and told me that when I was older, I'd fall in love with a man named John. And holy shit, she was right. Brooklyn-based quartet Johns has wholly stolen my heart, and I'm helplessly lovestruck. By far the best release I've heard in a quick minute, *Night Market* sears itself into your skull with caustic guitar, a gargantuan rhythm section, and pained, twisted vocals shouting cunning lyrics. Taking cues from post-hardcore heavyweights Metz and Pile, Johns plays abrasive, unapologetically loud, bone-deep cuts. DON'T SLEEP ON THIS ALBUM. P.S. I just found out that Johns broke up after the release of this cassette. Some Good Samaritan should create a Change.org petition for these dudes to get back together. –Simone Carter (Self-released, john.toohill@gmail.com, johns716.bandcamp.com)

JPGRR: *Easy Listening:* CS
Totally bonkers German synth punk. Remember a few years ago when The Spits released an EP of their songs in German? JPGRR (John, Paul, George, Ringo, and Richard) is exactly like that but not Spits' songs. Lots of dogs barking, breaking glass, sirens, and gun shot samples thrown in the mix too. This is some weird shit, even for me. –Ty Stranglehold (Phantom, phantomrecords.bandcamp.com)

JSR: *…It Roars:* CS
JSR is the full-band project of singer/songwriter Alex Pelissero. Originally started in 2008, the band has existed in its current incarnation since 2012. I was a bit lukewarm on this initially. The opening track "I'm Not Gonna Lie, It's Been a Weird Year," is a bit tepid at first, with vocals over a lot of palm muted guitar. About halfway through, in thundered the full band with epic backing vocals and everything. I really dug everything else I heard from there out. I'm not sure if it's just because I've been listening to them a ton lately, but I got a Bouncing Souls vibe from this, particularly on "Empty Towers," which was my favorite track on this. It's still only February, but I'm gonna go ahead and put this down as one of my contenders for best albums of the year. –Paul J. Comeau (Motorcycle Potluck, jerks@motorcyclepotluck.com)

JUSTIN FLANIGAN: Self-titled: 7"
Columbus native Justin Flanigan unleashes his debut solo effort on this single in hand. It's extremely '90s sounding, in a major label indie rock way, or even latter Archers Of Loaf records. Very well done release. –Steve Adamyk (Self-released, justinflanigan.bandcamp.com)

KEPI GHOULIE AND THE COPYRIGHTS: *Re-Animation Festival:* LP
This is the second time Kepi has teamed up with an awesome band to redo an entire Ghoulies record. While there have been some reissues of the early records, this is a complete re-recording, a re-animation if you will. Before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this, Kepi got together with The Accelerators to do *Fun in the Dark* and it was like giving the Mona Lisa a facelift—like when people remove any built-up gunk on masterpieces, refresh the colors, and restore a work of art in order to preserve it. This re-do of *Re-Animation* is just as fantastic, if not more so. What's crazy to me is that this re-imagining of one of my favorite records (scout's honor—my second tattoo ever was based off this record), actually makes me like The Copyrights more. I mean, I always enjoyed them just so, but in this record I can hear those harmonized backup vocals and heavy guitar tones. I honestly can't get over how good those backup vocals are. It sounds much like you might guess—a Copyrights record with Kepi singing Ghoulies songs. They add in some fun space laser sounds too. Kepi once told me about a time he was playing a solo show in Europe and as he was getting set up, the venue was playing Ghoulies songs over the PA in between bands. So he took that opportunity to do karaoke to his own songs. This is analogous to that experience, but even better. Somehow it's so damned familiar and completely brand new at the same time. It's the Kepirights. A must have for a fan of either, or both. –Kayla Greet (Stardumb)

KLEENEX GIRL WONDER: *White Lacuna:* LP
Twee combo of singer-songwriter fodder and indie pop. –Jimmy Alvarado (Kleenex Girl Wonder, facebook.com/kleenexgirlwonder)

KREUTZER SONATA, THE: *The Gutters of Paradise:* LP
First off, this record is much better than the band name might lead one to believe (sorry guys). Crusty hardcore punk with one foot firmly planted in the Leftöver Crack camp and the other dancing around between NYHC, UK82, and modern streetpunk. Solid, energetic and dynamic songs that—while sometimes a bit long and lacking hooks—are worth a listen. Best song: "Storm the Hall." –Chad Williams (Collision Course, collisioncourserecords.com / Don't Panic, dontpanic.storenvy.com / No Time, notimeforfun.bandcamp.com)

KREUTZER SONATA, THE: *The Gutters of Paradise:* LP
This is tough, socially conscious hardcore punk from Chicago that seems to be aspiring to be kind of a Morning Glory/Leftöver Crack type thing. This shit's punk, yo! Honestly, I like this more than I thought I would by looking at the cover. The fifteen songs here are technically solid, with a bevy of melodic punk guitar leads that never get wanky and really give these songs some hooks to chew on. It's a hardcore record for sure, but those moments where the average breakneck speed of these songs slows a little and allows for the guitars to "breathe" is really what kept my attention. I just really wish there were more of those moments! –Mark Twistworthy (Collision Course / Don't Panic / No Time)

LAPeCHE: *Spirit Bunnies:* 7" EP
I will never not be excited for something new that LAPeCHE puts out. These three songs are right in that vein of previous releases *Bright and Bending* and *The Second Arrow*, foregrounding songwriting and building texture in a way that usually draws comparisons to a variety of shoegazey contemporaries. And though I totally see that element, I always feel like I'm hearing a really tight mash-up of great '70s folk like Joni Mitchell, '80s dark wave like Depeche Mode, and '90s dance pop grunge like Artificial Joy Club. This EP is incredibly layered, bringing out more guitar work to complement Krista Holly Diem's seemingly effortless and heart wrenching vocals. Incredibly well-paced, this will be in heavy rotation. –Theresa W. (Bakery Outlet)

LAZY CLASS: *Interesting Times:* CD
Melodic street punk anthems from Warsaw, Poland. I could see Lazy Class bringing oi fans and melodic hardcore kids together with their kickass balance of grit and melody, speed, and crunch. –Chris Terry (lazyclass.bandcamp.com)

LEFTÖVER CRACK: *Leftöver Leftöver Crack: The E-Sides and the F-Sides:* CD
I've seen Leftöver Crack a couple times over the years. They put on a fun show, but I've never felt compelled to sit down and listen to them. This collection of EPs and comp tracks seems like as good a place to start as any. It's easy to hear why so many people love this band. This is high energy, catchy punk rock with just enough ska sprinkled in to keep everything from sounding too samey-samey, but not enough so that they're going to be doing albums with Jimmy Cliff any time soon. I can't really get a handle on their sense of humor though. Their "I hate everything and want to die" nihilism borders on parody, but I can't one hundred percent tell if it is because there are also some brief forays into seriousness when they're not doing pretentious anti-covers of Muppets songs. Regardless, they're having fun and that's palpable. I probably would have loved this a whole lot when I was fifteen. –Emma Alice Johnson (Fat)

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LEFTÖVER CRACK: ***Leftöver Leftöver Crack: The E-Sides and the F-Sides:*** **CD**
I mean, you know what you're getting with this band, right? Snotty, irreverent, dark, and melodic ska punk fronted by a crazed, gerbil-sounding mofo. Some decent stuff for sure—yeah, I said it—but the endless film soundbites absolutely slaughter any momentum this collection might otherwise have. Still, fans of the band are undoubtedly stoked to have all this stuff in one place. –Keith Rosson (Fat)

LILAC: ***"Barbed Wire Entanglement" b/w "On a Wheel": 7"***
This debut 7" by Chicago's Lilac has members from Witch Hat, Coughs, Cacaw, and Anatomy Of Habit. It's metal noise rock with a lot of hypnotizing, repeating rhythms mixed with a heavy dose of crash cymbals and haunting distortion. –Cynthia Pinedo (25 Diamonds)

LISA MARR WITH THE TRANZMITORS: 7"
So many awesome things about this record. Where to even start? First off, it's Lisa Marr from Cub putting out music again—and with The Tranzmitors who are incredible. Admittedly, I totally missed out on The Tranzmitors in their heyday, but I just saw them perform as themselves as well as a backing band for Lisa at the Seattle Pop Punk Festival and these dudes rip! So you've got that fantastic team up, plus they're doing two Cub songs, one Fastbacks song, and one totally new song. And it was put out by Ean from Sicko who covered a Cub song back in the day. Plus, the cover art was done by Jean Smith from Mecca Normal and all the proceeds go to the Vancouver Rock Camp for Girls. Good grief! This is starting to sound more like an ad than a review, but if any one of these things strikes your fancy, you'll be very happy with these four tracks. Lisa Marr has such a piercing and strong voice. I love hearing it with the raw and fullness of The Tranzmitors. –Kayla Greet (Top Drawer)

LOSIN' STREAKS, TH': ***This Band Will Self-Destruct in T-Minus:*** **LP**
Rambunctious freakbeat-inspired garage rock. Lotta oomph in their performance and the punchy production adds some additional propulsion. –Jimmy Alvarado (Slovenly, slovenly.com)

LOUIS LINGG AND THE BOMBS: ***Favela Ninja:*** **LP**
Holy shit, there is so much going on here. Louis Lingg et al. are a Paris-based collective of flamboyant provocateur types playing a frenetic mash-up of styles—pop punk "whoa oh" choruses, anarcho spoken word bits, sugary electropop backbeats, Siri voice samples, bizarre rap breaks… they really do it all. Song titles include "Twitter Riot," "Occupy Everything," and "Rave and Steal," so that should be pretty self-explanatory. There's a direct line running from *Favela Ninja* right back to Chumbawumba, but this also feels like a spiritual successor to the over-the-top punk cabaret outfits that were staples of a lot of Crimethinc-obsessed theatre kids' CD binders in the early 2000s. That's a very specific demographic, but how you felt about bands like The World/Inferno Friendship Society should be a direct indicator of whether or not you can handle the zaniness of this band. –Indiana Laub (Self-released, louislinggandthebombs@gmail.com, louislinggandthebombs.bandcamp.com)

MAMA: ***Eye in the Sky: 7"***
Shamelessly referencing everything great about '70s rock, from the pub rock of Thin Lizzy, to brainless glam of Slade, to power pop, and—at times—classic U.K. punk like The Crack and Rudi, MAMA brings it all home on this stellar rockist masterpiece, without sounding like another Burger Records cash cow. I know we're all sick of the throwback shit, but trust me on this one. If you don't like this, you don't like rock'n'roll. –Craven Rock (Got Kinda Lost)

MEINHOF: ***The Dying Light:*** **CD**
Metallic crust from England, equal parts d-beat and thrash, and made for fucking shit up. –Chris Terry (nnnw.bandcamp.com)

MODEL ZERO: ***'17 Demos:*** **CS**
Four tracks of gothy industrial post-punk with heavy krautrock vibes. The first song is fucking great—eerily layered vocals with a spooky, catchy hook, and a rhythm section that sounds like heavy machinery chugging away in a long-abandoned factory, still turning over and over in solitude—but the rest of the demos slide into more of a lo-fi garage rock/psych sound that's much less interesting. Oh well, I'm one-quarter stoked on this. –Indiana Laub (Self-released, modelzeromemphis@gmail.com, modelzero.bandcamp.com)

MODERN GOON: ***This Empty Space:*** **7" EP**
Off-the-beaten-path hardcore (or is it post-hardcore? Whatever). They keep the velocity dialed in around the mid-tempo range and complement all the usual yelling with off-kilter rhythms, non-linear guitar parts, and a general arty sheen to all the noise makin'. –Jimmy

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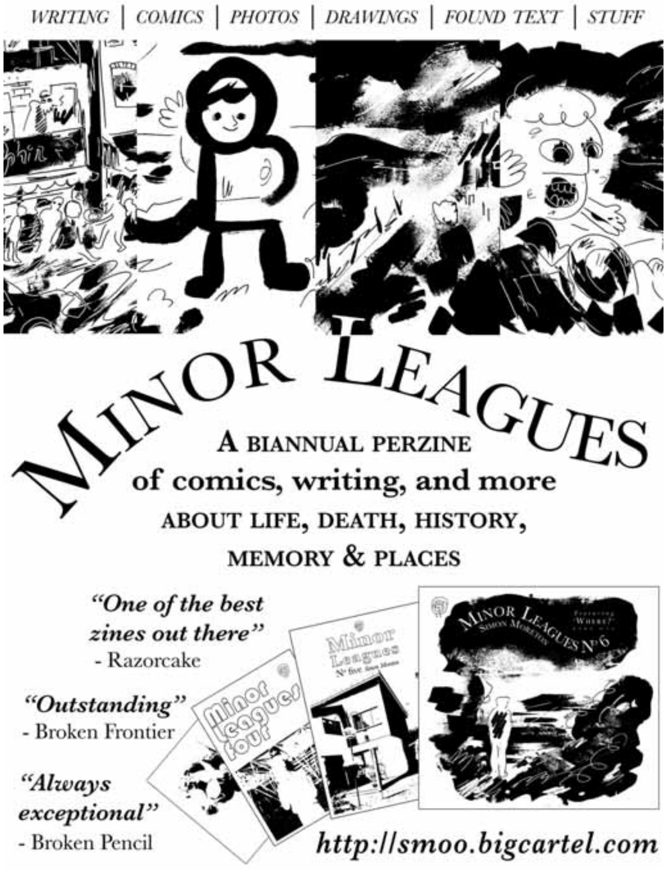
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Alvarado (Snappy Little Numbers, snappylittlenumbers.com)

MONOBOSCO: Self-titled: CD
I'm not sure what a Monobosco is, but for these intents and purposes it is a band from Everett, Wash. Heavy riffing punk that kind of has a Hostage Records beach sound from time to time. Many songs about drinking. I like this, but I'd have preferred a smaller dose, if that makes any sense. A 7" or a song or two on a compilation would have made them stand out a bit more. Bonus points for one dude wearing a Nomeansno shirt on the back cover. I'd definitely check them out live. –Ty Stranglehold (Monobosco)

NATTERERS:
***Head in Threatening Attitude:* CD**
Another band whose name I have heard around but have never had the chance to check out. I am so glad I have now because this album is fantastic. Neighborhood Brats and Night Birds are two of my favorite bands and Natterers seem to take some of my favorite elements of both bands and combine them into something original and crucial. What's with these bands that start with the letter "N" being so damn great? Being from the U.K. might make it a slim chance for me to see them play any time soon, but they're on my radar! –Ty Stranglehold (Boss Tuneage, bosstuneagerecords.bandcamp.com)

NATURAL MAN & THE FLAMIN' HOT BAND: Self-titled: 7" EP
These cats are mixing 'n' matching often disparate corners of rock's underground—some new wave here, some Stooges Detroit groove there, a dash of the Deadbeats' catchier moments here, and other traits from assorted oddballs—into an anarchic gumbo of punk weirdness. The four tracks here work cohesively as a whole, yet also stand solidly on their own, each almost anthemic in their earnestness, poppy on their own terms and decidedly off the tread-worn road. –Jimmy Alvarado (Neck Chop)

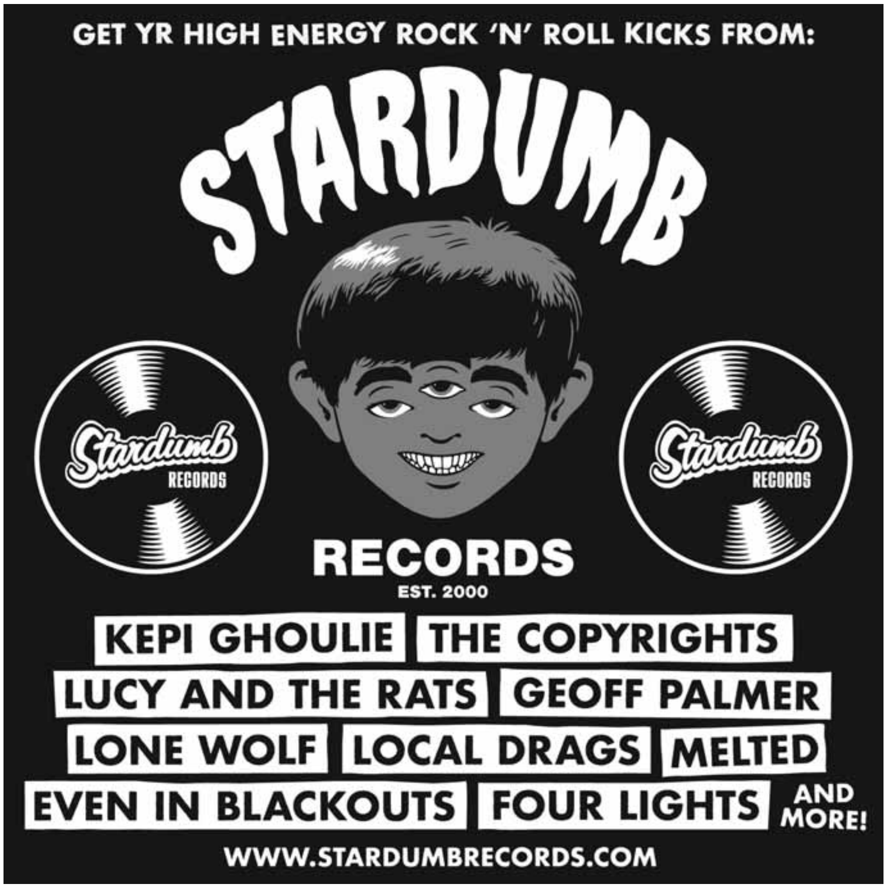
NEO NEOS:
***Kill Someone You Hate:* LP**
Spazzed-out weirdo punker stuff that could've easily passed for some Midwestern obscuro band. The songs are short and quite good, with the band sounding like they're just battering their instruments, but the blown-out production gets a bit wearing after a while. –Jimmy Alvarado (Neck Chop)

NERVOUS CHRISTIANS / BASTARD CHILDREN / HELLSIDE STRANGLERS / CELEBRITY GRAVES: *Overkill 'Em All:* 2 x CD
At first, I thought this was a massive compilation album featuring seventy tracks of Portland, Ore. punk rock but that isn't quite true. This is a four-way split spanning the musical history of a guy named Dan Eklof. Dan fronted all four of these bands between the years of 1990 and 2014 with a revolving cast of bandmates, featuring folks from Portland punk luminaries such as Poison Idea, Apartment 3G, and The Wipers, among others. Musically, this all has elements of the other bands I mentioned above, but I feel that is probably geographical as much as any other reason. These four bands all sound great! Clearly, Dan can write quality punk rock songs—relentless tales of love and hate, debauchery and disease. There are subtle differences in the sound of each band, but the heart is there for all of them. On to what I don't like. It is driving me crazy that a.) the songs are listed on the back of the disc, but not which band is doing them and b.) it's a random mix between the four bands. With the same guy on vocals for all of them, it is hard to tell which one you're listening to. Whatever. It's a small price to pay to get a buttload of songs from four killer bands that I had never listened to before. Cheers to Dan! –Ty Stranglehold (National Dust, nationaldust.bigcartel.com)

NEW YELLER: *Pandora's Regrets:* CD
Impeccable musicianship, but mostly forgettable. Don't take offense, New Yeller; your songs are very well wrought, but simply not to my taste. I kept waiting for edgy shit to kick in, and it never did. It's a nice record that has a vaguely '70s feel with a bluesy influence, making me think of what it might sound like if Carly Simon did a record with Blues Traveler. –The Lord Kveldulfr (No address listed)

NO BLUES: *"Miranda Rights" b/w "Exploding Hearts":* 7"
There's lo-fi and then there's *really* lo-fi. The recording quality of No Blues's 7" honestly hurts my ears. The guitars sound like nails on a chalkboard and the vocals are indecipherable. For all I know these might be catchiest songs ever committed to wax, but it's impossible to tell. If you're a masochist who has always wanted to know what Wavves would sound if their records were produced by a blender, then this 7" is for you. –Sean Arenas (SPHC, sphc.bigcartel.com)

NO STATIK:
***Mysterious to Ourselves:* LP**
After nearly a decade of dropping jaws with their live performances and blessing our undeserving asses with an assortment of recorded



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output, Oakland's beloved No Statik are putting a bow on their existence with one last album. In true No Statik fashion, one side of this record flows in the traditional vein of hardcore punk while the other side throws you for a loop with an outtake, an interlude, and an atmospheric soundscape track for the finale. It should be noted that No Statik members have served time in a number of highly influential bands (and even some that are slightly less-regarded), such as Artimus Pyle, Scholastic Deth, Look Back And Laugh, Memento Mori, and others. Given their track record and their legacy as mainstays in the punk/hardcore scenes, it's safe to say that No Statik may be gone but certainly won't be forgotten soon, and that their grave will surely only sprout new projects and bands. I, for one, am excited to see what's next. –Juan Espinosa (Iron Lung, lifeironlungdeath.blogspot.com)

NOISY NEIGHBORS: Self-titled: 7" EP

Blazing grindcore (is there any other way?) from these Noisy Neighbors. Rapid-fire drumming chopping and blasting with abandon, rumbling low end holding it all together, while the guitar(s) create an abrasive din, propping up the dual vocal attack (deep and throaty to cranked-out, semi-high-pitched rager). Check out that ringing at the end of "Blood Blister" by the way. It's a nice, effective way to end before barreling down with "Sick and Starving." The opener, "Caffeinated Demise," sounds insane as it kicks off with a beat that sounds like it's collapsing on itself. You know you're in for something good when you hear it. –Matt Average (Night Animal)

ORPHAN GOGGLES: *Meat Face Needs Eyes:* CD

Eight songs here, so just shy of a full length. This band is from Los Angeles so I am picking up some Black Flag flavors with just a dash of Melvins sprinkled on top. "Pig Force" packs a punch for the first three minutes. If the song had ended there, I would have said this is the tour de force of this record. But then it just meanders on and on and on… until we are at the seven minute mark. "Positioned Well" is maybe a rap/metal hybrid like Green Jellö? The last song has a Primus feel, so I wasn't sure where I was when it all ended. There is certainly a lot going on here but somehow it was a little too off the wall for me. –Sean Koepenick (Whiteworm, woodruff.foley@gmail.com)

ORUÃ: *Sem Benção / Sem Crença:* 2 x LP

This is the latest project from Le Almeido who has been cranking out music under various names for a while now, apparently. This is the first time hearing his music for me, and I'm hearing a poppy, semi fuzzed-out Breeders that mutates into Sonic Youth and flashes into the Pixies, along with current sounds from artists like Föllakzoid and The Holy Drug couple. He delves into the more avant-garde spectrum as well, elevating this and avoiding being stuck in a retro rut. Two LPs of this may seem indulgent at first, but repeated listens and allowing yourself to get wholly into the music will reveal it all makes sense. If you like pop—but also really like getting far out into other sonic realms—then dive in. –Matt Average (IFB)

OUTTA SORTS, THE: *Caligula:* 7" EP

The title track could pass for a legit Billy Childish song (if that constitutes your ambition) except that the guitars are down too low and the vocals are up too high and sound a little too old-movie-announcer deadpan to have emerged from Mr. Childish's festering gob. According to the chord charts on the lyric sheet, there are like nine or ten different chords in the song, so good job making it sound like there's only two. "Drowning in You" sounds like nothing of the sort, and is actually far more reminiscent of that smart Canadian mod-pop that bands like the Tranzmitors or Fashionism seem to so blithely dispense. Both songs on the B side sound like Chris Bailey of the Saints circa forty years ago singing with Wheels On Fire, except with more quarters in his mouth and on top of a pile of dancing shoes to be buffed and catalogued. This is a positive review. BEST SONG: "Drowning In You." BEST SONG TITLE: "Caligula." FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: "Scrotum." –Rev. Nørb (Jester)

PG13: Self-titled: CD

PG stands for Phillip Greenlief, an alto sax vet from the Bay Area who leads a distorted jazz trio through two song-suites on this album. The drums and electric guitar churn out ominous metalcore riffs while the sax takes the melodic lead, then blasts off on serpentine runs before landing again for tight, noodly bridges with the other instruments. It's exciting and engaging, working a metal fusion groove that I'm not used to hearing in jazz, but that works well after the initial "Is this... ska-core? Oh, good, it isn't" shock wears off. I could see it slaying live (and winning over a few headbangers in the process). –Chris Terry (edgetonerecords.com)

PRIORS: *New Pleasure:* LP

Fuck yessss, this is good. Trashy garage punk with hooks galore,

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choppy buzz saw guitar, and loud, driving drums with layers of echoey, reverbed-out vocals. Made up of members who have spent time in Sonic Avenues, Steve Adamyk Band, The Daylight Lovers, and others, this is driving, enthusiastic garage punk, sounding fresh and current, and really, really great. –Mark Twistworthy (Slovenly)

QUARANTINE: *Regressive Thoughts:* CD

Quarantine were a somewhat short-lived mid- to late-’90s hardcore band from Glasgow, but they’ve recently reformed to play a few shows in Europe. Anyway, this CD is a discography of their *Automatic Negative Thoughts* LP, *Junction* EP, various cuts from compilations, and an early demo. To wit, Quarantine were—and presumably still are—scorching. I would call their sound the bastard offspring of ’80s hardcore and ’90s crust punk. Wholly satisfying and then some. –The Lord Kveldulfr (Nikt Nic Nie Wie)

QUITMAN: *I Want an Enemy:* Flexi 7”

Quitman is a rock’n’roll power trio based out of New York that is largely inspired by Nuggets compilations and has a bit of a lo-fi garage-grit Wavves feel. Members of this band were in Mallwalkers, Skate Korpse, and White Whale. This flexi is their first vinyl release, and is hand screen-printed on orange flexi with one side pink and silver, and the other a grey-ish blue. There’s a limit of 275, so make sure to snag this before they’re gone. –Cynthia Pinedo (Feral Kid)

RAMPAGE: *1995:* 7” EP

Israeli straight edge hardcore, recorded in 1995 by at least two members of Useless ID. Style here varies between New York influenced hyper-thrash and early 7 Seconds, with the sound very much demo quality—spare but punchy. –Jimmy Alvarado (1332)

RATCHETS, THE: *Gotta Be Cool:* Flexi 7”

Pirates Press Records release a barrage of records annually. If that’s overwhelming to some, don’t let it be. The bands on this label are *very* consistent. And, if you’re a streetpunk connoisseur like I am, that’s important, because this stuff can get boring if not done properly. Pirates Press always delivers. The Ratchets are no exception. “Gotta Be Cool” is more in a Clash/Randy vein than, say, a Bruisers or Vanity way. A great track; I look forward to more. –Steve Adamyk (Pirates Press, piratespressrecords.com)

REVEREND BEAT-MAN & IZOBEL GARCIA: *Baile Bruja Muerto:* CD

Slightly hokey but mostly charming minimal noir rock’n’roll, heavy on atmosphere. They’re in their own world (i.e. reworking Venom’s “Black Metal”) and that’s a plus. Could have easily played a weeknight at the Roadhouse in *Twin Peaks: The Return*. –Matt Werts (Voodoo Rhythm, voodoorhythm.com)

RICHARD PAPIERCUTS: *Twisting the Night:* 12” EP

I initially wasn’t going to review this record because I don’t really know how to describe it. Is that the artist’s fault or mine? (Mine.) For my entire music review consuming life, my M.O. is: see if I know the artist/band being reviewed; see if I am familiar with the reviewer; see if the reviewer compares/contrasts to something I recognize. For better or worse, that’s how I express myself in my reviews. Richard Papiercuts writes and arranges intricate pop songs—not punk, not garage—so what I am I doing listening to this stuff? He can sing but doesn’t do so in a show off kind of way. He’s just a guy who knows how to use his voice as an instrument. How do I describe his singing? Baroque? Arch? Do I even know what I’m talking about? I feel like I’m not really doing this record justice. I like it quite a bit, but I’m failing you, dear reader, by not writing this review in a way that I would consume it if I were instead the reader. *Twisting the Night* is Papiercuts’ follow up to 2015’s *If*. Truthfully, the title is what got me. I want to name an album *Twisting the Night*! If pressed (by who? Myself!) to quantify, I’d say this record could easily have come out in the ’80s or ’90s or 2018, but I get a definite ’80s feel, especially with closer “World and Not-World (Twisting the Night).” But to what bands do I compare? I lack that ability right now. Buy this record; you’ll be doing yourself a favor. –Sal Lucci (Ever/Never, evernever-records.bandcamp.com)

RICHARD PAPIERCUTS: *Twisting the Night:* 12” EP

If you’ve ever found yourself dragged out to some club for ’80s Dance Party Night, and, after your well-intentioned grumbling abated somewhat, you then found yourself feeling mildly nostalgic and thinking “well, this isn’t *that* bad, really,” then this sounds like what that feels like. If that’s never happened to you, then just kinda try to imagine it did and follow along accordingly. This sounds kinda like a dancier U2 with Bowie-styled vocals pumped up from an abdomen of mystery, and I freely admit that I somewhat enjoyed it. How many more pencil

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squiggles until we get to the A-Ha video? BEST SONG "World and Not-World (Twisting the Night)." BEST SONG TITLE: Same, I guess. FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: Program repeats on side 2 for your convenience. –Rev. Nørb (Ever/Never, evernever-records.bandcamp.com)

RIDICULOUSES, THE:
***This Is a Punk Band:* 7"**
For historical reasons alone, this record is great, but it's an added bonus the music's good, too. *This Is a Punk Band* captures the Dayton punk scene circa 2010 and is a ton of fun. It's trash-infused powerviolence meets pop punk that doesn't take itself too seriously. It's eight blasts of moronic punk and sounds like it could've been played at a gig at Gilman back in the day. A hell of a fun record with great people involved. –Steve Adamyk (Night Animal, nightanimal.bandcamp.com / Rad Girlfriend)

ROHT: *Iðnsamfélagið Og*
***Framtíð Þess:* LP**
You'd think that eventually the weirdo elements of the Iron Lung catalog would stop surprising me, but then something like this comes along and is so foreign and out-of-left-field that it snaps me out of my comfort zone. This Icelandic band dropped several EPs before quickly churning out this platter of mechanical but still somehow groovy industrial-tinged hardcore. The songs are slow and repetitive, like crawling on a factory floor trying not to get caught in a machine. The sound is thick and the noisy elements blend right in to the rest of the music in a way that adds a subtle touch of paranoia without overtaking the sound. Solid release. –Ian Wise (Iron Lung)

ROSHŌMON: *Pathogen X:* LP
This album is proof there is still plenty of innovation to be had in hardcore. There are only six songs on this slab, but the punch leaves the ringing of listening to a seminal record. The album moves feverishly at a full-on thrash pace with occasional discordant interludes breaking the speed long enough to keep the album from going awash in rapid fire songwriting. My favorite transition between songs is wedged between two full-blown blazers: the end of "Criminal" utilizing a D.C. hardcore-tinged melody to tap the breaks before a stylishly sloppy East Bay thrash intro launches "Forced Abduction" into ramming speed. If you can't fully visualize it based on my words, understand I'm really excited about the space between two songs on this record. The rest of the record is good too. –Billups Allen (Iron Lung, ironlungpv.bandcamp)

RUIN IT: *Locked Up Dead:* LP
Late-'90s style USHC à la 9 Shocks Terror with a more mosh-centric vibe. It has elements of later Slapshot stuff (I don't mean that as an insult, no matter how they might see it). There are some good tracks but, on the whole, the riffs are kinda generic despite some cool breakdowns. Probably a killer live band. –Ian Wise (Armageddon)

SADIE: *Lost in Space:* CS
From the opening blasts of "Skull Rock," it's hard not to love this tape. This is anything but routine. Sadie is a six-year-old electronic music mastermind who is clearly not constrained by the pretensions that bog down so much of this type of music. If she has any sort of agenda at all, it's to have fun, and it's infectious. Her improvised screams bring a touch of riot grrrl vibe to her eclectic mix of punky electronica that sways from dancey to crushing to ethereal and oddly contemplative. This cassette is an absolute party, and you're lucky to be invited. –Emma Alice Johnson (Self-released, sadiesadiesadie.bandcamp.com)

SANCTUS IUDA: *Disco:* 2 x CD
This double CD barrage of mid- to late-'90s Polish hardcore left my speakers bedraggled with crusty rime. While the first disc opens with a swirling hardcore opus reminiscent of early Discharge, events then quickly veer towards a prolonged pummeling that seems to channel the spirits of Born Against and Squalora. Offerings continue in this fashion into the second CD, but then things get kind of weird, in a good way—the second half of the second disc is a series of shorter blasts, replete with various cinematic sound bites, but frequently backed with synthetic dance beats. It comes off sounding like house music for crust punks. In point of fact, the first disc is a bunch of stuff either from split 7" records or previously unreleased material, and the second is unreleased and/or demo stuff. There is a vague note about the "LP released by Scream Records in 1998," but I have no idea to what specifically on the second disc that refers. –The Lord Kveldulfr (Nikt Nic Nie Wie)

S.B.F.: *Same Beat Forever:* 12"
Damn, when the first bands a recording makes you think of are The Screamers, Criminal Damage, and Cro-Mags, you know you just came across the good stuff. Juan said "Lumpy Records." Rene said "Total Control." More road signs that all lead to greatness. It's too rough and tough to be pretentious, and too well thought out to be meathead drivel. "Play to Win" makes me

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want to throw my chair at the wall, and I love my chair! Half-robot, half-man, all-beast; the purists may be disgusted by this, due to the use of a drum machine, but I think a majority of you all will find it quite compelling. Highly recommended. –Daryl (Neck Chop)

SCHEISSE MINNELLI / BRONXXX:
***Swamp Bowl Sessions:* 7"**

I've reviewed both of these bands in these very pages in the past and I am always pleased with what I hear. Both bands play a variance of classic skate rock. I am talking straight off of the *Thrasher* Magazine compilations of the '80s. While Scheisse Minnelli lean a little more into the thrash end of things, it isn't metallic enough to turn me off. Bronxxx dwell in JFA territory and always make me jump around until my knee gives out. I hear that Bronxxx is making the long trek from Japan to British Columbia this summer, so I will finally get to see them play live! –Ty Stranglehold (Beanies, bronxxx.bandcamp.com)

SEAGULLS: *"Dear John Letter"*
***b/w "Foot, Meet Mouth":* 7"**

Precise, fast, and anthemic, this most excellent Seagulls 7" reminds me of why I first started listening to punk back in the day. Striking a skillful balance of familiar and fresh, the Atlanta-based quartet breathes new life into the hardcore / punk traditions. The singer's gruff vox and the drummer's frenetic, breakneck playing sound like if Fucked Up and Propagandhi formed a supergroup. I hope these guys play Denton, Texas soon, 'cause I've been itching to see a righteous true-blue punk show. Maybe if I book them, they will come? Fingers crossed. –Simone Carter (Debt Offensive, debtoffensiverecs.bigcartel.com)

SEAGULLS: *"Dear John Letter" b/w*
***"Foot, Meet Mouth"*: 7"**

I'll be honest, this record perfectly hits all my nostalgia buttons in the right way and I totally dig it. It's one of two ways I react to punk bands these days. The other is to mutter "this is redundant cookie cutter horseshit" or something like that. My judgments aren't predictable, but nor are they arbitrary. I've got standards. Just imitating stuff I like won't cut it. If you reference my favorite bands, I want the strength of your songs to impact me like theirs did. Seagulls do just that. It's deeply felt, melodic, and accessible, yet not trite or sugary. The vocals are sung together with gusto and emotional pop. I really can't put it better than Seagulls themselves on "Foot, Meet Mouth": "I use the same fucking chords / To play the same fucking songs / With the same fucking words / And it comes out alright." The humility there is palpable on "Dear John Letter," too. It's a song about a friend who attempted suicide. The words are simple, not profound, but when they sing, "the world is a lot better with you in it" it hits me so hard because they're playing their hearts out singing about their friend. –Craven Rock (Debt Offensive)

SELF-EVIDENT:
***Lost Inside the Machinery:* CD**

I feel smarter after having listened to this album. Self-Evident's latest opus is obviously stellar, with math-y, acrobatic soundscapes giving your brain a free workout. These Minneapolis cats relish writing challenging songs bolstered by discordant melodies. Sounding at once like cerebral emo heroes Owls and post-punk gods Drive Like Jehu, Self-Evident has cracked the code for greatness with *Lost Inside the Machinery*. –Simone Carter (doubleplusgood, info@doubleplusgoodrecords.com, doubleplusgoodrecords.com)

SERQET: *Oleander:* 7"

It takes a minute for the A side to get going, but once it kicks into the anarcho punk groove it all comes together. The vocals sear over everything else, the drums are mixed louder than the guitars, and the synths run the show. This is one of those records that sounds new, but if you found it in some old record bin you wouldn't be able to place it in an era. They're pretty firmly stuck in the death rock/anarcho punk sound on the A side, but do it so well it's got this timeless quality to it. The B side plays with a more lush arrangement, pulling out some elements of shoegaze and even early Brit-pop. I love bands that are able to incorporate elements of different sounds but still sound cohesive and organic, which these folks do very well. –Ian Wise (Vinyl Conflict, vinyl conflict.com)

SICK OF IT ALL:
***Wake the Sleeping Dragon:* CD**

In the '90s a lot of my friends really, really dug this band and I just couldn't understand it. It just seemed like jock-core to me. Twenty or so years later and I'm feeling the same way. I feel like there may be some good songs in there, but there is this thin, trebly sound that permeates everything. The dragon can go back to sleep again. –Ty Stranglehold (Fat)

SIGNAL CRIMES:
***Perfidious Albion:* LP**

There's not enough space for me to list all of the bands that members of Signal Crimes have been in so I'll just mention Four Letter Word, Heresy, and Ripcord to give a flavor of what to expect. So if you're

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thinking fast, angry punk rock then you've hit the nail firmly on the head. This album is fueled by rage and explodes into life after a well-chosen sample opens the first track. With Welly (F.L.W./*Artcore*, et cetera.) fronting the band, the lyrical content is always going to be confrontational and that's evident over the eight tracks. Brexit and the rise of the far right extremism in the U.K. is one of the main targets, specifically on "Rise of the Right." This is a rock solid record, but unfortunately Signal Crimes is a one-off project—with the band having no intention to play live or make any subsequent recordings—so it's something to enjoy as a stand-alone piece of work. –Rich Cocksedge (Network Of Friends, networkoffriends.bigcartel.com)

SIMON STOKES & HAMMERLOCK: *The Wagons Roll at Midnight:* CD
Following their recent *Glory Never Dies* LP, Oakland's legendary country scum punks Hammerlock team up with the fabled blues rock icon Simon Stokes for a full-length. They're a perfect fit for one another, given their parallel gritty sensibilities. Stokes has a beautifully harsh voice of gold. When coupled with the duteous precision of Hammerlock, the pair gels into truly prodigious territory. Recommended not just for existing Stokes or Hammerlock fans, but also for anyone into punk who also digs blues and country, *The Wagons Roll at Midnight* is an ideal raw specimen that is not to be missed! –Art Ettinger (CMGR)

SITUATIONS: Self-titled: LP
Exploding Hearts-esque punk from California. Twin guitars, nasaly vocals. Very surprised that none of these guys have Rod Stewart haircuts or those weird captain hats. The music is okay but with stronger and in-tune vocals it'd be much better. –Ian Wise (Burnt City)

SKETCHBALLS, THE: *Riverwest:* CD
Slow '70s-style garage rock/punk from Wisconsin with a singer who sounds like if John Doe didn't commit and song titles like "Fired from Wal Mart" and "Manscape." Do what you will with that information. –Chris Terry (thesketchballs1.bandcamp.com)

SNFU: *Let's Get It Right the First Time:* LP
I'm sure I've mentioned in these pages before how much Edmonton, Alberta (and later Vancouver)'s legendary hardcore punk band means to me. They basically solidified the punk germ in my brain and it grew from there. I am also a rabid collector of vinyl. I don't have to explain how much it has pained me over the years that their 1998 live album was only available on CD. Until now, that is. The good folks at Chase The Glory Records have finally set my completist nerves at ease. The album is incredibly recorded for a live outing. It focuses mainly on their '90s output with a few dips into the early albums. It is a great representation of a band that was damn near unstoppable live at the time. 1-2-SNFU! –Ty Stranglehold (Chase The Glory)

SPECTRE: *Out of Time:* 7"
Psychobilly has never been my thing so I cannot state what is good or not within this highly stylized genre. This band plays psychobilly with some very Dead Milkmen-sounding vocals to my ears. It features spooky guitar parts that are standard for the style. Psychobilly folks will wanna check it out. –Mike Frame (Killjoy, info@killjoy-records.de)

SPIDER CREW: *Sounds of Hatred:* LP
Don't get me wrong, Madball and SOIA are two of my fave bands. Fact. I love NYHC Beatdown shit. Do I need a broke-ass version from Vienna? Nah. –Tim Brooks (WTF, wtfrecords.eu)

SPIKE POLITE & SEWAGE: *The Italian Sessions:* CD
This album consists of NYC's Spike Polite rerecording some of his hits with an Italian backing band, having gained substantial prominence in Europe due to amassing a significant Italian following via touring. It's very 1990s, with a U.S. Bombs or Stitches vibe that is difficult not to revel in. Thoroughly catchy, these songs are the type of tracks that command you to sing along to the chorus right away. Even on the first listen, you can join in. If you miss the streetpunk rebirth of that era, this album is for you. Definitely a good time all around! –Art Ettinger (Professional Punkers, professionalpunkers.com)

SPIRITUAL CRAMP: *Television:* LP
Subtitled "4 NEW SONGS 2 COVERS AND 2 EP'S," this album and band intrigue me somewhat simply because they manage to remind me at times of Fugazi, the Talking Heads, and Gang Of Four, and *yet I still like them*. They sorta sound like what I imagine you'd get if the aforementioned bands lived in The Vats in San Francisco and mated with Flipper and then the offspring of this union decided they didn't want to be quite so fucking indulgent and annoying as their parents. These tunes are sledgehammer mutterings of demi-cryptic alienation and paranoia. *And that's the best kind of alienation and paranoia there is!* BEST SONG: "Wrecking Crew." BEST SONG

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TITLE: “Northern Soul Search.” FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: The lyric sheet uses all capital letters and no apostrophes. –Rev. Nørb (Deranged)

STATIC HYMNS:
***Auguries of Spark and Wire:* CS**
You know that annoying squeaking sound you get when you rub your hands around a balloon? That’s how this tape opens. I was not into it, but I stuck with it and was rewarded with a wildly diverse sequence of bleeps and bloops and other electronic noises layered over random samples and film clips. One of the tunes is built on a foundation of one of my favorite scenes from the movie *Street Trash*, which I love. Another is a weird, fuzzed-out march over “Wouldn’t It Be Nice” by the Beach Boys (which I also love). A worthwhile listen for those who enjoy the noisier side of electronic music. –Emma Alice Johnson (Self-released, statichymns.bandcamp.com)

STRANGE PASSAGE:
***Shouldn’t Be Too Long:* LP**
I’m stoked these cats finally followed up their promising 2016 demo. If you like your ’backer to be ricken, you’ve come to the right place: tons of jangle and fast picked leads throughout, with enough crunch to pull this one from pure pop to punk. An absolutely locked-in rhythm section holds everything down as the vocalist throws down moody incantations. I bet they slay live. I’ll bring a bouquet of flowers to throw at ’em–because, unlike Morrissey, they’ll appreciate it. –Michael T. Fournier (strangepassage.bandcamp.com)

SUBURBAN HOMES, THE:
***E.P 3:* 7” EP**
Clean-channel guitar, simple drums and musical structures, and an anger that is more sarcastic and seething than explosive. This has all the ear markings of grade-A U.K. DIY punk fodder, in step with Bleach Boys, Desperate Bicycles, and so on. Four tracks here, not a naff one in the lot. Thumbs way, way up. –Jimmy Alvarado (Neck Chop)

SUEDEHEAD:
***Constant Frantic Motion:* LP**
I can’t help but think of Sublime when I listen to Suedehead. Except these guys have some Northern Soul in their sound, as well as modish influences, like later period The Jam. Maybe it’s the overall vibe that hangs over the music? I haven’t a clue. These songs are put together well, but they polished and buffed out the edges needed to make this work. This stuff could be played in a dentist’s office; it’s that tame. This album collects their singles, if you’re inclined. –Matt Average (Pirates Press)

SWEET REAPER: *Sidekick:* CS
The endless shores of California are at the heart of this ragtag group of miscreants’ inspiration to pick up instruments and bash out electrifying rock’n’roll. Here we have Ventura’s Sweet Reaper, who features members of Massenger, Vnlvx, and The Spires, and sound like The Plugz being blasted through a Twin Reverb on two banana boards bombing a palm-lined hill. Yet underneath the fuzzy distortion are the tried-and-true melodies of undeniably well-written songs. The sun may be setting on the horizon, but the night is young, and Sweet Reaper are about to get the party started. –Daryl (Naked Time)

SWINGIN’ UTTERS / NOTHINGTON:
***Bird Party:* Split 7”**
An undeniably well-matched San Francisco punk pairing, you can already taste the nostalgia on this short split with only one song each from two West Coast punk institutions. The Swingin’ Utters song “Shout It at Dem Culture” is catchy and predictable, not necessarily in a bad way just in the “this band has been around since the 1980s and we totally get it” way. The Nothington song is the real heart-stringy one here mostly because of their announcement that they’ll go on indefinite hiatus this year. With lyrics like, “I’ve found it’s about time / to cut our loss and cut the line / so much for solid ground,” it’s hard not to hear this as a song about a difficult but loving band break up that’s calling it quits before things get bad. And we all know that band break up songs hit right in the gut, way more so than any songs about relationship break ups. –Theresa W. (Red Scare)

TALEEN KALI: *Soul Songs:* CD
Moody, synthy pop that sounds like it was made to fill a smoky, kinda seedy L.A. club. “Half Lie” is sugary and driving enough (it could be a decent stand-in for the B-52’s’ “Roam” in a pinch, actually), but some of the other songs start meandering into some ’90s new-age territory that is not really where I want to be. It never goes full Enya or anything, but the middle ground turns out to be something that seems alarmingly close to “adult contemporary,” so that’s enough of that for me. –Indiana Laub (Lolipop, lolipop@lolipoprecords.com, lolipoprecords.com)

THESE BASTARDS:
***Old… and Pissed:* 7” EP**
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Hartle Road

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Slow Motion Cowboys

it up with assorted velocities of thrash. Most of the songs are at lengths that cater to short attention spans and are to-the-point with little to no metal in the mix. –Jimmy Alvarado (These Bastards)

THINGZ, THE:
***Supersonic Saucer:* LP**
I like the sci-fi subject matter prominently featured on The Thingz's *Supersonic Saucer*. The B-Movie album art is great. The songs generally follow a safe path of sixties-inspired reverb chaos. The whole album is fine, but it never spikes. I don't know if it's the production, but a lot of the songs are very samey and the album never gets off the ground. –Billups Allen (Coffee Addict)

THINGZ, THE:
***Supersonic Saucer:* LP**
Here's another slab of gritty, traditional-style garage rock from this prolific Long Beach troupe. Enter the mysterious world of The Thingz, full of supernatural oddities and extraterrestrial encounters. It's easy to lose your way, so make sure you stay close to your guides as they lead you to the enigmatic trilithon of *Under the Big Black Sun*, *Winchester Mystery House*, and *Boom!* Patrons of the Theremin arts, this is your stop. –Daryl (Coffee Addict)

THIS SIDE OF ANARCHY:
***Devils May Pass:* CD**
Here is another instance of something that would have been better in smaller doses. The first couple of songs grabbed my interest. It's fast punk that kind of reminded me of an evil version of Boris The Sprinkler (then I pictured the singer of this band looking like Rev. Nørb but with an "evil twin" moustache and goatee combo and it made me laugh). I dig the sound, but after a couple more songs it was all blending together. –Ty Stranglehold (This Side Of Anarchy)

TIGHTWIRE: *Six Feet Deep:* CD
This is some sugary pop punk alright. I think I got diabetes within the first couple of songs. Truth be told, I like this style and Tightwire does it well. I'm thinking of The Lillingtons or Teen Idols right off the bat. It's well played and well recorded. This would have been in high rotation for me twenty years ago, but now I'll settle on it being something nice to have on in the background. I'd go check them out live, for sure. –Ty Stranglehold (Red Scare)

TIMMY VULGAR'S GENETIC ARMAGEDDON: *Music from the Other Side of the Swamp:* LP
I dunno if Hasil Adkins ever knocked up a copy of *Metal Machine Music*, but, if he did, this is what the kid probably sounds like when he wants a glass of water in the middle of the night. It's sort of like a huge, wobbly Katamari composed primarily of feedback and amphibians—piercing and wiggly and off-balance and really sort of disturbing. I thought this album was some kind of overarching conceptual statement about mutation and the human soul, but then I started thinking about that episode of *Rick and Morty* where Rick transfers his consciousness into a teenage body, but his innate teenageness starts overpowering him and he can't get his mind back in his real body. The only way teenage Rick can express his predicament is in the lyrics of his angsty alt-folk songs—*"Let me out! Let me out! This is not a song! I'm dying in a vat in the garage!"*—and now I am convinced beyond a shadow of a doubt that this album is not Timmy Vulgar *singing about* mutation, *this is the actual sound of Timmy Vulgar LITERALLY mutating as he emits a final ramshackle call for help! HOLD ON TIMMY! HELP IS ON THE WAY! We're sending Space Lassie, Professor X, and William S. Burroughs to your location immediately! HOLD YOUR POSITION, TIMMY! DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP!* BEST SONG: "Food Swamp." BEST SONG TITLE: "Suction Cup Hands." FANTASTIC AMAZING TRIVIA FACT: Run-out grooves read "SLITHERING SWAMP BEAST" and "FROM THE VACANT RUSTED HEART OF DETROIT." –Rev. Nørb (Mind Meld)

TONGUE PARTY:
***Looking for a Painful Death:* LP**
I wanna go to this Tongue Party. These self-described "Minneapolis trash heroes" will fucking shred you into oblivion. In *Looking for a Painful Death,* menacing guitars, caustic vocals, and monstrous bass are thrown into a blender, merging to make a most gruesome sludge smoothie. Sounding like if Torche did time in the ninth circle of hell, *Looking for a Painful Death* is a contagious carrier of short and catchy tracks. But fair warning: Listening to this LP will cause you to headbang yourself into a stupor. –Simone Carter (Learning Curve, learningcurverecords.com)

TOWARD SPACE:
***Gently with a Chainsaw:* CD**
Wow, Toward Space are a real good time, and I had low expectations. From what appears to be their second album, these Richmond folks smash out twelve, blues-inspired (and even gospel-y at times) garage in homage to something like the MC5

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or the BellRays. Looking forward to hearing more. –Steve Adamyk (Self-released, towardspace.bandcamp.com)

TRAINFANTOME: *Mature, Immature:* Zine + download code
This one got thrown in my zine pile because of the insert, which includes scrawled lyrics and some clip art. The record is fairly generic, nasally indie rock which is not my thing at all. Sorry, dudes. –Michael T. Fournier (Self-released)

UNCOUTH, THE: *"Just a Matter of Time"* b/w *"All You Fascists"*: 7"
Four oi boys playing gruff streetpunk laced with rock'n'roll licks, in the tradition of Blitz, Cock Sparrer, and company. "Just a Matter of Time" is about as standard-issue as the Docs and Fred Perrys worn by every band member in the cover photo, but that's not necessarily a crime in this subgenre. They do mix it up on the B-side with a swingy, piano-heavy cover of Woody Guthrie's "All You Fascists Bound to Lose" that gave me Kings Of Nuthin' flashbacks from fifteen years ago and actually kind of rips. –Indiana Laub (Teenage Heart, info@teenageheartdistro.com, teenageheartdistro.com)

UNFAIR FIGHT: *False Walls:* LP
This is a serious record of heavy hardcore. The songs feature excellent guttural vocals. There's a good blast beat on track four: "Perverse Resolutions." The guitars are on the evil side and showcase solid riffs outside the hardcore playbook. Fans of Hatebreed or more evil-sounding hardcore should take note. It's not really my thing, but the band is good and the album is well recorded. –Billups Allen (Crucial 45, Xcrucial45X@yahoo)

U-NIX: *Nuke Portland:* LP
I think they're from Richmond, but they wanna nuke Portland? Not a lot of info on the band, so who knows; maybe they live down the street from me. Anyway, *Nuke Portland* is a 12" 45 filled with some lurching, ugly, messy hardcore that sounds like it's continually right on the cusp of falling apart. Couched somewhere between Bi-Marks and *Damaged*-era Black Flag, so if that's your bag, get running. –Keith Rosson (Feel It)

UZ JSME DOMA: *Sestrih Bratrih-Medley Youdley:* CD
Fans of this long-running Czech prog group may be excited to hear this new live document. If you're like me and you're new to them, they may sound like a kind of System Of A Down/dramatic ska combo, bewildering and/or exhausting. Accomplished, frenetic, conceptual, culturally important—I wish I knew what they were singing. –Matt Werts (Nikt Nic Nie Wie, nnnw.pl)

VANITY: *Evening Reception:* LP
Big Ev and his rotating cast of characters return with the tricky third LP. Their first was boots on the ground, mid-period 'Driver, the second delved into Oasis and Britpop, and this third is the more reflective, more experimental. It's as much Small Faces *Ogdens'* or Kinks *Village Green* as it is *Definitely Maybe* or *Hail the New Dawn*. Remember when Greg Oblivian did the Reigning Sound? Taking nods from shit way before punk as we know it and adding a punk aesthetic? That's what Vanity are doing—as they find their feet and their stride, Evan has been able to open up possibilities and throw in ballads and '60s style punkers. It has some late-'80s U.K. indie swagger with the LSD-laced swinging '60s. Punk? Who the fuck knows. I'm old as the hills and will be as likely listening to fucking Humble Pie as Disclose. To be totally transparent, Big Ev is a pal and I've watched the development of his bands, so I could be biased. Either way, this shit is staying on the table. –Tim Brooks (Beach Impediment)

VARIOUS ARTISTS:
***Domestic Terror Volume 1:* LP**
A comp of current DC and VA area bands, featuring tracks by Bust Off, Skumboyz, Ruin By Design, Stuck Backwards, The Screws, Ain't No Mountain High Enough, The Mostly Dead, Rat Infested, Payback, 3:33, Devolver, Genosha, Treble Lifter, and Walk The Plank. Hues of hardcore and thrash are the order of the day here, with some shades with varying degrees of metal influence. If you're looking for boundaries to be blurred and envelopes pushed, you ain't gonna find much doing that here, but the bands all work well within the context of the genre, none deliver a particularly lackluster track, and this shines some light on recent happenings in an area that is often overshadowed by its own history. –Jimmy Alvarado (Domestic Terror, domesticterror.net)

VARIOUS ARTISTS:
***Hardkore Dokument #1:* 7" EP**
This is no soundtrack to a light-hearted gambol through fields of wheat on a bright summer's day. No, this is what one might expect to accompany footage of the destruction of buildings as wrecking balls crash through walls to decimate what once stood strong and proud. Okay, that might be slightly over-egging this single which features six, of the many, hardcore bands in the U.K. but it definitely unleashes a maelstrom of noise across this tiny island. Although there are

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slight differences in approaches, all six bands—Grand Collapse, Rash Decision, The Domestics, Guilt Police, Wolfbeast Destroyer—are more than adept at kicking up a racket, the Welsh boyos Pizza Tramp contributed my favourite track, the excellent "The Only Good Tribute Band's a Fucking Dead One," a song drenched in USHC influences. Get this now! –Rich Cocksedge (TNS / AMOK / Kibou / Sick World / Mangel Wax)

VARIOUS ARTISTS:
***Killed by Meth Volume 3:* LP**

No matter where I go, my first instinct is to find a record store. My second intuition is: *surely there must be a band in this town I'd like.* The *Killed by Meth* series compiles bands located in and around the Midwest, in and out of towns you might not be familiar with, exposing great bands waving the punk flag. The styles are a range of punk enjoyment. I appreciate a compilation highlighting modern bands taking up a variety of styles. The bands on this record differ here and there, but the songs here are all trashy, limited in chords, and head nodders. S.L.I.P. starts the record with "Killed by Meth," a mid-tempo serving as a nice theme song for the series. It has a Dangerhouse-moving-into-hardcore feel and a catchy chorus. Sweet Milk's "Nervous" has a more mechanical guitar riff with echo-laden vocals. Knowso's "Energy Accident" has a distinctly Devo sensibility: dry, jumpy guitars frame cold, robot-like vocal delivery. I don't know where they're from, but I hope Ohio. Beauticians' "Mouse or Man" combines snotty vocals with mid-tempo punk and an organ sound that would be at home in a science fiction movie. WLMRT bring a bit of thrash to the table with the near-metal-paced "Deathsticks Ruined My Life" and prove you can make a singalong with any phrase if you mean it enough, inserting the mid-song interlude "pick up your jacket / it's on the floor, on the floor" a few times. It's incredibly infectious. The *Killed by Meth* series pulls from a wide range of recent bands playing in a variety of trash-rock styles and is a testament to thankless job of compiling. Volume three is another great listen and makes me feel a little hipper than I actually am. –Billups Allen (It's Trash)

VARIOUS ARTISTS:
***Motorcycle Potluck Records Presents: Because We Can:* CS**

Motorcycle Potluck's second release, this compilation features bangers from Spells, Dead Bars, Seagulls, and others. Half the compilation features bands from the label's hometown of Denver, which must have a rockin' local scene, if this cassette is any indication. –Paul J. Comeau (Motorcycle Potluck)

VARIOUS ARTISTS:
***One Family One Flag:* 3 x LP**

Most folks in the punk scene do it for love. Few make a job and career of it, and almost none are able to support friends, bands, and families from it. Skippy (who runs Pirates Press) just moved forward with a smile on his face and a belief in his friends and their bands. Fast forward fifteen years and his label and company have been at the forefront of quality punk releases—and in many ways the resurgence of vinyl in America (he also employs a pile of my mates). This compilation is a testament to his hard work and a celebration of his label. Too many to mention, but if you like Cock Sparrer, Noiise, Old Firm Casuals, Bishops Green, Off With Their Heads, Rancid et. al there's a something here for you. It's definitely on the street punk/oi side of things, but the very best of it. No filler, all killer. We love you Skippy. Congrats, mate! This would be the disc you should give your young cousin getting into punk. –Tim Brooks (Pirates Press)

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Our Voltage:* CD

This Girlsville Records compilation offers a ton of great tunes all over the U.S., featuring major highlights from Freak Genes (a Drunken Sailor Records band), Damaged Bug (a John Dwyer of the Oh Sees project, who isn't shy about his love for this label), Bummers Eve, and the always awesome and legendary Mr. Airplane Man. I'll be keeping an eye on this label, that's for sure. –Steve Adamyk (Girlsville, girlsville.bandcamp.com)

VARIOUS ARTISTS:
***Punx to the Bone #3:* CD**

International comp with thirty bands from eleven countries banging in a cross-section of punk sub-styles. "Good/bad" varies based on track and personal preferences, but taken as a whole it's a nice, overview of some of the varied sounds bubbling in the underground. –Jimmy Alvarado (Dilapidated Music, dilapidatedmusic@gmail.com)

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Salad Days:* LP

The documentary on the DC music scene gets a soundtrack and it is a triumph. The '80s are the focus here with a few songs from the '90s included. The needle drops into Side One on "Motorist" by Jawbox and the bass rumble is comparable to a Grand Prix engine in your face. For those not immersed in the history, it helps to have some representation from some of the non-Dischord Records acts. Kingface? Black

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Market Baby? More please. The only misstep is a toss off from HR when a Bad Brains thrasher would have sealed the deal. But, it's still essential listening and an education to boot. Priority purchase. –Sean Koepenick (New Rose Films, saladdaysdc.com)

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Shut the Fuck Up and Listen Vol. 8:* 7"

This here slab is another volume in the series of compilations showcasing Midwestern/Northwestern acts, largely curated by the band Potbelly. It's all over the place genre-wise, and the tracks are so short that it's hard to keep your head straight, but they do well at getting a bang for your buck on this record. The Guns Of Nevada track is probably the highlight for me. –Steve Adamyk (Portnow Entertainment Group / Little Mafia / 1332 / Flytrap)

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Trouble with a Capital T:* LP

Crucial compilation of Tallahassee punk from 1980 to 1988, and a good chunk of the material on here has never been released until now! There's even an unreleased Hated Youth song from 1983, "Five Sides." You have to hear it! Life-affirming greatness in a matter of seconds. Along with Hated Youth, you need to hear Persian Gulf, Human Scarecrow, Sector 4, Slut Boys (the oldest material on here, and originally available on their demo), Faith In Medical Technology, and The Undesided. Listening to this you can track how punk began to mutate through the decade, from the pure punk of Slut Boys to the blazing hardcore of Hated Youth to the metal-tinged X Band, and when things started to get sideways with Insect Fear. Seriously, you really need to get this comp. –Matt Average (Panhandle Punk Productions)

VARIOUS ARTISTS: *Tuna Forsushi Presents Live Your Gimmick Deuce:* CD

You know the drill by now. Four bands contribute some songs with introductions by Mr. Tuna himself. Smells fishy? Don't worry, it's for real. The first band, Never Say Die, is named after their favorite Sabbath record. Okay, that's not true. They are a straight-up punk band. "Down in the Gutter" injects some blues action into the mix. The Supermen are dressed in costumes but I can't determine if they are wearing capes or not. Why do I think of Thor when I listen to them? Not sure but I can tell you that they have a song written by Mike Tyson in their set list. "Bad Taste in Men" gets to the point—and quickly. The Runz barrel into town next. "Kid" has a whiff of metal in the guitar department and you can tell these guys mean business. Finally, Long Lost Enemies rounds out the party. "Florida Fresh" is to this band what "Clash City Rockers" was…. Their theme song. "The Baby" is a Lemmy tribute but I don't think he would be down with the auto-tuned vocal opening. A mixed bag. –Sean Koepenick (Tuna Forsushi, tunaforsushi@verizon.net)

VIOLENCE CREEPS: *"Nephew Melting"* b/w *"Ford Go Bikes":* 7"

The two tracks on this single are scathing condemnations of "washed-up never-was" rock bros and the "stroller yuppies and Wes Anderson fucks" of Oakland, respectively. Violence Creeps deliver their indictments in plain language—lines like "you shit on female punks, you fuckin' make me sick / Then, you snitch, you went and sucked La Migra's dick" leave no room for misinterpretation. The music is steeped in caustic dissonance, bass and guitar lurching in different directions only to crash back together seconds later. "Nephew Melting" is gleefully snotty, while "Ford Go Bikes" is more of a grinding dirge—both are fucked up and great. –Indiana Laub (Total Punk, floridasdyingrecords@gmail.com, floridasdying.com)

YOUNG SKULLS: *Bomb Train Blues:* 7"

Members of Chrome Cranks, El Nada, and Trans Am serve up two tracks of pounding, primal rock'n'roll—wailing, scratchy, raucous—not unlike some of the bands from whence they spawn. They slam-bang in fine fashion, with car-crash guitars, howlin' vocals, and bubbling organ over a ever-present stomp-stomp-stomp. –Jimmy Alvarado (Slovenly)

ZERODENT: *Landscapes of Merriment:* LP

Dunno what it is about Australians. Be it AC/DC, Rose Tattoo, Birthday Party, Eddy Current Suppression Ring, The Saints, or whoever else you can think of at the moment, bands from that neck of the woods seem to have an uncanny ability to strip rock'n'roll down to its bare essentials and mine it for all it's worth. As exemplified here, Perth's Zerodent is no exception. Distilling all the "genre" crap outta the punk stew, they stomp, slash, brood, and bash with the best of 'em, keeping things simple and pure with sophistication and smarts that gives them more personality than others plundering the same ingredients might evince. This is definitely gonna get played quite a lot around these parts. –Jimmy Alvarado (Alien Snatch)

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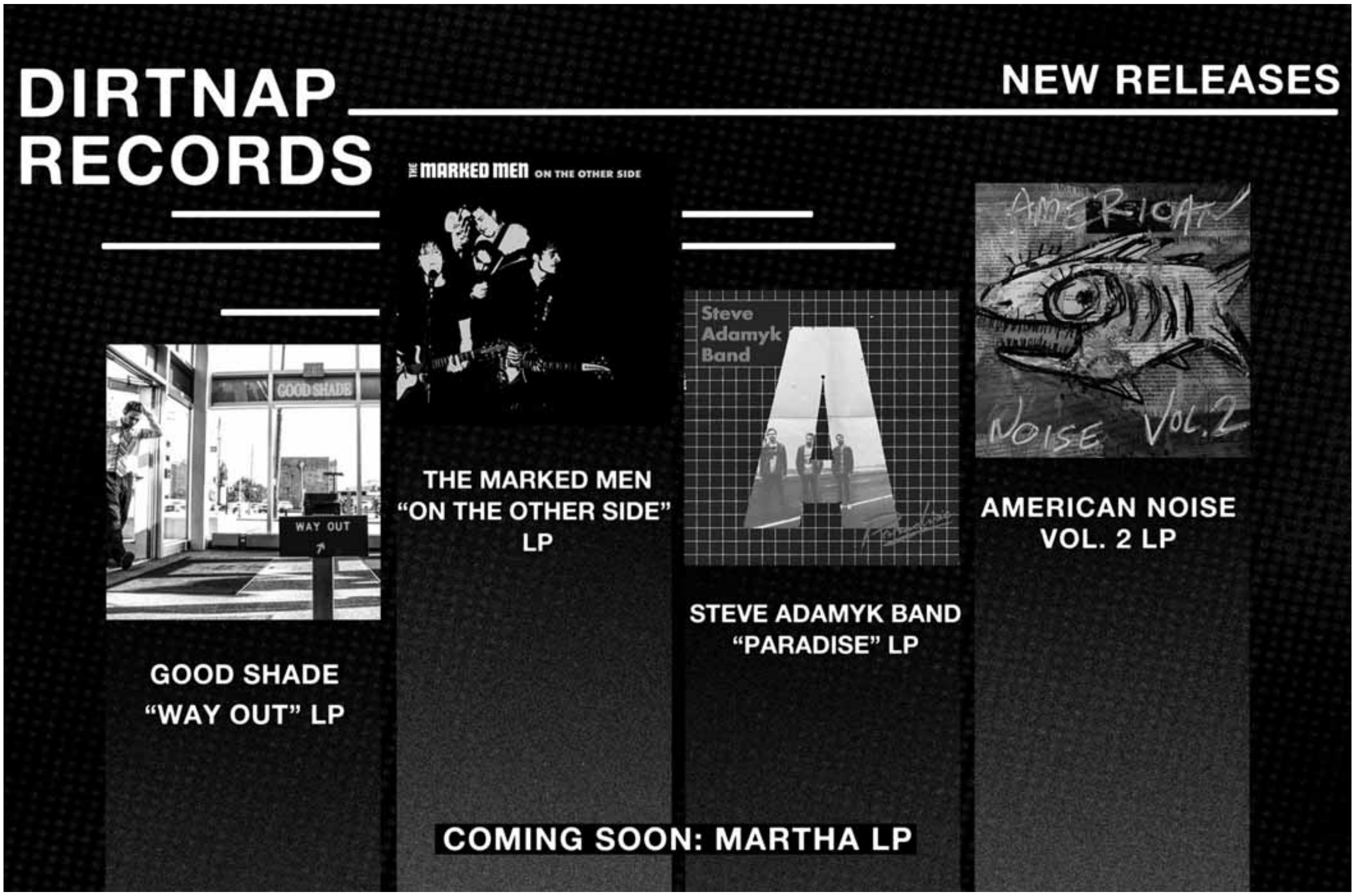

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or recently posted on razorcake.org.

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Dewaere
c/o Marc Aumont, 5 Bis
Impasse du Champs des
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France
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Domino,
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Brooklyn, NY 11201
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PO Box 47029, London,
SW18 1EG,
United Kingdom
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Minneapolis, MN 55409
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SF, CA, 94124
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Monobosco,
c/o Casey Greene,
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Everett, WA 98208
Naked Time,
130 S. Laurel St.,
Ventura, CA 93001
Neck Chop,
PO Box 5635,
Fullerton, CA 92838
Night Animal,
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Tempe, AZ 85281
Not Like You,
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Pig, PO Box 13536,
Des Moines, WA 98198
Pirates Press,
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Emeryville, CA 94608
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> The Ovechkin family made a jump from being a family Dixieland jazz band in Russia to armed terrorists.
>
> –Adrian Salas
> KNOW-IT-ALL ASSHOLE JERK

AMERICAN INDIAN READY TO WEAR CATALOG, THE, $5, 5½” x 8½”, cardstock, 12 pgs.
In this satirical catalog, the writer/illustrator team of Joey Clift and Janet Myer, both members of the Cowlitz Indian Tribe, presents readers with a handful of exciting ways to accessorize and appropriate their way to chic Native “authenticity.” Trendy looks include “The Disney's Pocahontas” (“Animal Friends—$500: If all of your friends aren't literal animals, are you really an Indian?”), “The Land O' Lakes Butter Maiden” (“Joy Derived from Giving Your Food to White People—Priceless”), and more. Clift and Myer take on racist depictions of Native people with biting wit, sparing no one from sports mogul Daniel Snyder (guess which team) to teen heartthrob Taylor Lautner. They're also mother and son, which is awesome. This would make an enlightening gift to that special feather-bedecked festivalgoer or smudge-happy holistic punk in all our lives. –Indiana Laub (Red Cat Press, redcatpress.com)

ASYMMETRICAL ANTI-MEDIA #2
SASE or trade, 5 ½” x 8 ½”, copied, 8 pgs.
Asymmetrical Anti-Media is a review zine that manages to make the format interesting and engaging with how the editor injects his personality into the reviews of other zines out there, with what he likes, why he feels the way he does about a particular facet, or what he dislikes and why. Sort of like a micro version of the Mike Gunderloy-era of *Factsheet Five*. His enthusiasm comes across well. I hope to see more issues in the future and that it grows in size. –Matt Average (Jason Rogers, PO Box 10894, Albany, NY 12201)

BIFF BOFF BAM SOCK #5, $4, 5 ½” x 8½”, copied, 20 pgs.
I saw a meme the other week about how schools teach us all this stuff about Christopher Columbus as well as how to solve complex math problems but they don't teach us how to manage our personal finances. (Or a lot of skills we need to use on a daily basis.) Thankfully, Anna has written a wonderful short zine about how to manage your money. It includes info on savings, retirement, IRAs, credit scores, and making a budget. Some of that may not seem real exciting, but it's done in a very simple, straightforward manner, and there are nice, crisp graphics, too. I appreciated the list of resources. Anyone who is looking to get a grasp on how to manage their money will likely find this issue of *Biff Boff Bam Sock* to be helpful. –Kurt Morris (annajobeck.com)

BIFF BOFF BAM SOCK #8, $6, 5½” x 8½”, copied, 28 pgs.
The fact that this zine is subtitled “For Your Health” made me want to watch a bunch of Dr. Steve Brule videos, but I refrained and instead dove in to the twenty-eight pages that hope to aid the reader in making sense of the American health insurance system. Considering how complex the system is, Anna did a great job at distilling the basics and explaining frequently used terms like deductible, co-pay, premium, COBRA, and more. The last section gives her opinions on the health insurance industry and she has some skin in the game since her husband had cancer. So I appreciated getting her two cents on the issue. As someone who has navigated the insurance system a lot over the past twenty years (thanks, mental illness!) and who is the son of an insurance agent, I commend Anna on doing a solid job. She has her shit down and even taught me a few things, not to mention she includes great resources for the reader to learn more. Recommended. –Kurt Morris (annajobeck.com)

BIFF BOFF BAM SOCK #9, $6, 5½” x 8½”, copied, 24 pgs.
Do you not have a clue how voting and government works? Do you want to know who your elected officials are? Perhaps you want to know how to get registered to vote? Anna's latest issue of *Biff Boff Bam Sock* is comprised of everything you could want to know about how voting works and getting to know who represents you. I'll be honest: voting can seem like a waste of time, but as we have seen in the U.S. in 2016 and 2018, every vote counts and can greatly change how things work at the local, state, and federal levels. With detailed, yet accessible information as well as a plethora of resources, this is a great zine to get if you are looking to get engaged with politics at any level. And nowadays you don't have an excuse not to. –Kurt Morris (annajobeck.com)

BIG TAKEOVER, THE, #83, $5.99, 8 ½” x 11, printed, 152 pgs.
Another issue of Jack Rabid's consistently excellent, sprawling, long-running zine. Interviews this time include D.O.A. and Tony Molina. You can expect scads of columns, reviews, and opinions throughout, written by passionate, smart, opinionated music fans. Always a great read and worthy of your support. –Michael T. Fournier (356 4th Street, 2nd Floor, Brooklyn NY 11215)

CLOCK TOWER NINE #14
$3, 5½” x 8½”, risograph cover, copied interiors, 36 pgs.
This multi-contributor zine opens with a personal story from the head collaborator. Titled “The Last Record I Would Ever Sell,” it tells one person's introduction to the world of vinyl, record stores, and punk rock. It makes up the first half of the zine. The second half is filled with essays about personal 8-track collections, video games, and religion (and one person's choice to not participate). A fun, quick read. –Tricia Ramos (Clock Tower Nine, antiquatedfuture.com)

DEEP FRIED MINNEAPOLIS #15, $1, 5½” x 8½”, copied, 20 pgs.
Sometimes I almost feel like I'm being pandered to when I find a zine or book or whatever that has so many things I love in it. *Deep Fried MPLS* is a publication I'd heard of but never read. And what better time to start than now? Especially when the cover is *Robocop*, one of the best movies of all time. Now, you may be asking why the bot of the Detroit PD is on the cover holding a drumstick (the chicken kind, not percussion kind). Not only does this issue educate us on the time Robocop was in a Korean fried chicken commercial, but it also has an interview with the punk band Murph who is named after the cop who gets cyborged. As an aside, I love that the zine recommends Murph's music for “people who have always wanted to go to a GWAR show.” This zine stays very on brand and only asks them questions about junk food. Some of the other features in this issue include letters from inmates about the menu at San Quentin, an interview with Nick Murray of Fancy Lad Skateboards, and this amazing tale of the anonymous punk who unknowingly decorated Grant Hart's memorial cake. There's a lot of super fun stuff in here that is awesome for fans of punk and/or junk food. I imagine there's a sizable cross over. –Kayla Greet (2901 Yosemite Ave. S, St. Louis Park, MN 55416, videophobia222@hotmail.com)

FLUKE #16, $4 ppd., 5½” x 8½”, printed, 32 pgs.
Matthew Thompson’s long-running zine turns its keen eye on Arizona artist Nxoeed. His distinct style is showcased in works of art hidden all over his home state—a map is included so readers can get in on the fun. Nxoeed discusses process, his do-it-yourself ethos, and Phoenix’s best copy machines. This one feels a lot like one of those issues of *Cometbus* in which Aaron shone a spotlight on talented friends—which is to say that this issue of *Fluke*, like usual, is essential. –Michael T. Fournier (PO Box 1547, Phoenix AZ 85001, or bit.ly/fluke16)

FLUKE #16, $4 ppd., 5½” x 8½”, printed, 32 pgs.
This issue is focused solely on the art of Phoenix-based artist Nxoeed. His style is a mix of horror, sci fi, and music flyer art—sometimes collage, sometimes comic panel, and at other times standalone pieces with various words layered in the background. There’s also a pretty interesting interview with him. It gives you an idea of where he’s coming from and how he works, which is pretty inspiring. It also covers art hunts that run throughout the entire state of Arizona (where he has hidden paintings), his sticker drops, and flyering his art around town. Not to be constrained by the gallery system, as art is for the people. –Matt Average (PO Box 1547, Phoenix, AZ 85001, matthew@flukefanzine.com)

> **This would make an enlightening gift to that special feather-bedecked festivalgoer or smudge-happy holistic punk in all our lives.**
>
> –Indiana Laub | THE AMERICAN INDIAN READY TO WEAR CATALOG

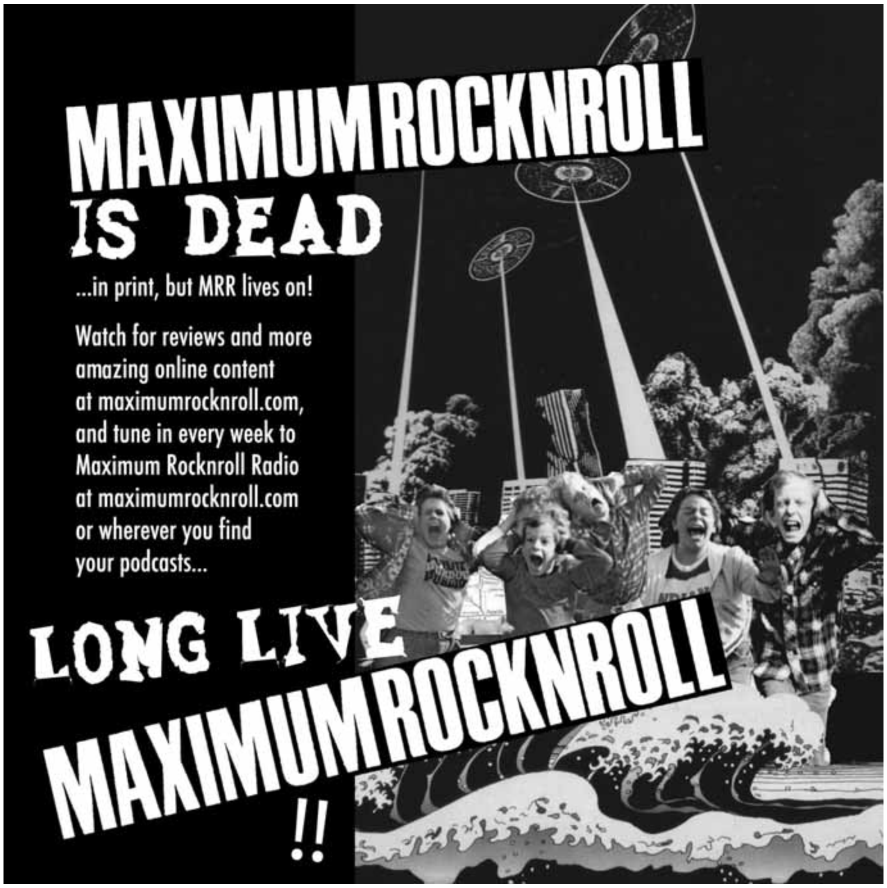
G.A. MUTT #3, $3 ppd., 8½” x 11”, black and white, 28 pgs.
Continuing punk-centric musings mostly centered around New Paltz, N.Y. Having not seen the first two issues, I feel like I missed something that was happening on the supposed continued e-mail adventures of Dave Grohl, but I did love the collage of college radio station review stickers (“Is This Love?” (’cause it sure ain’t music)). There was also a clutch of album reviews and a really glowing write up of the Screaming Females recent live shows and album, which makes me want to check them out again, as I haven’t done a very good job of keeping up with the band the last few years. The capper of the whole zine is an extensive review of the *CBGB* film from 2013, that A.) reminded me that that was a thing that happened, and B.) perversely made me want to see the film now. The hook to this issue of the zine though is the random Greg Ginn “commentary” popping up every few pages like an extremely SST-centric version of Sergio Aragonés margin doodles. –Adrian Salas (John Tapper, 12 Pinecrest Rd., New Paltz, NY, 12561, gamutt.storenvy.com)

KNOW-IT-ALL ASSHOLE JERK, $5 ppd., 6½” x 8½”, 54 pgs.
Despite what the cover and title may lead one to believe, this isn’t a *Breakfast Club* or Judd Nelson fanzine. This zine is instead a collection of short, true stories from Adel Souto’s Know-It-All Asshole Jerk blog that deal with the strange and out of the ordinary. The subject matter focuses more on art world oddities, spectacularly elaborate pranks, and decidedly unique individuals rather than the paranormal, but there’s more than enough to make one go on multiple internet deep dives to find out more on most of the stories. This actually makes me think a lot of the type of stuff that Ripley’s Believe It or Not would cover. All the stories inside caught my interest, with some ones that really stuck with me, including the tale of the Ovechkin family who made a jump from being a family Dixieland jazz band in Russia to armed terrorists, Charles Mingus’s detailed instructions for toilet training cats, and the story performance artist John Duncan’s *Blind Date* piece which… well you just have to read about it. –Adrian Salas (adelsouto.com, knowitallassholejerk.com, adelsouto@adelsouto.com)

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL #427 Re-do
$4.99, 8½” x 11½”, newsprint, 40 pgs.
This issue is the #427 re-do, because the original cover showcased cisgender white male band Proto Idiot, chosen for the cover instead of other bands interviewed that included people of color. Because of this cover, the other interviews may have been overlooked. *MRR* decided the best way to give these interviews the attention and recognition that they deserve was printing a re-do, upside-down and backwards from #428. *MRR* said they chose Proto Idiot because they provided high-resolution, never-before-printed photos. I think if *MRR* had reached out to the bands requesting new photos, bands could have provided them. Apologies alluded that they’re going to work harder to make future cover choices more of a collaborative effort within the staff, as opposed to one person doing so. Miranda Fisher, the content coordinator for *MRR*, took the blame and said, “This magazine has a lot to work on in terms of its institutional white supremacy; I am unquestionably part of that, and I need to do a better job of acknowledging and combating it. This shows even in my reaction to the cover of 427; I should have seen immediately the hurt that it caused people, but I did not. I’d like to thank those who brought this issue to light for me.” I’m hoping that *MRR* will keep that promise, and feature more artists of color and marginalized folks. To show transparency, the magazine is making the emails to the bands explaining the situation and offering to re-run their interviews, and all the meeting notes available to the readers upon request. Reprinted interviews were Jabber (love them!), The Funs, The Shifters, Choked Up (featured on the re-do cover), lié, Marrón, and Giant Peach. I’m happy these interviews were given the opportunity to be printed again, and glad that so many spoke up about what happened. –Cynthia Pinedo (maximumrocknroll.com)

MAXIMUM ROCKNROLL #428
$4.99, 8½” x 11½”, newsprint, 111 pgs.
Issue #428 features Singapore’s Sial on the cover, and their interview touches a bit on the Singaporean punk scene. This issue also has a great feature on Black and Brown Punk Fest TX, written by co-organizer Daisy Salinas. The letters section features a letter by Daniel Becker about the unjustified boycott of Israeli punks in *MRR*, and how not many folks in Israel want to contribute content for *MRR* anymore. Becker was approached to contribute an Israeli scene report and it caused a lot of frustration for him. Vicky Cassis (the distro coordinator) and *MRR* replied with an apology, and reviewer Ramy Silyan explains how behind closed doors, Becker decided to not print the story and spread false information about the mag. Ramy opens up the mail to other international punks who feel frustrated in their situations to speak out, and decolonize punk. This issue also contains an interview between Jonny of Jonny Cat Records, and Mark from TKO Records about how their record labels came to be, numerous band interviews, a feature on This Is Austin, Not That Great, and a Belgium scene report. As you may have heard, *MRR* is ceasing physical printing of their magazine in 2019 after thirty-seven years, so this issue is one of the last few to be printed. Be sure to pick it up, and read the double #427/428 issue! –Cynthia Pinedo (maximumrocknroll.com)

NOT LIKE YOU—PHOTO ISSUE #2,
$5?, 8½” x 11”, copied, 40 pgs.
A cool collection of show photos which had me wondering which ones were shot in the past and which ones were at recent reunions. I’m pretty sure Avail hasn’t gotten back together, and I know Fugazi hasn’t. Faction and Youth Of Today and Judge all have, apparently.



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Sussing out now vs. then is half the fun. –Michael T. Fournier (102 Richmond Dr. SE, Albuquerque, NM 87106)

PARANOIZE #45, $2, 5½" x 8½", copied, 18 pgs.
Paranoize has covered the New Orleans metal, punk, and hardcore scene for twenty-five years. On one hand that's pretty awesome, but on another hand, I would figure that after that long the zine would look a bit better than an awkwardly stapled production with formulaic questions for bands. There are interviews in this issue with Dead Centered, Dark Star Coven, Woorms, and Sounding. I did learn some stuff about each band, but it's hard to get in-depth from a two-page interview in a half-size zine. Also included are a ton of music and zine reviews as well as a list of bands, venues, and record stores in New Orleans. I suppose if you're interested in this scene, it'd be cool, but otherwise I'm not sure why you'd want to check this out. –Kurt Morris (Paranoize, PO Box 2334, Marrero, LA 70073)

PUNKS AROUND #2: MUTANT MANIAC,
$3, 4" x 7", copied, 38 pgs.
The four stories that comprise *Mutant Maniac* are written by Justin Maurer, whom you might know from his band, Clorox Girls. One story takes place in high school when he was forced to deal with skinheads at a show, another looks at the time he played in Mexico with Clorox Girls. Justin also had to deal with a felony charge that was the result of exposing himself on stage. The last story is about the beauty of being on tour in Italy. He does a wonderful job of putting the reader in the scene, wherever the locale. I found his writing lively and engaging. It's a shame there aren't more stories here. I would certainly read an entire book of his tales from the road. –Kurt Morris (Microcosm, 2752 N. Williams Ave., Portland, OR 97227)

> **Punk's not a competition, but this wins the issue.**
>
> –Michael T. Fournier | VISUALIZING THE HISTORY OF FUGAZI

RAZORBLADES AND ASPIRIN #4
$10, 5½ x 8½", black and white glossy printed, 60 pgs.
Self-described "Hardcore Punk Photozine," *Razorblades and Aspirin* is exactly that. In glossy black and white, these photos of hardcore or punk bands playing live are full of movement, emotion, sweat, and energy. If you're looking for a photo zine that translates to someone visually what it's like to experience a hardcore punk show, then this is the one. –Tricia Ramos (Razorblades and Aspirin, 507 29th St., Richmond, VA 23223, razorbladesandaspirin.bigcartel.com)

RAZORBLADES AND ASPIRIN #4.75
$10, 8 ½" x 11", full color offset, 20 pgs.
The ever-prolific Mike Thorn has been cranking these out for the past couple years. He seems to be all over the world taking photos of just about any punk band out there, shooting the well known as well as the up and comers. This issue has Strife, along with bands like Pawns, Systematic Death, Modern Life Is War, Destruct, Praise, Muro (best photo of the issue), and more. The color printing is pretty good with everything popping off the page and putting you in the moment, as best as the printed media can. –Matt Average (PO Box 23173, Richmond, VA 23223-9993, razorbladesandaspirin@gmail.com)

SKATING WITH SHES AND HERS #3
$10, 7" x 8½", glossy printed, 22 pgs.
Third volume of a project with the goal to talk to every female or genderqueer skater whose session overlapped with the author's. Skateboarding can be a very cisgender male-saturated environment, and this series of zines sets out to interview, photograph, and connect with different lady and non-binary skaters, talking to them about their experiences, how long they've been skating, advice for new skaters, and what they love about skateboarding. The accompanying photos show the faces of smiling shredders, some in action, and some posed with their boards. As a beginning skater myself, I know all too well how alienating going to a skatepark can be, and this zine was an inspiring and motivating discovery. Keep ripping it up! –Tricia Ramos (Skating With Shes And Hers, abpuffin@gmail.com)

TATTOO PUNK #2, 8 ½" x 11", copied, full color cover, 18 pgs.
Now, in overrated life decisions news... tattoos! Yep, it's a whole zine interviewing punks who have and do tattoos. Tattoos to me are like children. I didn't go my whole life without having any, just to listen to you boast about yours. Yup, I'm about the last person that should be reviewing this zine. But I bit the bullet and was surprised to find it engaging because the punks have a lot to say—about a lot of stuff not just tattoos—and have led interesting lives. A tattooed guy named Bobby talks about his band, The Lion's Cage, and being profiled by the police. Punkemao from Chile talks about his band Tension 73 and living in a post-Pinochet Chile. Tattoo artist Charlene Baitaille talks about coming out and sobering up. Zoe Burke lives in a tiny house in a New York City backyard. There's still plenty of tattoo talk if don't have enough of it on the daily. –Craven Rock (Tattoo Punk c/o Nuts! Fanzine, PO Box 1959, New York, NY, 10013, tattoopunkfanzine.com, vegetablesgreen@gmail.com)

TOLEDO PONKEROS vol. 2, issue 5, $1, 5½" x 8½", copied, 26 pgs.
The only thing I know about Toledo and punk is that Jeff Nelson (one half of Dischord Records and former member of the High Back Chairs… oh, and Minor Threat) resides there and collects Jeeps. Thus, I was disappointed that there wasn't an interview with him here. Just kidding—this is an old school cut-and-paste zine comprised primarily of photos of people and bands. There's not a lot of content here beyond five music reviews and a few random thoughts. Like a lot of other zines focused on specific areas, it's cool to see what people are doing in different scenes but it's not necessarily something that I would endeavor to seek out. –Kurt Morris (Toledo Ponkeros, 2040 Alvin St., Toledo, OH 43607)

VISUALIZING THE HISTORY OF FUGAZI
$10, 20" x 14", newsprint, 8 pgs.
An hour after this arrived at my place I *wrote the author a fan letter.* No shit. Carni Klirs, like so many of us, has spent hours on the Fugazi Live Series page, cycling through all their shows, calculating the band's drives, noting which groups they played with the most, all that cool stuff. Mr. Klirs aggregated data about Fugazi from their live series page on Dischord and turned the raw numbers into a series of gorgeous, poster-sized infographics. He included a map diagramming the routing of every show the band played, breaking down the shows by number played in each state and country; a four-tiered family tree including band-to-band connections which connect Ian and co. to such sundried acts as Sheila E. and the E Street Band; a chart detailing all the benefits the band played and the money they raised—and these are just three of the pages herein! Staggering in scope and execution. I might have to buy a few more copies so I can frame every page. Punk's not a competition, but this wins the issue. –Michael T. Fournier (carniklirs.com/project/fugazi)

XEROGRAPHY DEBT #44, $4, 5½" x 8½", printed. 64 pgs.
Always nice to see this one arrive. If you're not familiar, *Xerography Debt* is almost all reviews: zinesters (like Liz Mason of Quimby's, who Mike Faloon and I shared a bill with this summer in Chicago) review zines. The tone is utterly devoid of snark, which is great. The positive vibes herein always make me seek out new reading material. You should, too. –Michael T. Fournier (via Microcosm, 2752 N. Williams Ave., Portland OR 97217)

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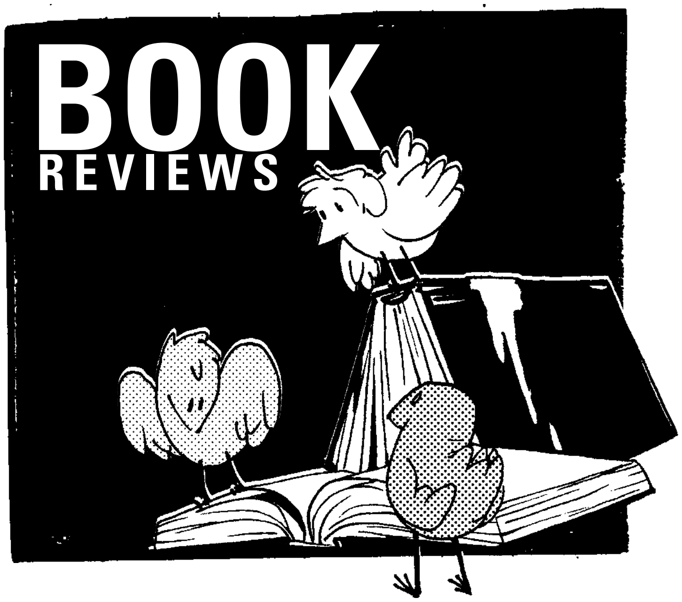

Bull Loving Truth, The
By Ian Lawrence Campbell Swordy, 138 pgs.

The morning of my thirty-fifth birthday I picked up this book and read the first sentence: "Moving back to New York at 35 was harder than expected." Instantly hooked, within twenty-four hours I had finished it. You might remember Ian as Pone, bassist for the humble legends of Brooklyn: Bent Outta Shape. *The Bull Loving Truth* is Ian's personal tale as they shed the innocence/naivety of the suburban youth experience in exchange for punk and radical politics, and later the highly conceptual art world. The parts which recount the tales of Bent shows and tours are all you hope they'd be. They're magically nostalgic, documenting a time that feels all too long ago. For those of us who branched out and discovered what this DIY network of friends truly is in the '00s, this is our history. And, amazingly, it reads like all the classics you ever wished were your life. Starting off like *Lanky* meets *On the Road*, and then ending like a mashed up millennial *Just Kids* meets *The Razor's Edge*. *The Bull Loving Truth* is your companion piece to reflect back on who you were in 2005 and who you are now. You don't have to read it on your birthday, but it definitely helps for maximum results. Here's a small nugget that felt particularly revealing, "Transformation is not shapeshifting. You don't get to choose what it looks like on the other side. Or who you are when you get there." Pick it up and absorb this heart-felt ode to the old times, the magnetic people who are unfortunately no longer with us, as well an open-ended discussion on who we have yet to become. –Daryl (Self-released, $10, woodenchain@gmail.com)

> **"Transformation is not shapeshifting. You don't get to choose what it looks like on the other side. Or who you are when you get there."**
>
> **–Ian Lawrence Campbell Swordy** | *The Bull Loving Truth*

Collected Cyanide Milkshake, Thee
By Liz Suburbia, 176 pgs.

As the title might tip you off to, this is the complete collection of *Cyanide Milkshake*, which is extremely convenient to anyone trying to track down all the back issues. Though there were only eight issues (including the mysterious lost first issue which Liz explains in comic form), having the work gathered up in one place is awesome. Not only does it show you the progress of the artist, but also how her expression and thought process changed over time—and most importantly—there's no extreme cliffhangers in the serialized comics. Be relieved that you can read each installment of Girl-Boy Adventures all in one go, instead of waiting with bated breath for whenever the next issue comes out. My favorite reoccurring comic in *Cyanide Milkshake* is Ulster & Penny. It's the tale of two rambunctious dogs who are constantly getting into trouble and looking super cool while doing so.

Liz's style is detailed, yet simple with bold line work and lots of heavy spot blacking. She says in every issue: "You can do the same thing! All it takes is some printer paper and a Sharpie!" Well, that and a modicum of Liz's talent and humor. As far as the actual content goes, I'd recommend that you take the notice "Contains adult content" to heart. Nothing in the zine ever bothered me or got under my skin, but quite a lot of this book was not safe for work and I found myself covering up parts of pages when I was reading it in the break room.

One of the other things that I really appreciate about Liz's work is her vulnerability and dissection of the punk subculture. Though at first I thought this kind of expression was only happening in the intros for each issue, you can see it permeate throughout. Even something as subtle as a character in All Dogs in a 7-Eleven telling her friend to live with their decisions in something as small as a Slurpee flavor choice echoes back to her ethos. There's certainly very much of the artist in the art, and that's one of the key components of quality to me. While I find her thoughts on how punk as a subculture could be better very refreshing, I also appreciate that they're paired with such awesome art.

I'll leave off with another endorsement for Ulster & Penny. Those two are just so adorable and rad and even dangerous at times! I'd love to have a poster of the two of them going to a punk show—especially the frame with Ulster getting the back of his paw X'ed out by the person at the door while Penny looks on with a five dollar bill in their mouth. So awesome. –Kayla Greet (Gimme Action)

(Intentionally Blank)
By ThomasMundt, 161 pgs.

This book of short stories is so wordy, so packed with prepositions, English 101 writerly words, pompous adjectives, and otherwise omitable words it's maddening. It's also consumed by the author's own perceived cleverness, which he projects onto the voices of his diverse variety of characters, making them not so diverse after all. I found it nearly impossible to read all the way through.

Out of a sense of duty, I managed only by reading completely on autopilot until the very end of its 161 pages. Occasionally, I tried line-reading it, noticing words I would delete. Finally, I got to the end, but I'll be damned if I could tell you what a single one of the stories was about. I couldn't stay present in them at all. Take this sentence for example: "they believe that because if you were not there to watch history happen than it did not happen but know that this is not true and we must go on about our business." Definitely the worst sentence in the book but not by much. You could open anywhere and find a similar monstrosity of the English language. If that's not enough, there's little dialogue, arc of story, or even plot. Many of the stories seem like someone sketching out a character to put in a story. And sketching. And sketching. *And sketching*! And then it's over. No story.

Still, as maddening and amateurish as *Intentionally Blank* seemed to me, Mundt is a pro. I was shocked to find Tolsun Books is not a vanity press. Also, every one of these twenty-two stories was published somewhere else before collected here. I guess the joke's on me. –Craven Rock (Tolsun Press)

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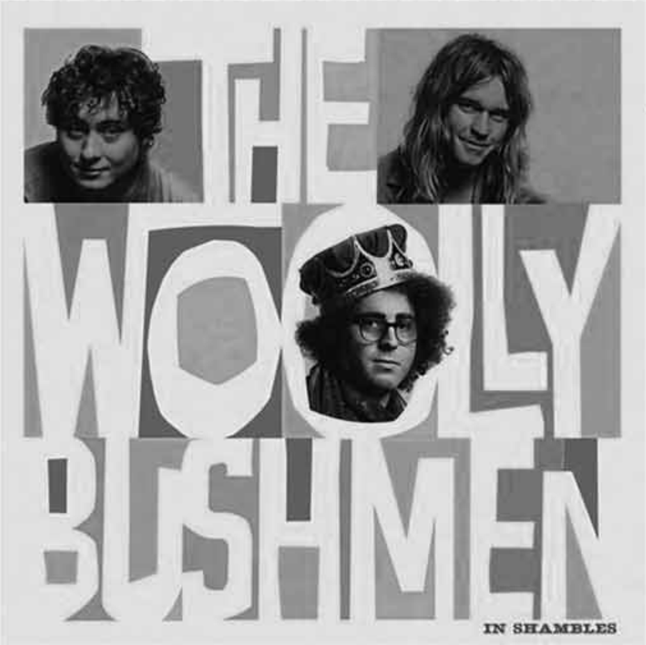
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Not My Idea: A Book about Whiteness

By Anastasia Higginbotham, 64 pgs.

The fourth in Anastasia Higginbotham's "Ordinary Terrible Things" series, aimed at making difficult topics accessible to children without being condescending or inaccurate, *Not My Idea: A Book about Whiteness* follows the story of a young boy who sees a police officer shoot a brown person with their hands up. Throughout the narrative, adults around him dismiss the narrative as "just the way things are" or something that isn't a systemic injustice but rather just something unfortunate that happened, but he remains inquisitive. Eventually, he is able to learn about the history of racial injustice and the implicit bias towards whiteness. Instead, however, of making white children feel ashamed of something they don't quite understand in the first place and dismiss the issue in a fit of early-onset white guilt, Higginbotham makes it clear that we're all part of the solution, encouraging the young readers to "grow justice inside [themselves] like a bean sprout in a milk carton." And if it dies? "Plant it again!" *Not My Idea* and books like it (of which there's a bit of a renaissance happening) set the foundation for a generation of socially aware kids who aren't afraid to face difficult problems, and I love them for it. –Jimmy Cooper (Dottir Press, dottirpress.com)

So Many Doors

By Oakley Hall, 320 pgs.

The publishing company Hard Case Crime specializes in pulp mysteries, new and reprinted. It upholds the tradition of pulp magazines and paperback originals by adorning each of its covers with a garishly colored painting featuring a woman dressed to get sex. (As a joke, it even did this when it reprinted Arthur Conan Doyle's Sherlock Holmes novel *The Valley of Fear*—it attributed the public-domain novel to A.C. Doyle.)

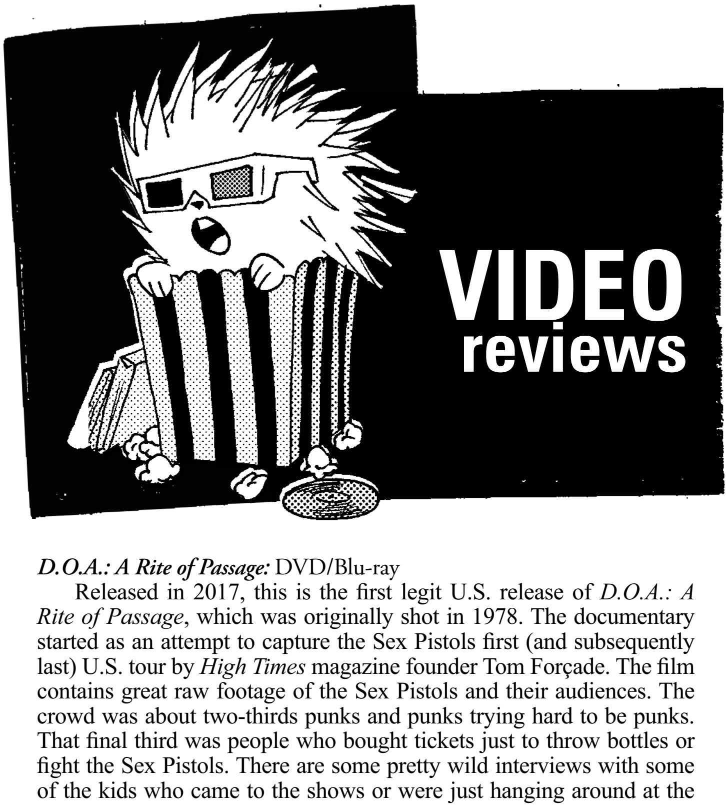
Oakley Hall's *So Many Doors*, a reprint from 1950, is no exception, but the novel doesn't tell the story of that mythical creature the *femme fatale*, the woman with enough agency, even in the first half of the twentieth century, to compel good men to commit horrible acts they otherwise wouldn't have. (Well, semi-mythical.)

Rather, the novel deconstructs the *femme fatale*, showing how men not used to thinking before acting weave their trouble around a woman who happens to have a fuller figure than other women. The woman at the center of the novel is named Vassilia; people call her V. We see her through the points-of-view of five different people.

The novel is pre-television slow. I'd been wondering whether my internet-jittered brain can still enjoy such a novel—and it can—though occasionally, in the middle of a paragraph, it would ask from the backseat, "Are we *there* yet?"

> *"He passed a water truck and two motor graders working up on a levee, and then beside the road a bulldozer and a pick-up truck were drawn up together. Two men were bent over the bed of the pick-up, in which engine parts were spread. Baird pulled off the road behind them and got out. A cloud of dust caught up and settled over him, and he wiped his sweating, dusty face on the sleeve of his shirt. The cat skinner and the mechanic nodded to him. The cat skinner wore a sweat-soaked singlet and a striped cap, and his face and arms were burned black. The mechanic, in stiff, greasy overalls, squatted and hunted through his tool chest."*

So Many Doors is not a pulp novel, or even really a crime novel, though it's not out of place on Hard Case Crime's roster. It opens with an accused murderer in his cell, refusing counsel from his court-appointed attorney, and ends with a twist I didn't see coming. The novel is great California literature—it takes place in the Central Valley down to San Diego County, and from the Depression to post-WWII—and it deserves whatever readership this reprint will give it. –Jim Woster (Hard Case Crime, hardcasecrime.com)



D.O.A.: A Rite of Passage: DVD/Blu-ray

Released in 2017, this is the first legit U.S. release of *D.O.A.: A Rite of Passage*, which was originally shot in 1978. The documentary started as an attempt to capture the Sex Pistols first (and subsequently last) U.S. tour by *High Times* magazine founder Tom Forçade. The film contains great raw footage of the Sex Pistols and their audiences. The crowd was about two-thirds punks and punks trying hard to be punks. That final third was people who bought tickets just to throw bottles or fight the Sex Pistols. There are some pretty wild interviews with some of the kids who came to the shows or were just hanging around at the time. Most notable are a moody kid with tape stuck in the shape of an "X" on their face and a woman just lying on the ground in the parking lot complaining about security.

The Sex Pistols U.S. tour footage only makes up about half of the documentary. Scattered throughout, there's footage from England capturing the natural habitat of the '70s fashion punk. This best stuff is shot in these segments, including awesome clips of actual enjoyable bands like X-Ray Spex, Generation X, the Rich Kids, Sham 69, and of course Terry And The Idiots. You've never heard of Terry And The Idiots? Well, they're real bad and their frontman Terry Sylvester is worse. He makes for great content in the film, along with an interview with a very high and sleepy Sid Vicious and Nancy Spungen.

Throughout the documentary you get: southerners mourning Elvis, a nameless band with a nun playing a harmonica, a kid playing with a rope, a self-described "Anti-Smut Crusader," and the Sex Pistols' dumb lyrics subtitled during their shows.

The standout special feature on this DVD/Blu-ray set is *Dead On Arrival: The Punk Documentary That Almost Never Was*—a feature length documentary about the antics that went around filming the movie. You see, Tom Forcade had everything he would need to put the original documentary together. He got director Lech Kowalski, a couple of 16mm cameras, and an Atlanta film crew. However, he had no actual access to the shows or the members of the band. The Sex Pistols were apparently surrounded by hired biker bodyguards, their eccentric manager Malcolm McLaren, and executives from Warner Brothers Records. They had to disguise themselves as reporters to get into the shows. John Holmstrom and Roberta Bayley of *Punk* magazine fame tagged along with the film crew on that tour and regale some hilarious and horrifying experiences. There is even an interview with Lamar St. John (The previously mentioned woman laying down the parking lot) who drove from San Francisco to Texas with her friends to see the Sex Pistols.

The documentary about the documentary was much more educational and I highly recommend watching it if you are into punk history. John Holmstrom is like a human '70s punk database. –Rick V. (MVD Visual, mvdvisual.com)

> **Did you know Joan Jett had a heart attack in her early twenties? She had to put away her bad habits and turn her life around at an extremely early age.**
>
> –**Rick V.** | *Bad Reputation*

Bad Reputation: DVD

This is a documentary about modern day saint of rock'n'roll, Joan Jett. She had one goal ever since she received a crappy electric guitar from Sears as a gift as a preteen: to play in a band. The film starts with Jett discovering weirdos at Rodney Bingenheimer's English Disco where she met corrupt Kim Fowley, who throws her in the Runaways. This documentary fills a gap that *Edgeplay: A Film about the Runaways* (2004) left due to Joan Jett's refusal to be a part of it. This time we get to hear Runaways songs and see footage of their European and Japan tours. There is a lot of interesting stuff about Joan and the final days the Runaways. Did you know she hung around in the England punk scene and recorded the first version of "I Love Rock N' Roll" with Steve Jones and Paul Cook of the Sex Pistols? And did you know she had a heart attack in her early twenties?

Joan Jett had to put away her bad habits and turn her life around at an extremely early age. But that still didn't make it any easier for her to get radio stations or record labels to pay attention to her music. She grew up in the 1970s when radio stations were told to only play one woman artist per hour. Jett and her lifelong producer Kenny Laguna started their own label and were the early adopters of selling records at shows. Although Jett was considered a major label artist, she did a lot with punk bands, like producing the Germs record, singing for the Gits, and being real tight with Bikini Kill.

Most rock documentaries usually have an act in the middle showing where things get dark for the subject matter. I feel like *Bad Reputation* doesn't focus on that. Joan is usually positive about the dips in her career and, for the most part, just wants to keep going. There is a huge list of people I like saying nice things about Joan Jett: Don Bolles, Debbie Harry, B.J. Armstrong, Kathleen Hanna, Adam Horovitz, Ian MacKaye, Mike Ness, Laura Jane Grace, Shepard Fairey, Pat Smear, and Michael J. Fox.

If you weren't a fan of Joan Jett before seeing this, you will definitely have a mantle dedicated to her afterwards. I'll end with a quote from *Razorcake* contributor Ben Snakepit. "At the end I was bawling like Holly Hunter in *Raising Arizona,* '*I love her so much!*'"
–Rick V. (badreputationfilm.com)

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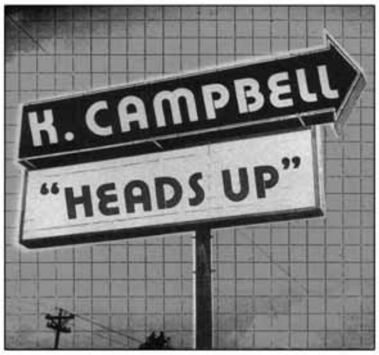

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